Dec. 1, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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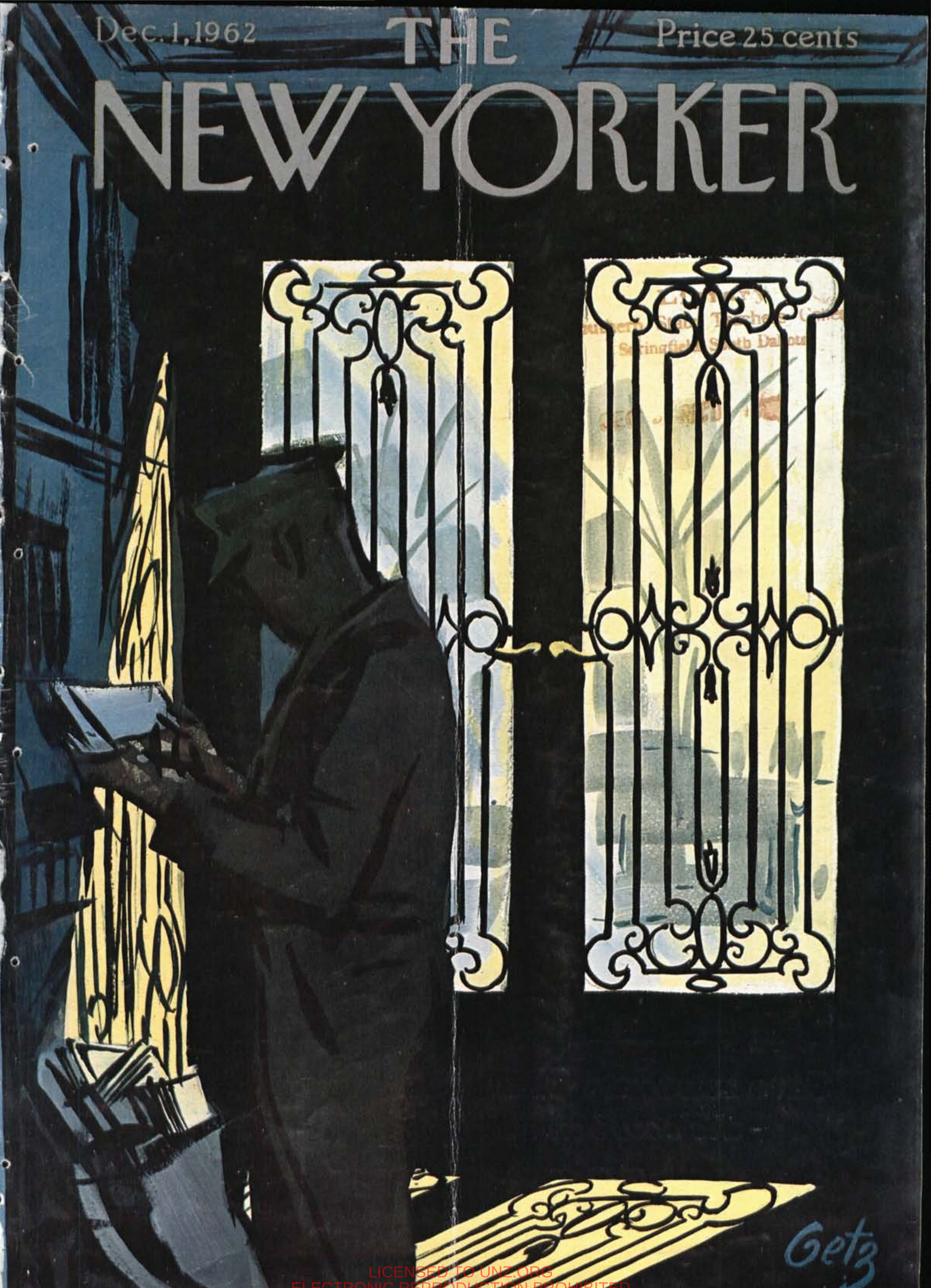

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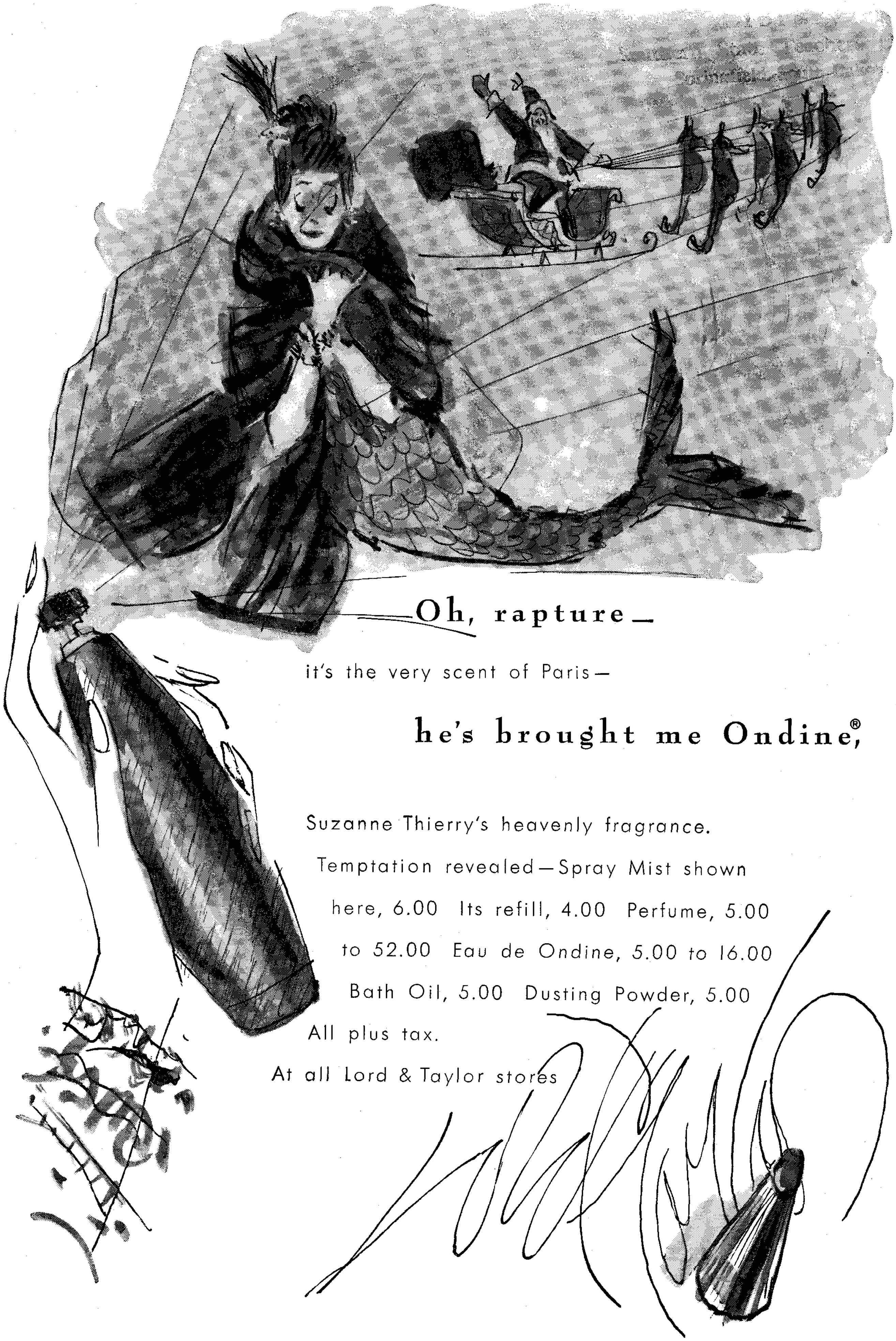

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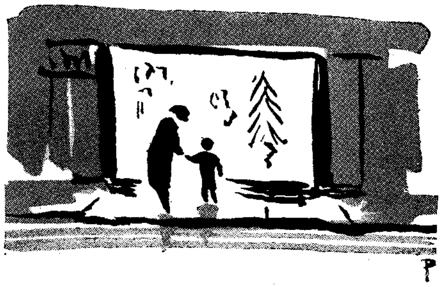

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Trouble at a Cambridge college when the authorities are induced to review the case of an ill-mannered young physicist of Communist leanings who has been dismissed for allegedly falsifying facts in an important paper. Adapted by Ronald Millar from a novel by C. P. Snow, the piece is long on dialogue but short on action—and, for that matter, any really original ideas. Brewster Mason leads a competent cast of American and British actors. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from The Establishment to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A drama concerned with the ins and outs of a struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. The actors, led by Joseph Cotten, try hard to inject an element of suspense, but they fail, alas, since the play, by Joseph Hayes, just doesn't have a great deal of melodramatic content. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lord Pengo—Charles Boyer gives a beguiling performance in this S. N. Behrman comedy about an art dealer closely resembling the late Lord Duveen. While it is lacking in any real conflict, the play is witty and diverting, and Mr. Boyer gets excellent support from Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, Agnes Moorehead, and all the others in the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Night Life—In this effort to duplicate the success of his previous melodramas, Sidney Kingsley sets his stage in a Manhattan night club, but unfortunately he doesn't generate much excitement. However, Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly give perceptive portrayals of sordid after-hours types. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seidman and Son—An amiable if uneventful investigation into a few days in the life of a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer who has difficulty with his heir and sympathy for his lonesome and toothsome lady designer. Sam Levene is mildly entertaining as the dress man, and Nancy Wickwire is lovely to look at as the designer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—Margaret Leighton as an English lady who has been abandoned by her spouse, and Anthony Quinn as a construction boss who is in the same predicament. The play that throws these two together is short on logic, but the acting is laudable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—a man for all seasons: An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **take her, she's mine:** A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron about the agitation of a West Coast father (Art Carney) who doesn't quite know what his daughter (Elizabeth Ashley) is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Moby Dick—Orson Welles' adaptation of Herman Melville's novel, with Rod Steiger at the head of a cast directed by Douglas Campbell. The producers are Jerry Adler and Samuel Liff. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Orson Bean in a comedy by Sumner Arthur Long. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Elliot Martin and Daniel Hollywood. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a couple of veterans (Harold Lang and Lillian Roth) play the chief Seventh Avenue types. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Little Me—In this comedy by Neil Simon (who based his play on a work by Patrick Dennis), Sid Caesar portrays seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. The music is by no means remarkable, and the lyrics rather ordinary. The play was directed by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and the latter staged the dances and musical numbers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Although Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expa-

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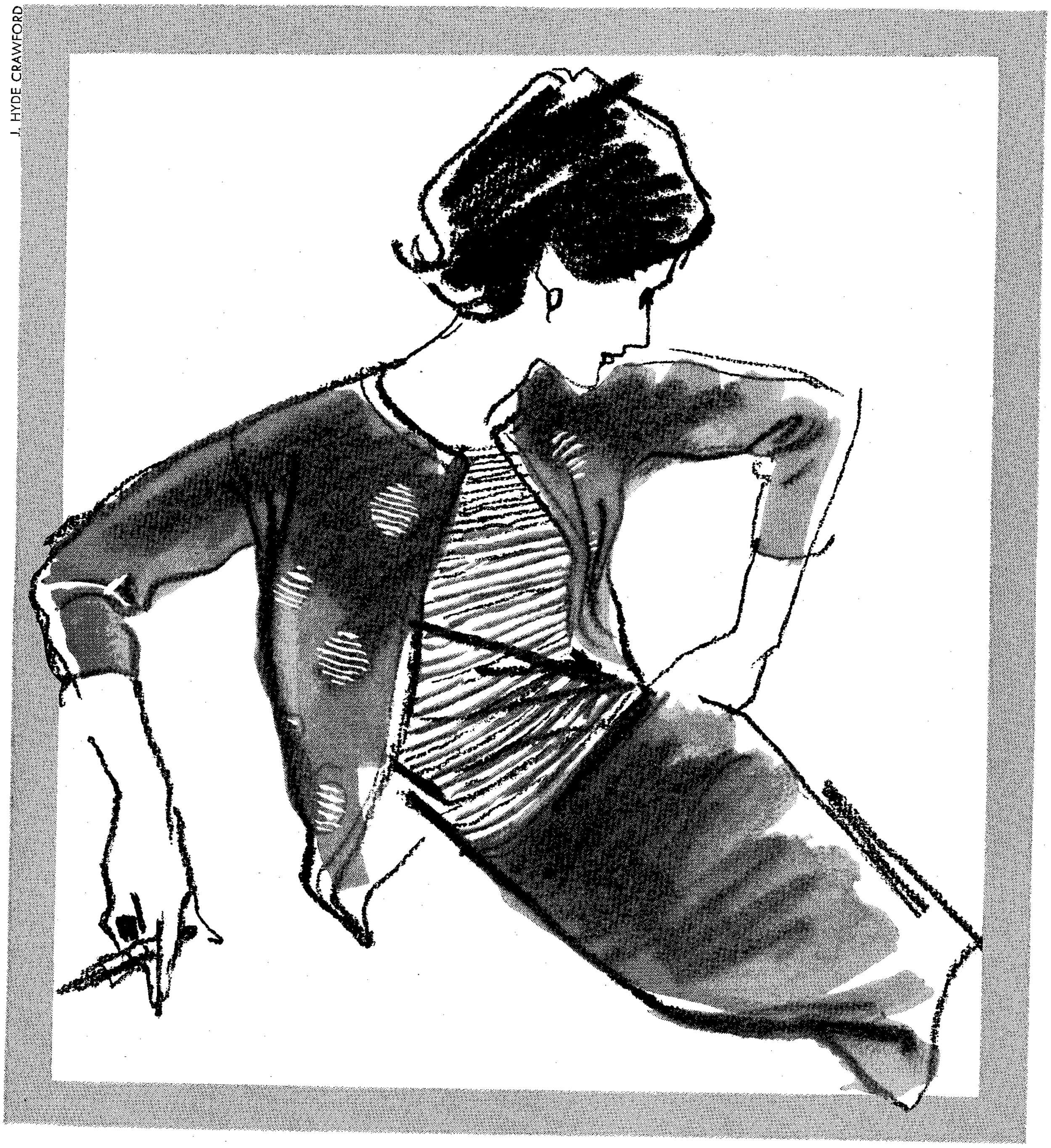

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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triate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter leave everything to be desired. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—CAMELOT: How things were at the Round Table. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Carla Alberghetti, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 2.) ... **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Harold—A comedy by Herman Raucher, with Anthony Perkins in the title role. Larry Blyden is the director and Saint Subber the producer. Opens Thursday, Nov. 29. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Besieged—A play by Seyril Schochen, in which Ted van Griethuysen and Charles Tyner will appear. Staged by Lloyd Richards and presented by Loren E. Price. Previews Saturday, Dec. 1, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3-4, all at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave., at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—Excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words, some of them set to music, are, for the most part, quite brilliant. George Tabori is the translator. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—David Ross's production falls short of his usually high standard. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Intimate Relations—Jan Miner in the first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Living Room—Martyn Green in a revival of Graham Greene's play. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the author intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the acting, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, is highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—A double bill, "The Dumbwaiter" and "The Collection," by the British playwright Harold Pinter. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P. S. 193—David Rayfiel's melodrama about a professor who is subjected to a siege of psychological warfare by one of his students, a half-crazed veteran of the Korean War, has some tense moments and some tender and funny ones, even though the playwright does not make the motives of his characters entirely convincing. The performances in the leading roles are quite good, Severn Darden's low-keyed portrayal of the professor being especially good. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A pair of rather charming one-act plays by Rolf Forsberg, the first based on a legend from India, the second on a Buddhist anecdote from Japan. The actors, most of them of Asiatic origin, do very well indeed. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St., AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Under Milk Wood—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances—Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "Bayaderka," *divertissements*, and Act IV of "Gayane."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Chopiniana," "Walpurgis Night," and "Ballet School."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1, and Sunday matinée, Dec. 2: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Ballet School,"

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Rapsodia Romina—A Rumanian folk troupe of fifty, plus an orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Bhaskar—With his company, plus a chorus and an orchestra, in a program of dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—A company of dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—The final performances of a four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. "The Gondoliers": Thursday evening, Nov. 29; Sunday evening, Dec. 2; and Saturday evening, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Friday evening, Nov. 30; Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 1; and Sunday evening, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Sunday matinée, Dec. 2, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 8. . . . "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury": Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 4-5, and Sunday matinée, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 6-7. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The museum on the premises, the Royal Box, now contains a genuine specimen of Americana—Keely Smith, a wild flower indigenous to the desert between Boulder Dam and Las Vegas. She sings, with the assistance of a troupe of followers, and Lester Lanin's band gives its dance music the staccato incisiveness of a drill sergeant. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A contemporary dramatization of "Vanity Fair." Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra are on the dead run all the night. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here's a small cross-section, complete in detail. Chauncey Gray, who's New York, New York from way back, has a dance band in service after ten-thirty on one of the smallest floors in captivity. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Phil Wayne's peppery trio and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give way on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Robert Goulet, matinée and evening idol, is a tremendous Lancelot—handsome, purposeful, and full of sonorous balladry—but his occasional jump tunes and jokes could be put in file-and-forget. He does the last of his Persian Room dinner and supper musicales on Tuesday, Dec. 4; one night later, Shirley Bassey returns from her home-town London with another set of there's-life-in-the-young-girl-yet arias. Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minute one perform for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo in the Palm Court burbles from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven-thirty and nine-thirty.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The deer and the antelope still play on the range of the Grill, but now it's to the music of Jan Garber's orchestra, a memory-book item as old as the departed Lombardos. Closed Sundays.

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St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Everybody sits above the salt in the perfectly preserved grand duchy of the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's ample and fluent dance band has a night-long partridge-and-champagne picnic on the lawn. Ray Bari's group shares the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a below-stairs haven small enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is a greener pasture now that Ted Straeter, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, is again wintering his happy, heady dance band in a northern clime. Ray Hartley, the soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, sits in at the piano between seven and eight; Arturo Arturos and his Latin trio sit in after that whenever the Straeters are at leisure. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In between his sets in the Columns, Mr. Hartley works the Savoy Room every night but Sunday with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

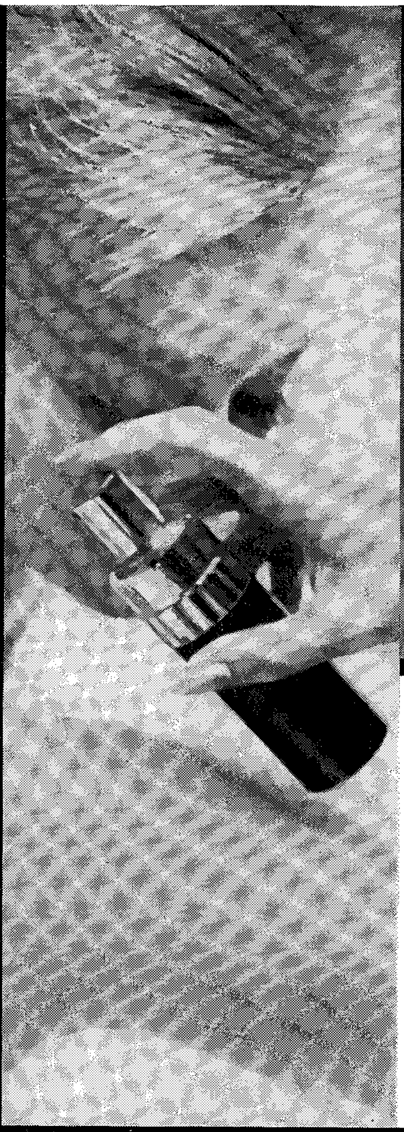
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens revert to the caretakers on Monday nights.

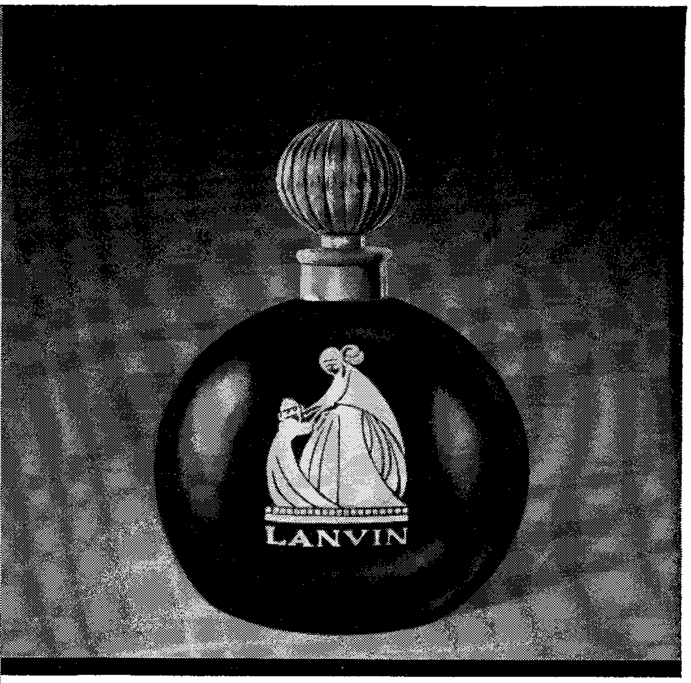
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Nothing holds the ear more rigidly at attention than the sound of Pearl Bailey making her way through a song like "Supper Time," and nothing is more wayward than her pursuit of love, life, and happiness in the rest of her séance. Milt Shaw's band, which is in excellent health, does part of the dance music; a band built around concertina and electric organ (ours not to reason why) does the remainder. The scene is the Empire Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley is once more a mild sounding board, for Emile Petti is at the piano from five to one. After nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, he also runs a trio for dancing. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin, who also turns out a set from one to three-thirty that day in Mon Plaisir, *another inglenook here*. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria.* The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, Herman Honigsberg, a master among violinists, and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography, but the bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan. He's there from six to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): There's mountain music here, but it comes from the Basque country, and so do Los Irúnaci, the five singers and instrumentalists who make it. Weekdays, there's dancing, too, for the patrons, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe under a harvest moon, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voice. The voice department is headed by Laureanne Lemay. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this picturesque and lively residential area, but its only instruments of war are violins and accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange





Promise her anything
but give her
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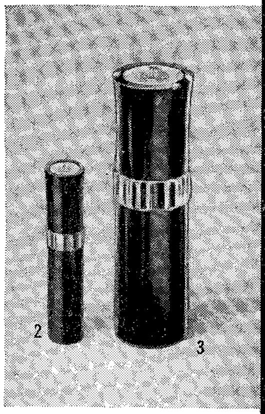

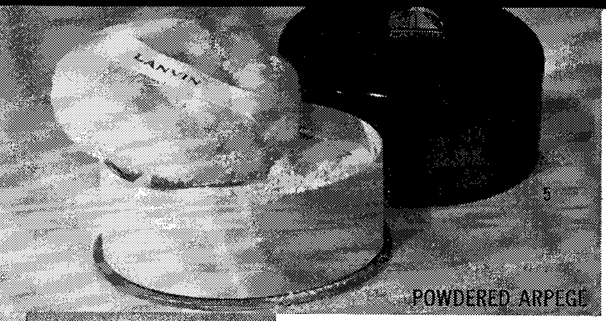
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5
POWDERED ARPEGE

ARPEGE
LANVIN
7

1. Arpege Perfume from $7.50
—in Purse Flacon (designed by Cartier) $4
2. Arpege Perfume Mist $5—200 sprays, refillable
3. Arpege Spray Mist $6—1000 sprays, refillable
4. Powdered Arpege and Spray Mist Set $10
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6. Arpege Gift Set $6
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LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, George Feyer begins a lengthy evening of greeting-card piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The age of reason and romance is restored at ten every night, when Greta Keller starts applying her calm ministrations to arias that are often passwords to her native Vienna. Earlier on, there is zither music, and at any time the inner nourishment is regional, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop has the run of the piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Vicky Autier, a French dessert with sauce enough for goose, gander, and everyone else, sings with airy grace in a Vienna that no one can find on the map. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour from seven to midnight gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The reason for hanging around until ten is Nikki Price, a slender willow who has a childlike faith in the efficacy of song sung without benefit of echo chamber or other such nonsense. Dave Mackay is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The guitar belonging to Gustavo Lopez is put to good use in the bar, which is part of the Hotel Stanhope, from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Woody Allen recites a *Kaffeeklatsch* of his own invention, the like of whose errant madness is seldom heard in any coffee shop, let alone this one. He's marked absent Tuesdays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "The Venus Touch," a dream of fair women, comes twice a night to Donn Arden, a producer for whom the Garden of Eden remains evergreen. The wittiest of the young ladies (practically three dozen of them) is the fully clothed and accomplished Barbara Heller, who can make manic depression fun for one and all. A couple of superb European variety acts remind one that there are still men on earth; the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire remind us that ballet can be beautiful. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" goes to a lot of trouble and noise to show us burlesque as it was, as it wasn't, and as it isn't today. It contains any number of young hoydens (female) just stepping out of the shower, and one old-line comic, Irving Benson, who simultaneously arouses blushes and peals of laughter. Closed only on Watch and Ward Society rally nights. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The required reading for a passing mark at Julius Monk's brand-new and decorative revue, "Dime a Dozen," is often between the lines allotted to his fleet *farceurs*—Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning. The music is two mighty Steinways plied by William Roy and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there's betweentimes piano by Carl Norman. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Personable young people having wonderful time. Among them are the Chad Mitchell trio, whose perusal of the daily press produces *consciously* comic folk song; Dave Madden, a thinker-out-loud whose original ideas outbalance his inexperience; and Marilyn Lovell, a caroller whose choice of arias, often spitfire, offsets her pristine shyness. . . . ¶ After the theatre, every night but Saturday, Bobby Short (with the valiant assistance of Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) turns the lounge into a long night's holiday with songs that are part poignant, part popinjay. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A group of dedicated and determined players, all first-rate (Zohra Lampert, Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Eugene Troobnick), are engaged in a revue without music, part prepared and part spur-of-the-moment, whose leading motto is "Don't spare the political war horses." Mondays and Tuesdays darkness prevails; the rest of the week the charade starts at eight-thirty and runs past midnight, except on Sundays, which have a three-o'clock matinée and an eight-thirty evening session. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented in a coffeehouse with theatre seats instead of tables. Its method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A rout of pagan Latin-American singers and dancers who have lost their way (in more senses than one) have taken temporary refuge in the back room. The everyone-for-himself dancing of the customers, done to the compulsive strains of two good bands (one is Pupi Campo's), is a triumph of amateurism over professionalism. The Sunday *thés dansants,* which replace the evening floor shows, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Paul Draper's feet, which are almost quicker than the eye, are also full of spirit—mostly mockery; Larry Adler's harmonica is full of an impossible variety of sound; their joint recital is full of enough things to make us all happy as kings. Nina Simone, a terse little Cleopatra, contributes her words and her quartet's music to the evening. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, lately restored to his post as *conférencier,* is trying to restore the Halloween mood here, and already it's fairly rowdy: Jane Kean and Lew Parker, whose wild humor is also knock down and drag out; Tobi Reynolds, nowadays a really driving soprano, and a handsome one; Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of manic music. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The incumbent revue doesn't know whether it's a hymn to wit or a warehouse for clichés. It goes most smoothly when Cy Young is in action. Performances occur around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Charlie Mingus, who announces his retirement every Wednesday, has just retired as far as this retreat with a force of nine sidemen, and considerable amounts of good music and confusion are jointly reigning. Among his constituents are Quentin Jackson, Charlie Mariano, Booker Ervin, Howard McGhee, Snookie Young, Don Butterfield, and Jackie Byard. Bill Evans and his trio, the epitome of order, take another and equally valid view of the music of tomorrow. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee (breath of spring, love of life) sings her last songs on Saturday, Dec. 1. Monday, Dec. 3, brings aboard principally Dick Gregory, who has received a hot tip that the meek do *not* inherit the earth, and who sets forth—with plenty of plausible pleasantries—his scheme for making sure that they're invited to the reading of the will. Fran Warren moves in to do the singing; Georgie Auld's band moves in to do the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The sound barrier that can stop Wild Bill Davison's horn is still but a figment. Grouped around him are such fellow-primitives as Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Buster Bailey, Buzzy Drootin, and Willie Wayman. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The braggadocio of Gene Krupa's ceaseless drums, which are loosely attached to his band, dies out on Thursday, Dec. 6, to be succeeded next evening by the rantipole rumblings of Lionel Hampton's circus band. Guest performers take up the cudgels (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The usual collection of small boys playing with fireworks—that is to say, Cannonball Adderley's bombardiers and Louis Bellson's most recent band. On Thursday, Dec. 6, there'll be a change of plan: Dinah Washington's ballads and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis's quintet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): What Clark Terry and Bob Brook-

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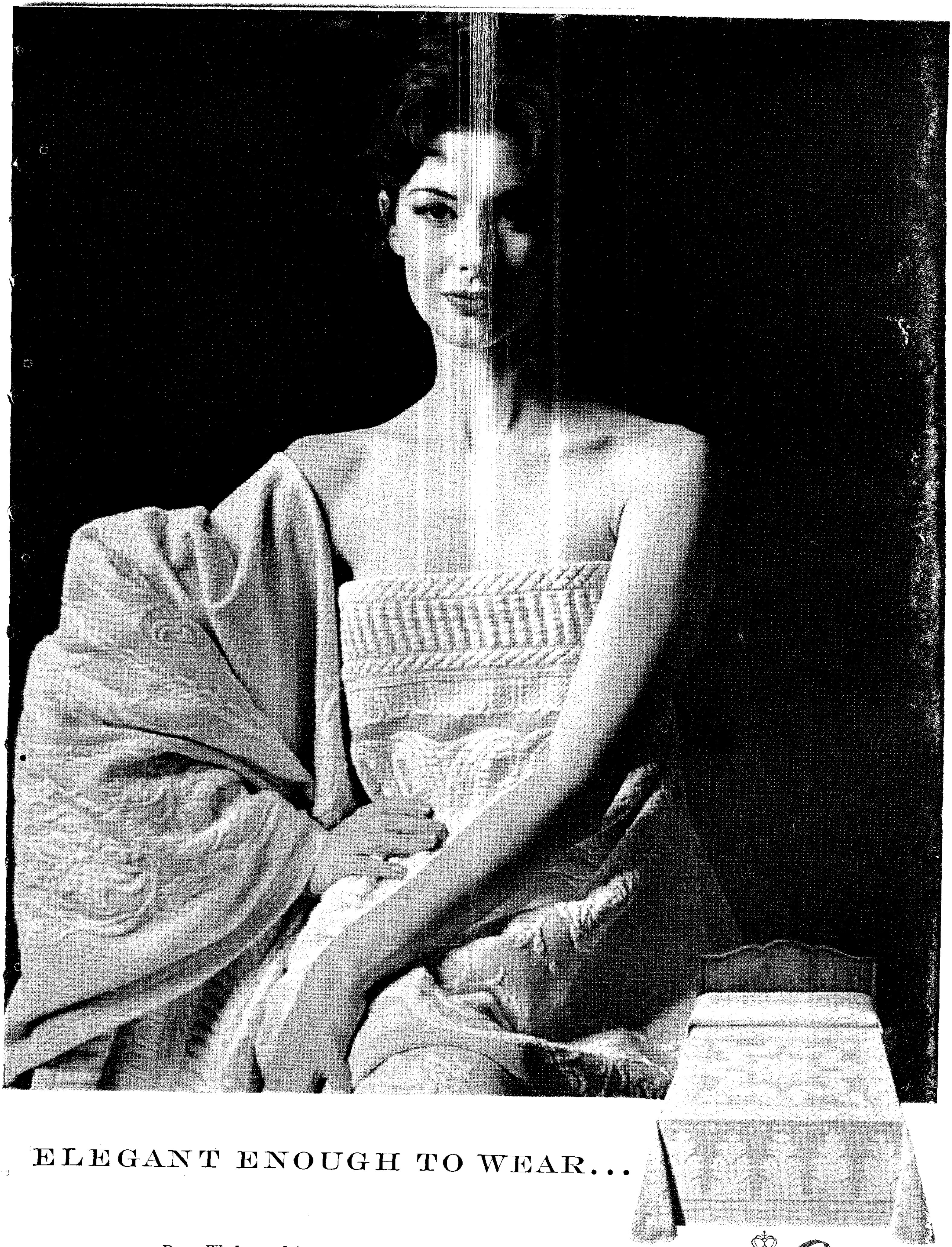
INFORMATION



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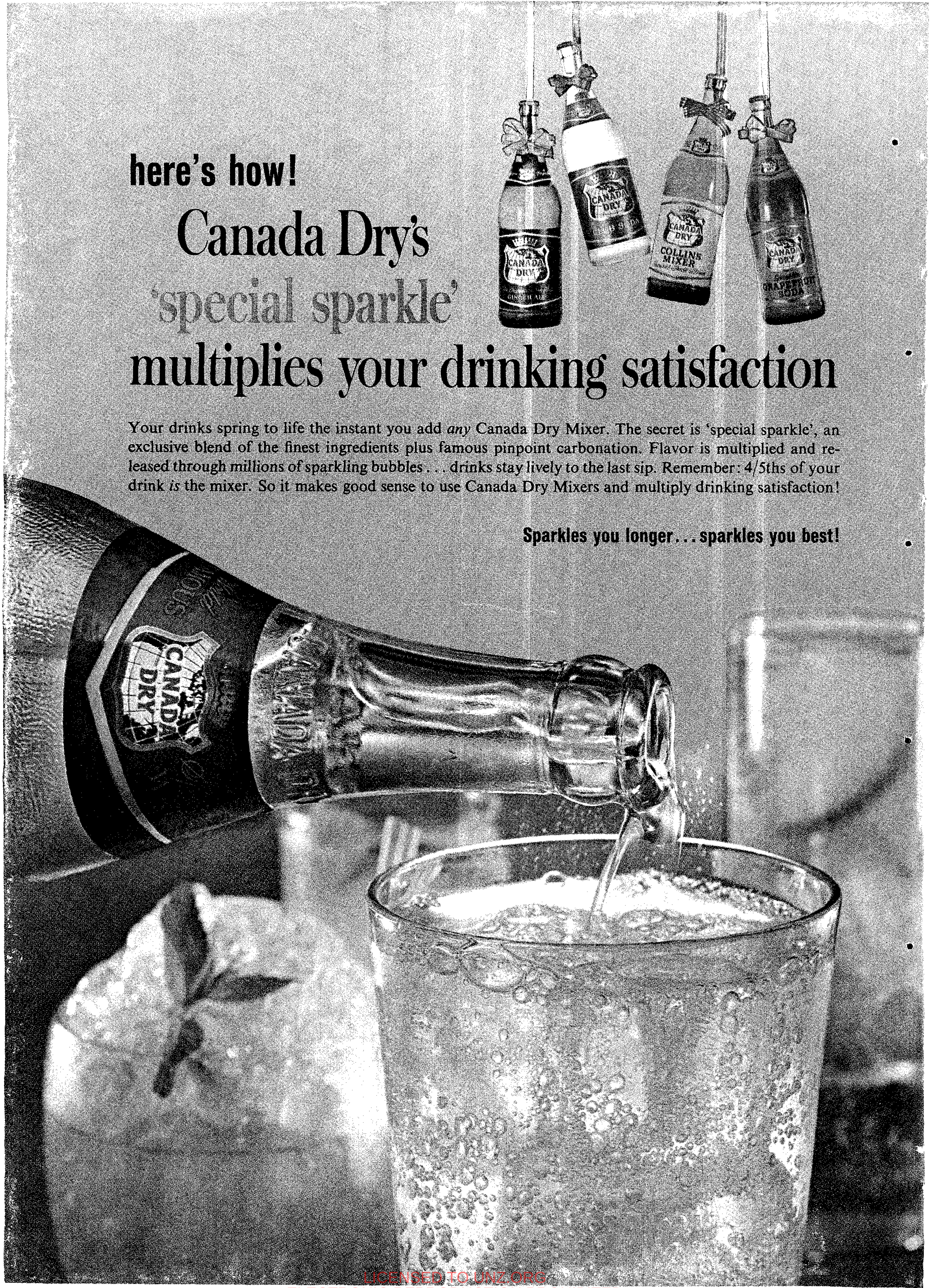
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

meyer have in mind is distinctly set forth by the fivesome they have in tow, before an audience of listeners, not hagglers. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is now head man. His quintet, which is in the Condon tradition, has Sammy Price, another local alumnus, on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The sound of Muzak issues from the trio of Ahmad Jamal, one of the occupants of the podium overlooking a permanent convention. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The question of who's minding the candy store is solved by the presence of Lee Evans' threesome inside the oval bar. Howard Reynolds does the intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Extracurricular weekend courses in the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, it should emanate from Jo Jones, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Eddie Barefield, Red Richards, Marty Napoleon, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **FOLK CITY**, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Anita and Jacques (she was *née* Anita Sheer) finish up their symposium on folk music (the accent is plainly Spanish, and the execution is excelling) on Sunday, Dec. 2.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

ALBERT ALCALAY—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

DUSTI BONGÉ—Painted sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Water colors, drawings, and sketches that were studies for his first illustrated book, "Petit Solfège Illustré" (1893); through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEE BONTECOU—Reliefs; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

STAN BRODSKY—Gouaches done in France during the past summer; through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 10.)

MANOLIS CALLIYANNIS—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes by a Greek artist residing in France. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Eight new Aubusson tapestries, as well as new paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Paintings; through Dec. 15. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Figures, landscapes, and animals by this Italian painter; through Dec. 15. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-PAUL DARRIAU—Sculptures (mainly bronze) and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by this Paris modern; through Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 29. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI—Figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Osgood, 137 W. 55th St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Female nudes, landscapes, and family scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

SANTÉ GRAZIANI—Figures abstracted from nature. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JOHN GROTH—Water colors and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Abstract carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—Abstractions; through Dec. 15. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

AL HELD—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

PHILIP HELD—Primarily abstract paintings; through Dec. 13. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Oils and gouaches by the Russian-born contemporary French abstractionist; through Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZUBEL KACHADOORIAN—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Figurative sculptures, mostly bronzes; through Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

WIFREDO LAM—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Dec. 22. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

OCTAVE LANDUYT—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

GEORGE PAPASHVILY—Animals in stone; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—A show entitled "Portraits and Models;" through Dec. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

OGDEN PLEISSNER—Oils and water colors, principally scenes in France; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEO RABKIN—Non-objective paintings on paper; through Dec. 15. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract oils; through Dec. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MOSES SOYER—Figure studies; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

SAHL SWARZ—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT—Abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Collages; through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Abstract pastels and other works; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

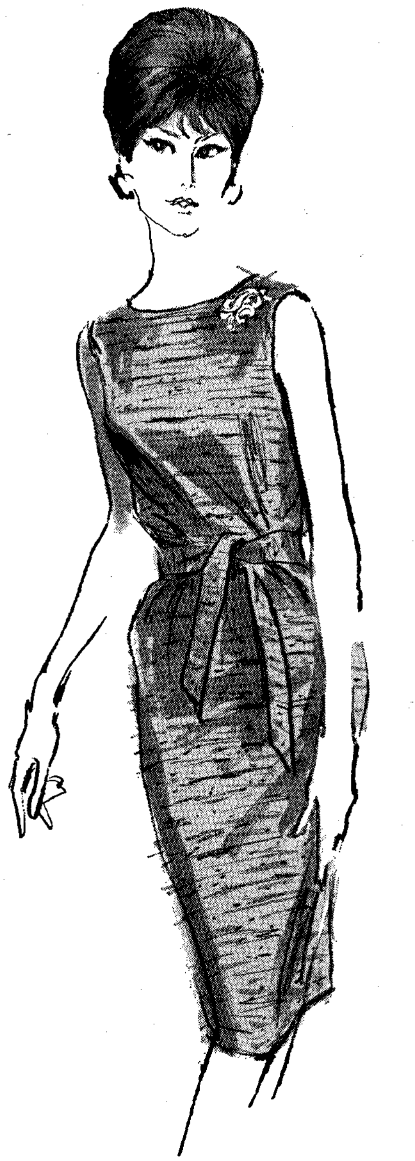
ZAO WOU-KI—Abstractions by this Chinese-born Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JAPANESE ART AND ARTIFACTS—Screen paintings, scrolls, Buddhist paintings, gold lacquer ware, coins, and swords, from an Osaka collection; through Dec. 15. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SCULPTURE/INTERNATIONAL—Pieces by, among others, Marino Marini, Louise Nevelson, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Dec. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: Framed etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts ($25 to $750) by, for instance, Georges Rouault, Kaethe Kollwitz, and Johnny Friedlaender; through Dec. 29. . . . **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Works in various mediums ($5 to $500) by contemporary Latin-American artists; through Dec. 31. (Open Friday evenings until 9:30.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Harry Crowley, Jacques Hnizdovsky,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and August Mosca are three of the artists with paintings ($150 to $2,500) on view; through Jan. 5.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 149 E. 72nd St.: "Art for Architecture," an exhibition of paintings by Sondra Beal, Peter Forakis, Robert Goodnough, and Robert Richenburg; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **lewison**, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by, among others, Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: The first offering in the galleries' new quarters is a thirtieth-anniversary exhibition, composed of paintings (by Ernest Fiene, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Doris Rosenthal, to mention a few) borrowed back from museums and private collections; through Dec. 15.... **nessler**, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: A midseason show of miniatures by Thomas Yerxa, Luis Eades, Hughie Lee-Smith, and others; through Dec. 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **janis**, 15 E. and 19 W. 57th St.: "Factual" paintings and sculptures from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, by Jim Dine, Peter Blake, Jean Tinguely, and other artists known as the New Realists; through Saturday, Dec. 1.... **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Friday, Nov. 30.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters as Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Dec. 15.... **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Raoul Dufy, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Dec. 29.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24.... ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Herbert Katzman, Jimmy Ernst, and Robert Vickrey, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 9.... ¶ Manuscripts, books, and other material by Marianne Moore, in celebration of her seventy-fifth birthday; through Dec. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Art of Eastern Chou, 772-221 B.C.," a loan exhibition arranged by the Chinese Art Society; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures from the collection of John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The forty-fifth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by (for instance) Margit Beck, John von Wicht, and Lily Ente; through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings and sculptures by such contemporary California artists as Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 29, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Paul Schoeffler, Sándor Kónya, Karl Doench, Ezio Flagello, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, George London, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Giulietta Simionato, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, John Alexander, Dino Formichini, and Morley Meredith.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Lili Chookasian, Margaret Roggero, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Charles Anthony, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, George London, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Toepper, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Otto Edelmann, Karl Doench, and Sándor Kónya.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Barry Morell, and Walter Cassell; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and George Shirley.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Lili Chookasian, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call CO 5-6291.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Sir John Barbirolli conducting—Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano); and a Haydn-Mahler program on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3 (all with Aldo Parisot, cello).

●**Boston Symphony**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Geza Anda, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Warner S. Bass, piano; and Nancy Shank, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the second in a series of six concerts, this one devoted to the music of Ives, Wolpe, Cowell, Cage, and Varèse. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Mendelssohn-Bach program, with Martina Arroyo and Janet Wheeler, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and Robert Arnold, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Moeller directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

Korean Children's Choir—Soo Chul Chang directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of late-sixteenth-century music by Elizabethan, Flemish, and Venetian masters. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Matthew Raimondi and Yehudi Wyner—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Daniel Ericourt—Piano, in the first two in a series of three all-Debussy recitals. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, and Friday, Dec. 7, both at 5:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick and Samuel Baron—In a recital of sonatas for harpsichord and flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—In the fifth and sixth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 1, and Saturday, Dec. 8, both at 2:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in two all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30, the first in a series of three programs. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano, in a Chopin-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Friends of Live Music—The Nova Arte Trio in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a Schubert-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Albeneri Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano, in the second in a

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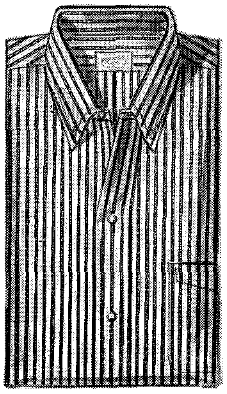

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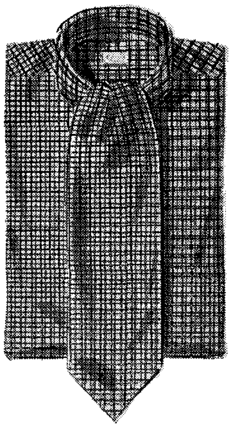

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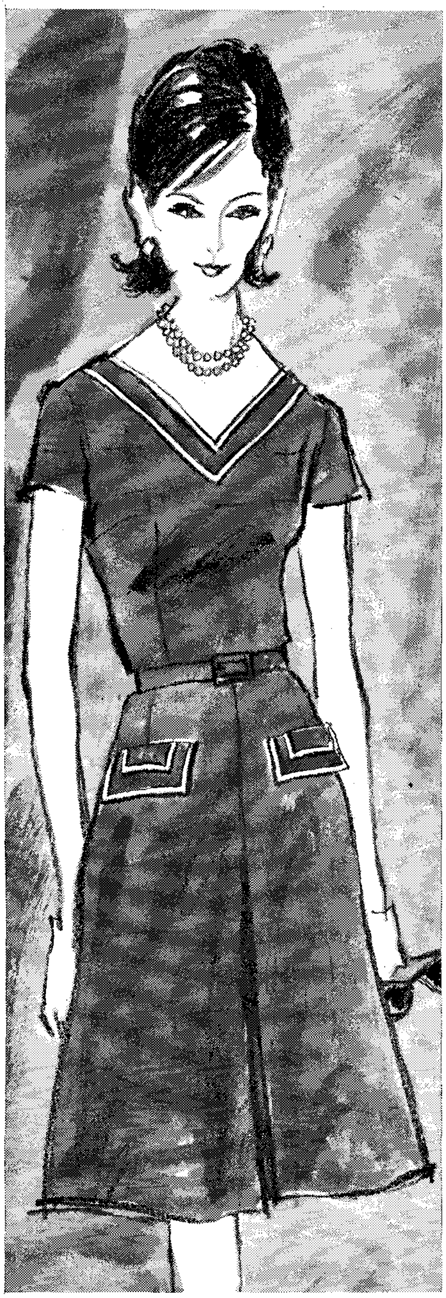

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

series of three German lieder programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Ralph Votapek—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Spanish Music from the Thirteenth Century to de Falla—Martina Arroyo, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Ruth Negri, harp; and Joseph Iadone, lute; plus strings, oboe, flute, and clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—In the first two in a series of three all-Bach programs, these played on the harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitars. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:40.)

Note—Claude Frank will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 3, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Royal Scots Greys and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of two regiments. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Diahann Carroll with the John Lewis orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 6:30: Syracuse vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 1.)

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

Professional Football—Titans vs. Buffalo Bills. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at noon; through Friday, Nov. 30. The Queens County Handicap, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.) . . . **OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: "The Bartered Bride," the second in a series of six offerings with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Russian program, with Arthur Delmoni, violin, and dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11.)

Circus and Holiday Festival—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6:30), plus a puppet theatre, side shows, carnival rides, fun houses, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-0960. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 10; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sundays, 1 to 9. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

Stage Shows—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE**: "Young Abe Lincoln." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES**: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11. . . . ¶ Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 2:30 and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Group Soup." (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. OR 7-5070. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STAGE 73**: "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "On a Midnight Clear," tells the story of the Christmas star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Mark Van Doren reading from his own poetry. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Howard Nemerov reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 5, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:45: Chinese art, including porcelains, early dynastic bronzes, pottery, jades, paintings, furniture, lamps, decorative objects, and rugs; from the China Institute in America and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 1:45: Medieval manuscripts, incunabula, atlases, drawings, modern French illustrated books, and other literary material; the property of Mrs. Townsend Phillips and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Chagall, Matisse, Renoir, and Epstein; from several collectors, among them Robert Q. Lewis. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its seven thousand lights and five thousand gold spangles, and ready to be lighted at about 6:15 on Thursday, Dec. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 11, 18, 25, and 29, and Jan. 4 and 6.

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Dec. 16. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Titans vs. Houston Oilers, Dec. 15.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 9, 16, 23, 27, and 30, and Jan. 2 and 6.

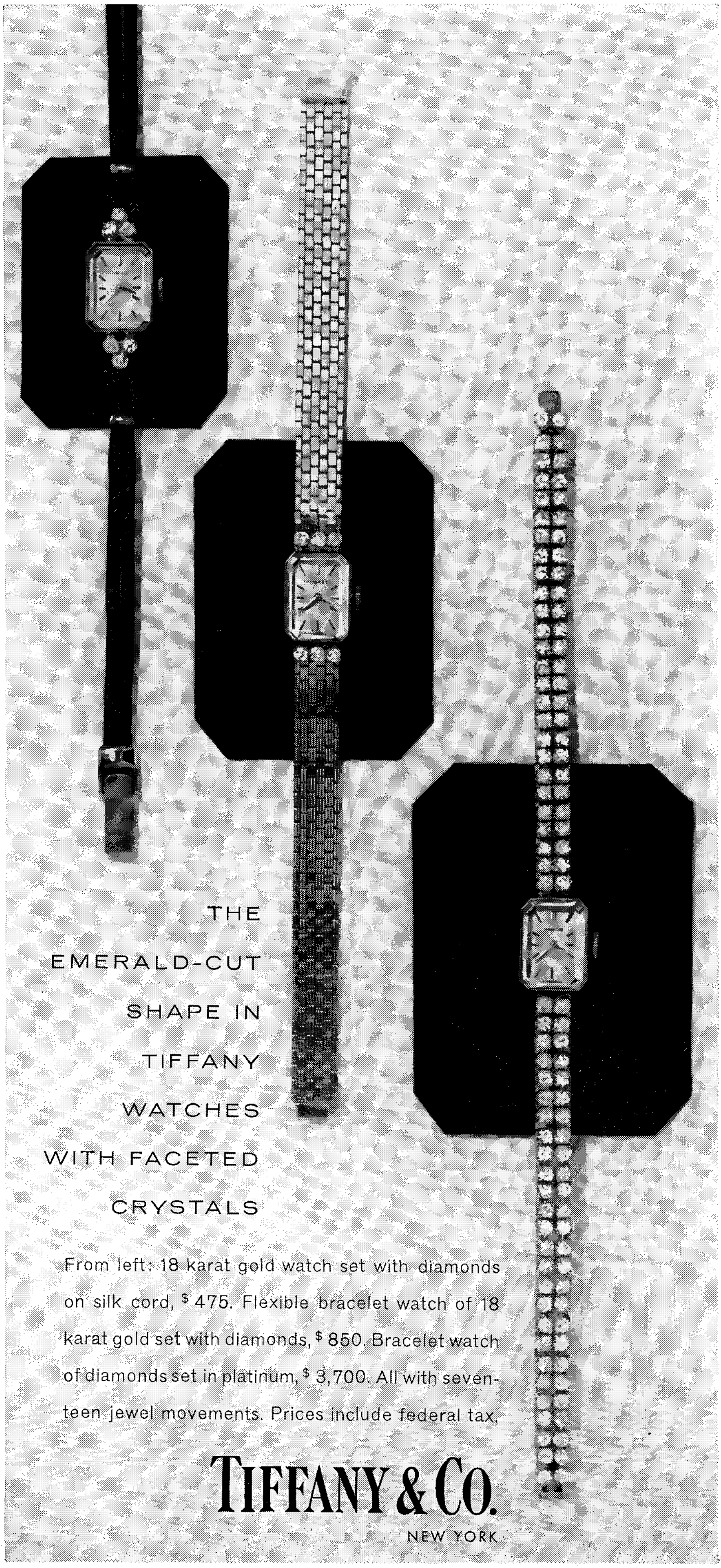
Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 15-16.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 13. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 11 and 18. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Jan. 9 and 11. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Rinat Choir of Israel, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Augustin Anievas, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, Dec. 15 and 16. . . . ¶ The Harvard Symphony Orchestra, the Harvard Glee Club, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Christmas Eve Concert, Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 11. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Clarion Concerts, Dec. 11 and Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 19. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Phyllis Curtin, soprano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Gérard Souzay, baritone, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, Jan. 10. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Byron Janis, piano, Dec. 15.

Ballet—The New York City Ballet presenting "The Nutcracker," at the City Center, Dec. 14-31.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "In the Counting House," a play by Leslie Weiner, with Sydney Chaplin and Howard da Silva. . . . ¶ Claudia McNeil in "Tiger Tiger Burning Bright," a play adapted by Peter S. Feibleman from his novel "A Place Without Twilight." . . . ¶ A play by Maxwell Maltz, "Hidden Stranger" (taken from a story in his book "Dr. Pygmalion"), in which Torin Thatcher and Joan Miller will appear. . . . ¶ S. J. Perelman's comedy "The Beauty Part," starring Bert Lahr. . . . ¶ "Oliver," a musical by Lionel Bart, imported from London, with Clive Revill and Georgia Brown. . . . ¶ A play by Robert Noah, "The Advocate," with James Daly in the leading role. . . . ¶ A four-week engagement by Marcel Marceau, the French pantomimist, at the City Center. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' new play, "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More," with a cast headed by Hermione Baddeley, Mildred Dunnock, and Paul Roebling.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1963, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 8-20. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Jan. 12-20. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Tuesday, Jan. 15.



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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ALL STAR SHOW
CIGARS
SODA
FOUNTAIN SERVICE
ZINES BOO
REETING CAR
BOOKS
NOW SHOWING
NEXT SHOW
Luncheonette
KOV

Billy Budd—A beautiful retelling of the curious Melville novella. Peter Ustinov is the producer and director, as well as one of the leading actors. Also present are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp, as incarnations of evil and good, respectively. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Divorce–Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Everybody Go Home!—For the Italians, it seems, war isn't just killing and getting killed; there's a certain amount of grim comedy involved, and Alberto Sordi, as a second lieutenant trying to keep his men from deserting and then trying to keep himself from deserting, provides some fresh and possibly accurate glimpses of the Italian side of the Second World War. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Dec. 2.)

The Island—The sad and arduous lot of a family living on a hill far off the Japanese mainland in the Inland Sea. The film, written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda, has no dialogue but is an interesting movie to watch, and the actors make the most of any dramatic opportunities that come their way. These opportunities occur mostly toward the conclusion of the picture, which is a little slow getting started. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 5, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this lovely French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 5, tentative.)

The Letter That Was Never Sent—Geologists in search of diamonds in the Siberian wilderness discover that nature is both innocent and murderous, and therefore hard to outwit. A Russian picture, exquisitely photographed. (Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th, JU 6-8534; through Nov. 30.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Owing to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a highly successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 2.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose hero looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of working-class affairs. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 5, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only.... ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. Sinatra is marvellous as the good American who makes everything come right in the end. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 4.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 5, tentative.)

The Music Man—A lively adaptation of the show that ran on Broadway practically forever. The tunes, by Meredith Willson, are as full of oompah as ever, and Robert Preston is delightful as he skips about trying to prove to some Iowa townfolk at the turn of the century that he is a bandmaster on a par with Sousa, even though he can't blow a note. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Dec. 4.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Period of Adjustment—A helter-skelter and often very funny improvement on the Tennessee Williams original. With Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; Nov. 29.... ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Dec. 4.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in a fascinating modern-dress version of a durable Greek tale about how not to keep peace in the family. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn in a flawless portrayal of an undefeated pug. Very nearly equal in brilliance are Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Dec. 4.... ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Dec. 2.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Dec. 2-4.)

Sundays and Cybele—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 5, tentative.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 4.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting Dec. 5.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 29.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies on lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 5, tentative.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Dec. 1: "The Road to Heaven" (1942), with Rune Lindström.... ¶ Dec. 2-5: "The Word" (1943), with Victor Sjöström; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th. (JU 6-8534)
Through Nov. 30: **THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT** (in Russian).
From Dec. 1: "The Man from Athens" (in Greek).

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Eddy Duchin Story," revival, Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
"The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 5: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Pleasures and Vices" (in French), Maurice Ronet, Viviane Romance.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Nov. 29: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.**
From Nov. 30: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 4: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 5: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 4: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and "Victim," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From Dec. 5: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 4: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.**
From Dec. 5: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 4: "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.
From Dec. 5, at 8: "No Exit," Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 1: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.
Dec. 2-4: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.
From Dec. 5: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur; and "The Shoes," a short film with Buddy Hackett.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
BILLY BUDD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 3: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.
Dec. 4: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini.
From Dec. 5: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 4: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 2: **LOLITA.**
From Dec. 3: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 4 (tentative): "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
From Dec. 5 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 4: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 4: To be announced.
From Dec. 5 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and "Summerskin" (in Spanish).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 2: **EVERYBODY GO HOME!** (in Italian).
From Dec. 3: "The Reluctant Saint," Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Briaiy, Gérard Blain.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Long Absence" (in French), Alida Valli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 1: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 2: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (in Spanish); and "Partings" (in Polish).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 4: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and "The Valiant," John Mills.
From Dec. 5: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

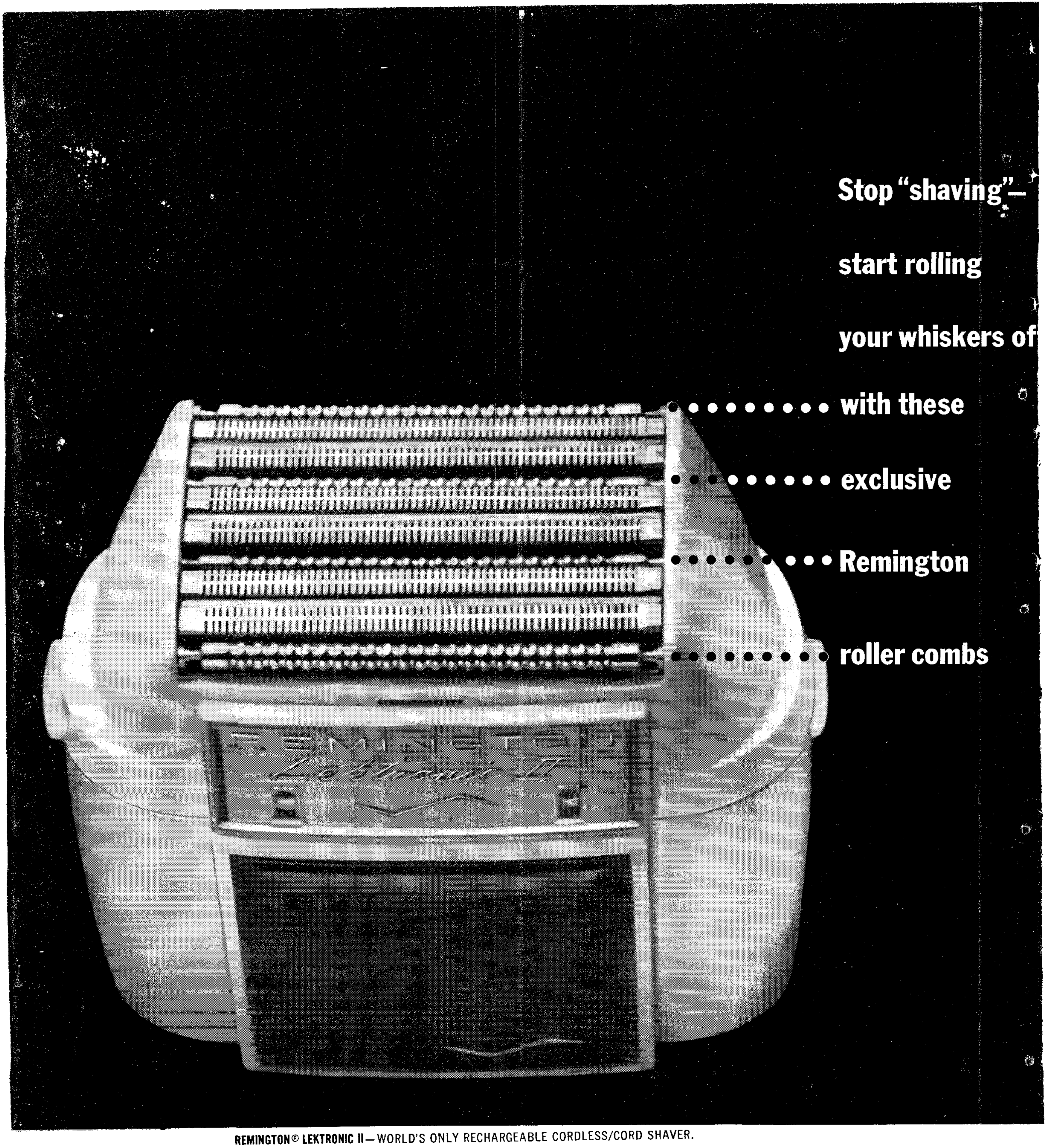
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 29: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.
Nov. 30-Dec. 3: "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
From Dec. 4: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 4: **THE MUSIC MAN.**
From Dec. 5: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 4: To be announced.
From Dec. 5 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and "Summerskin" (in Spanish).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 1: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
From Dec. 2: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "Two Tickets to Paris!," Joey Dee, Gary Crosby.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 4: "No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez; and "Marco Polo," Rory Calhoun, Yoko Tani.
From Dec. 5: "Gay Purr-ee," a full-length animated cartoon, with the voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, and others; and "The Singer Not the Song," Dirk Bogarde, John Mills.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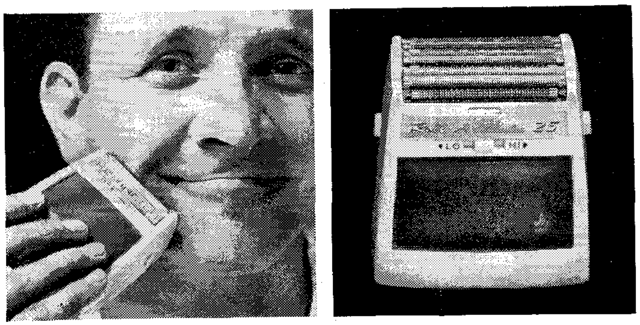

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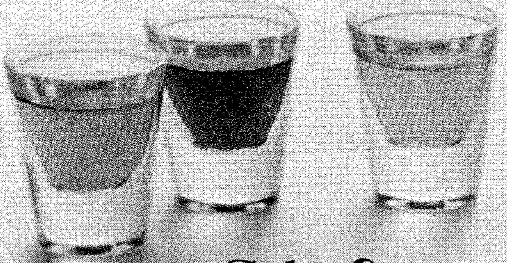

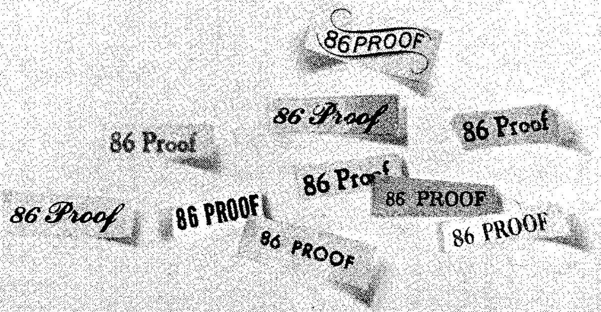
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Two removable glass inserts hold four separate snacks.
Yours to own or to give...in lastingly lovely silverplate—
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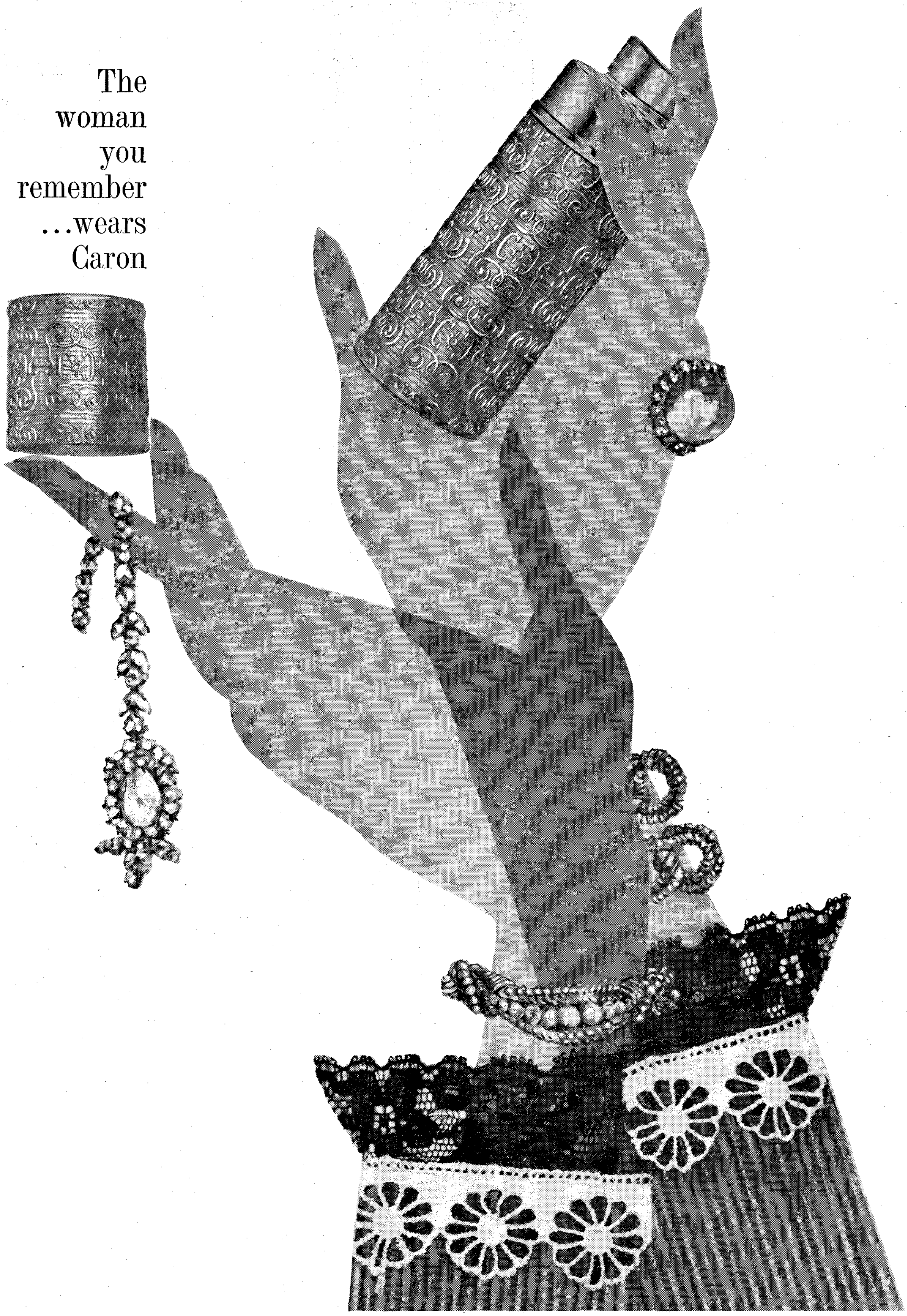
MONROE

The
woman
you
remember
...wears
Caron



The exquisite new spray Eau de Toilette by Caron • Bellodgia • Fleurs de Rocaille • Nuit de Noel $6.50 each

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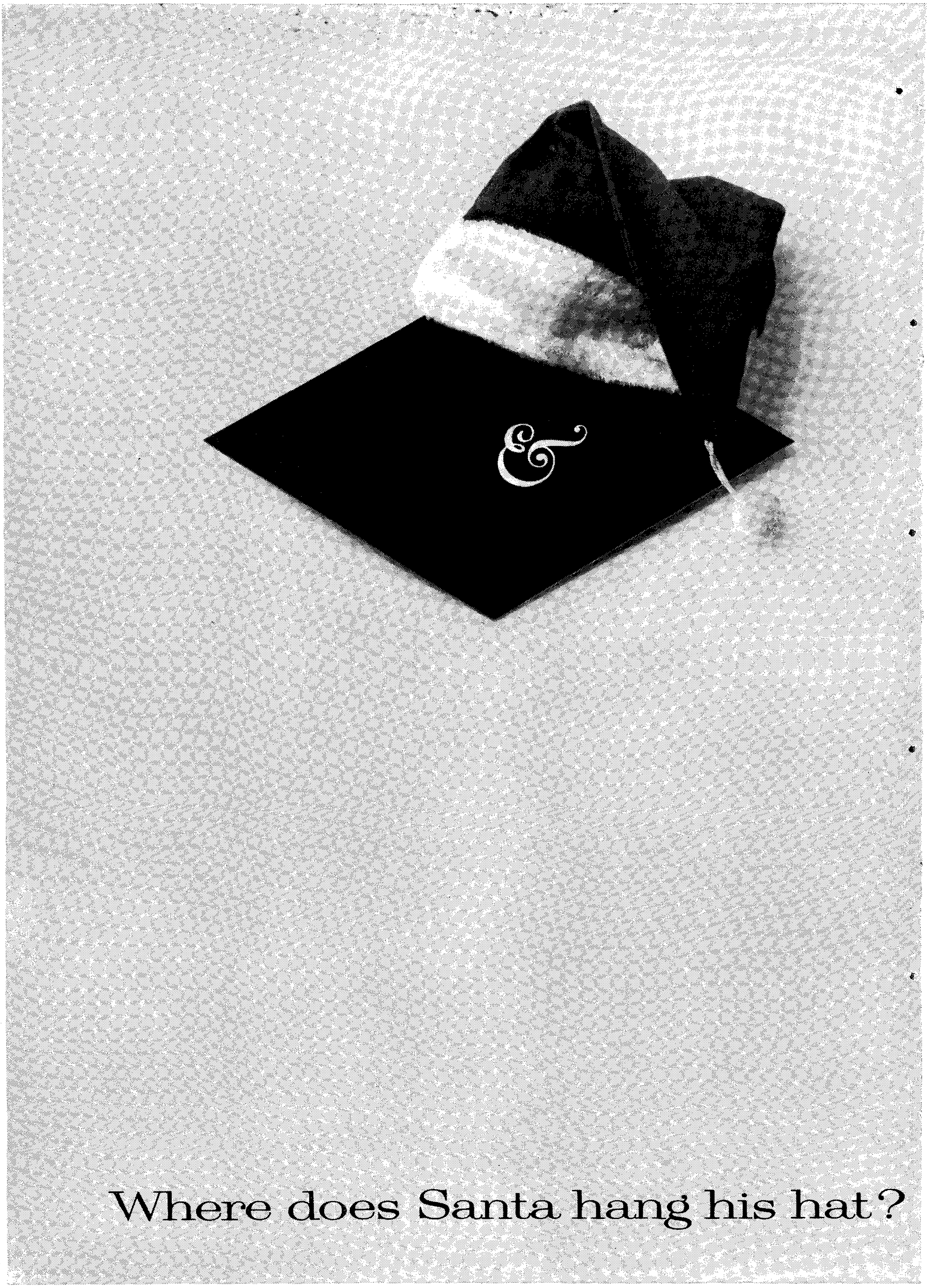
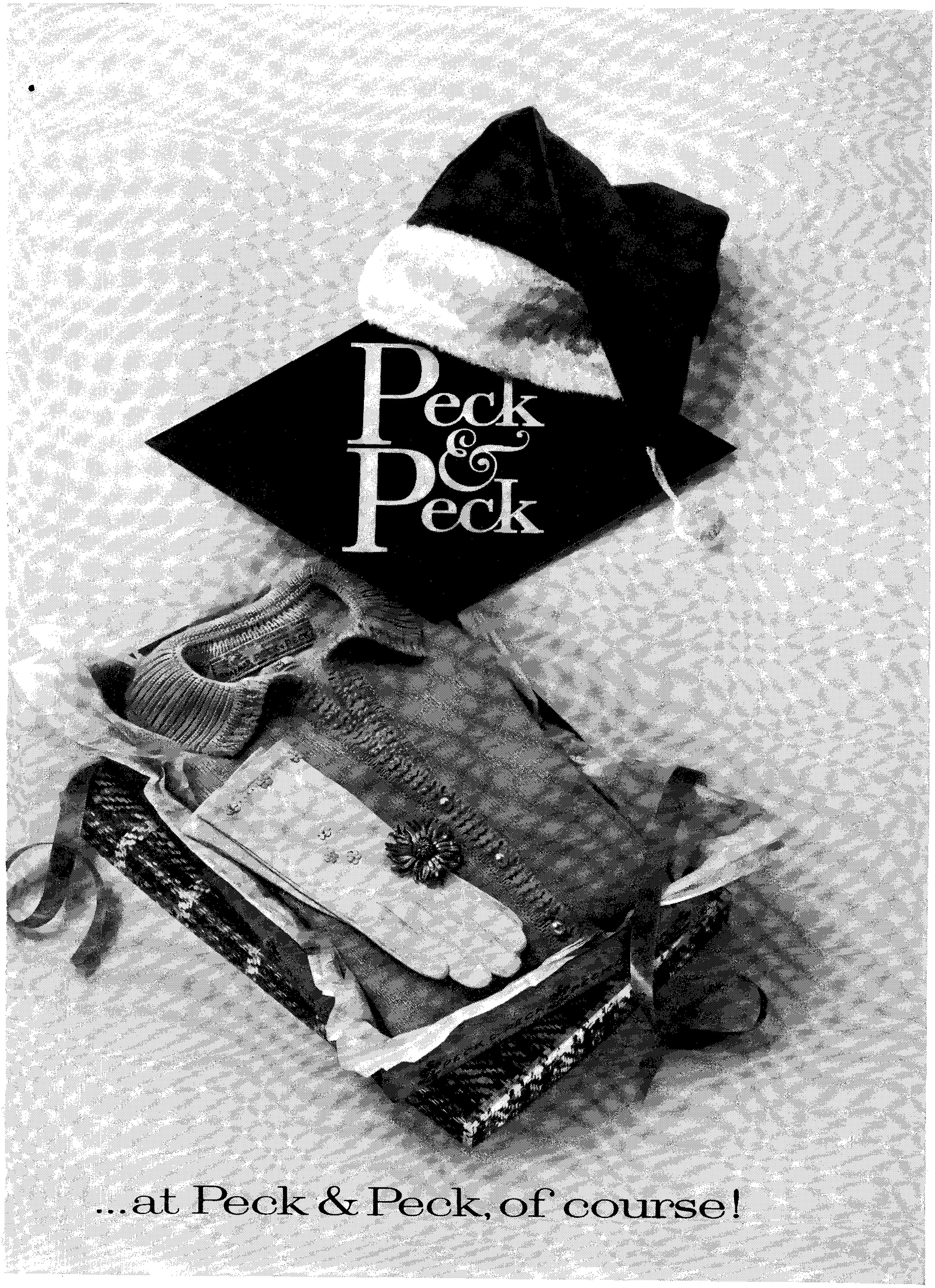

&
Where does Santa hang his hat?


Peck & Peck
...at Peck & Peck, of course!

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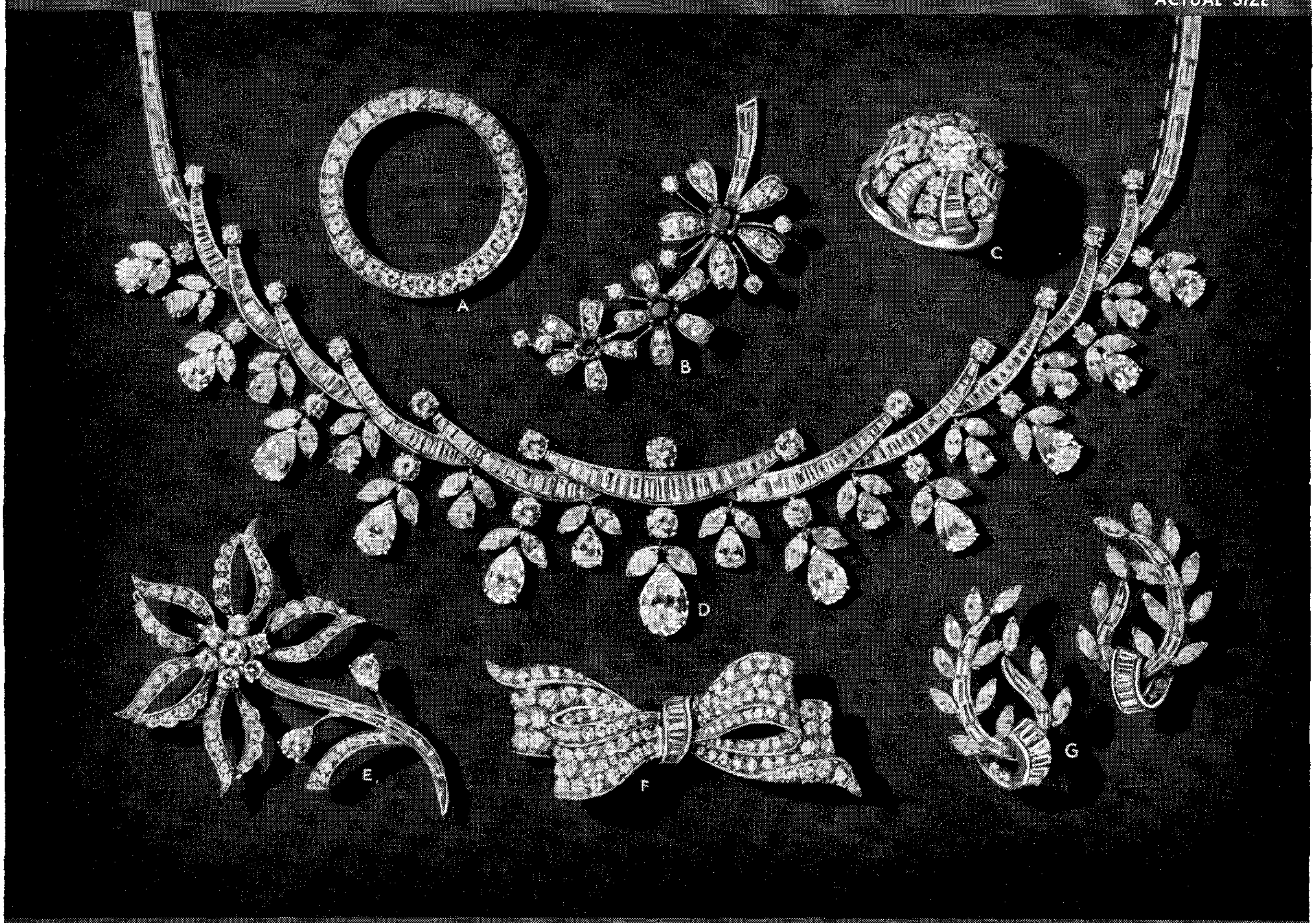
IN PLATINUM



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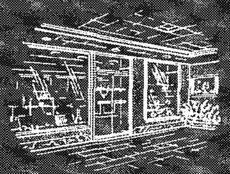
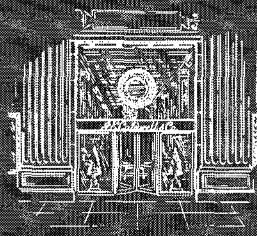


WILMINGTON, DEL.



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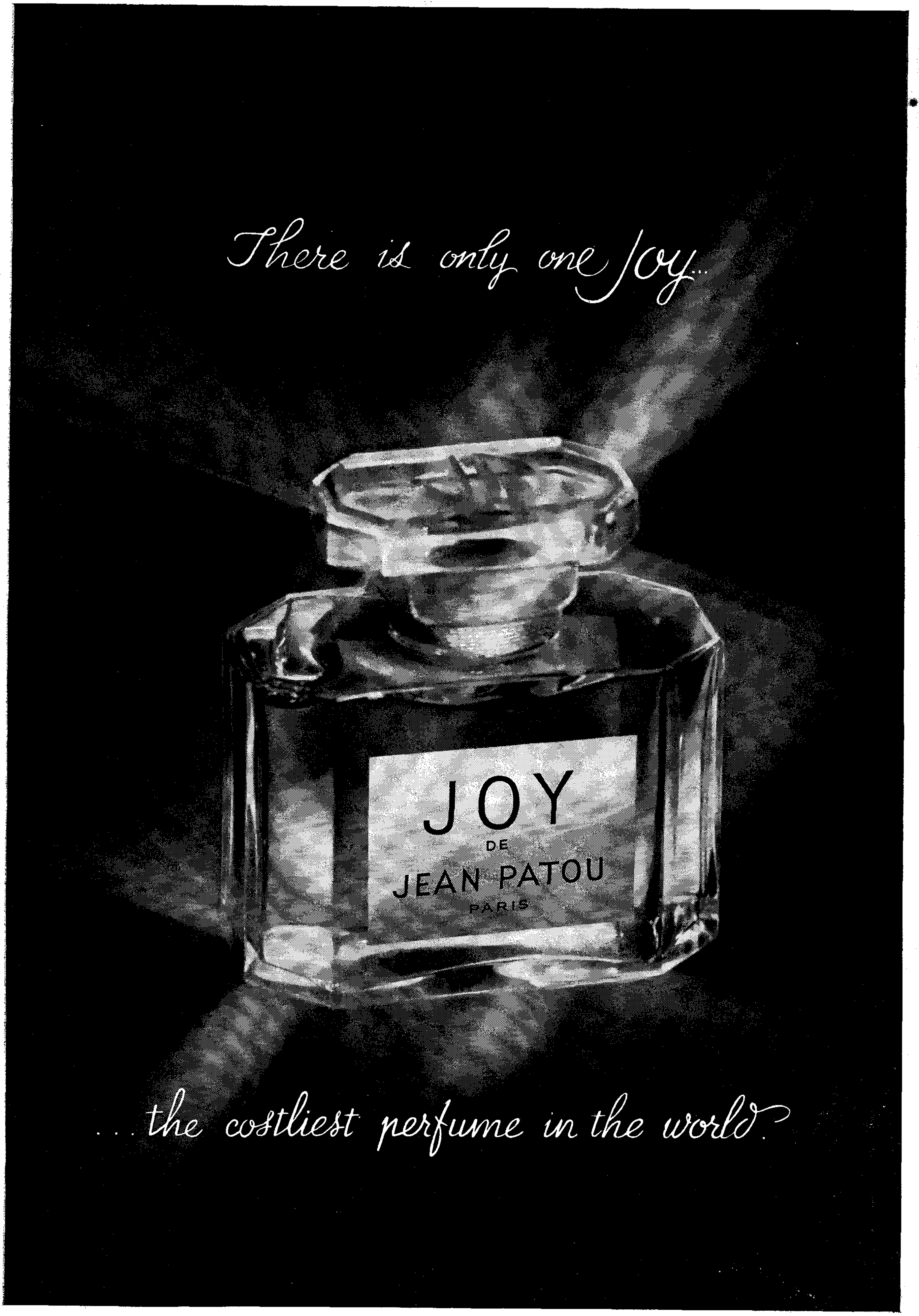
drifting this way

Our cherished pleats, floated beautifully from a bateau neckline, to tie in front, all around, or not to tie at all. A nightgown that will double as a hostess gown, in permanently pleated nylon tricot sheer over that rare fashion find—an opaque evening slip edged in Val lace. 49.95 Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

all is vanity... all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*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Lady Manhattan Bright, beautiful and correct...the lady in the Lady Manhattan® silk shirt and slim, silk pants! They're youthfully elegant, modestly contemporary...the absolutely-appropriate attire for at-home entertaining! The 100% silk shirt—flowering with an abundance of peonies—is styled with convertible collar and three-quarter sleeves. About $15. The linen-textured 100% silk pants are tapered and contour-cut. In coordinating fashion colors, about $18. Both in sizes 8 to 18. Both priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: B. ALTMAN & CO., New York • JORDAN MARSH, Boston • D. H. HOLMES, New Orleans • FAMOUS-BARR St. Louis • DAYTON'S, Minneapolis • FOLEY'S, Houston • BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles • ROOS/ATKINS, California

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An F.J. Cooper Christmas Story

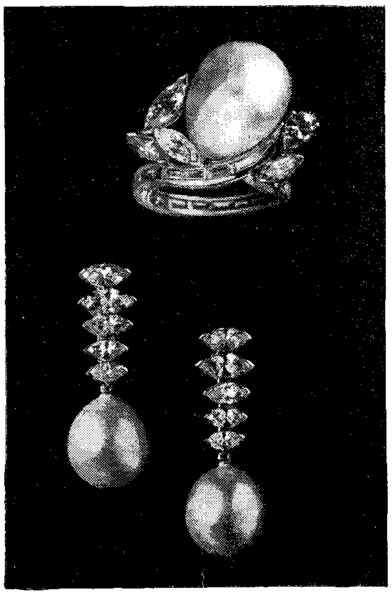
(or how to have a happy Christmas)

ONCE upon a time, there were three Coopers–Douglas, Elaine and Theodore. They were brothers and sister. More important than that, however, they were jewelers. As was their father and his father before him.

They are shown above leaving their Philadelphia store. The last of their personal shopping is completed. (You see, the Coopers must finish just about the time you start.)

Which (finally) gets us down to the matter at hand: how you can have a happy (happier?) Christmas. May we suggest you let the contents of the little black box to the right take care of that?

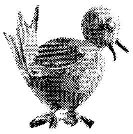
It contains—stop here if you can't stand temptation—a truly exquisite pearl and diamond ring and an imposing pair of pearl and diamond earrings.



(The cultured pearls were found on a recent gem buying expedition.)

The ring is three thousand five hundred dollars. And the earrings are four thousand eight hundred dollars.

P.S. This enchanting little Noel bird (who has a twinkly diamond eye) is very neat in his habits. He is guaranteed to make you happy (happier?), too. In 18 karat gold. As a spiral brooch, $22. As a tie-tack, $20. The set, $42.



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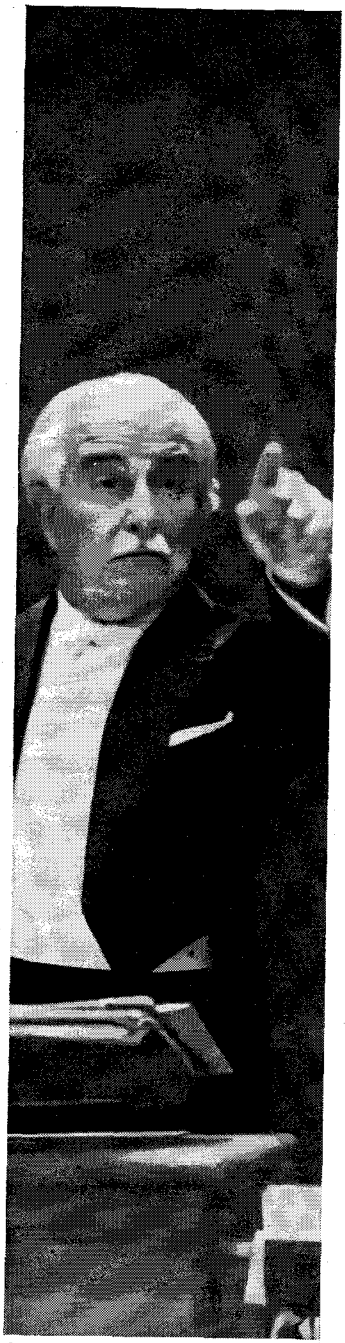
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.
and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

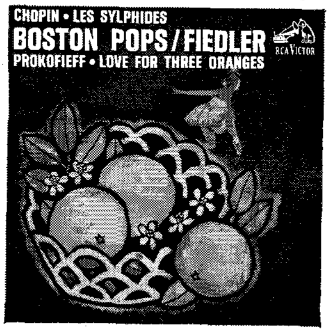
All orders promptly filled. Federal Tax included. Jewelry shown actual size. Add 4% for Pennsylvania delivery.

HEAR! HEAR! GIFT IDEAS OF THE YEA

Take your Christmas list to your RCA Victor dealer tomorrow! You'll find these and other great al



ARTHUR FIEDLER/THE BOSTON POPS Everybody loves "the Pops" — and you'll find it a thrill to give this album! Maestro Fiedler is in his element with Prokofieff's "Love for Three Oranges" and Chopin's "Les Sylphides," lovely ballet music arranged by Anderson/Bodge.


CHOPIN • LES SYLPHIDES
BOSTON POPS/FIEDLER
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PROKOFIEFF • LOVE FOR THREE ORANGES

PETER NERO "The Colorful Peter Nero." The young Mr. Nero, with full orchestra in attendance, keys melodies from the rainbow, including a bit of Christmas **red:** *"Journey to Red Rocks"* and **green:** "On Green Dolphin Street." Just the Nero touch for Christmas giving.

RCA Victor
THE COLORFUL
PETER NERO

VAN CLIBURN/FRITZ REINER With the Chicago Symphony. Van Cliburn's style, vitality and brilliant technique dramatically bring forth the true beauty and inner meaning of the beloved Rachmaninoff "Concerto No. 2," A delightful Christmas gift for a Cliburn collection.

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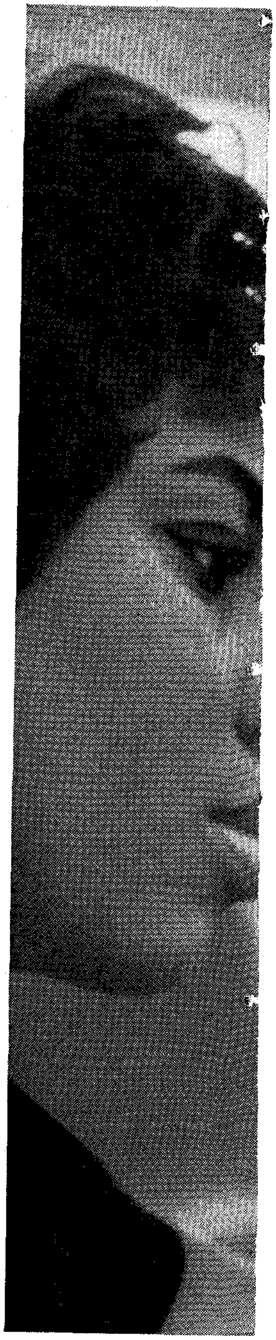
CONCERTO No. 2
VAN CLIBURN
FRITZ REINER
Chicago Symphony



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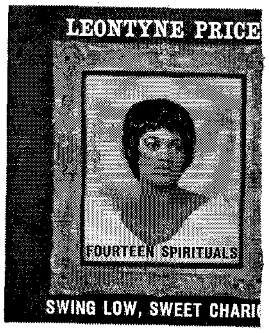
among the selections in this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BENNY GOODMAN
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RCA Victor
Actual on-the-spot
recordings of the
first performances
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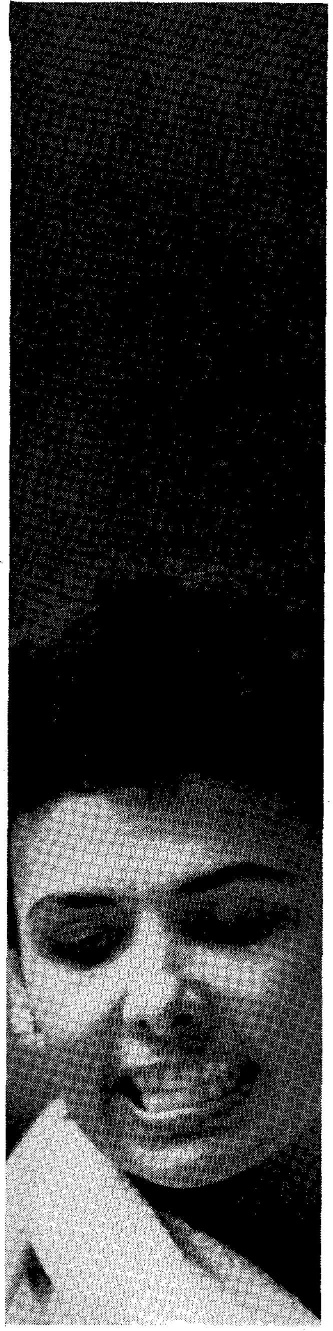
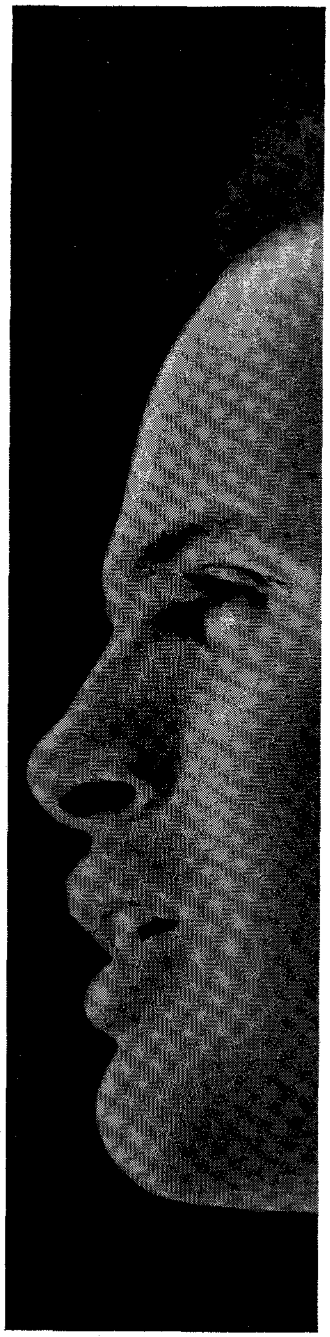


LENA HORNE *"Lena, Lovely and Alive."* Starting with the strikingly beautiful cover and continuing through the last note of the last selection in the album, Lena is absolutely breath-taking! "I Got Rhythm," "I Want to Be Happy." A lovely gift from a lovely Lena!

RCA Victor
Lena
lovely
and alive



HARRY BELAFONTE "The Many Moods of Belafonte." Belafonte ranges wide and forcefully from Broadway to Africa to Israel to the West Indies. From high spirits to tender affection ... all bearing his stamp of power and perfection. A gift to be cherished always!

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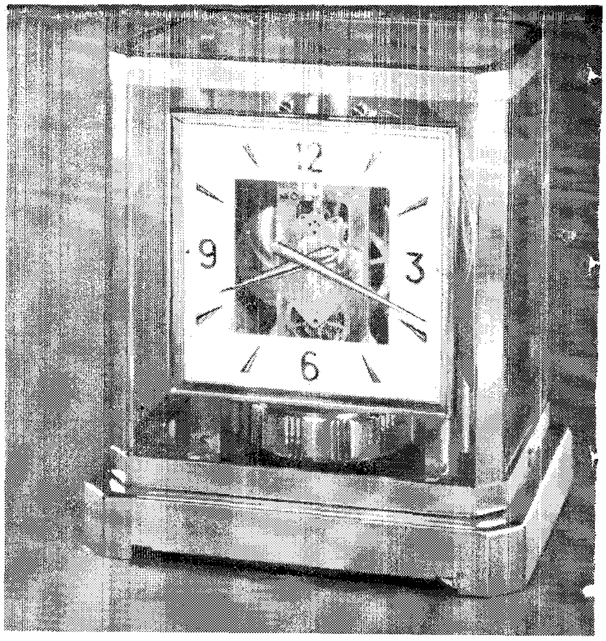

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For a Lady Hard to Please . . . the smallest watch in all the world, by LeCoultre. The miniaturized movement is worth 400 times its weight in pure gold. In a bracelet of 18 karat gold . . . $3000.

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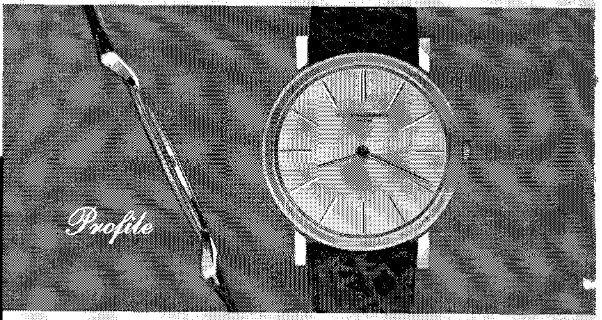

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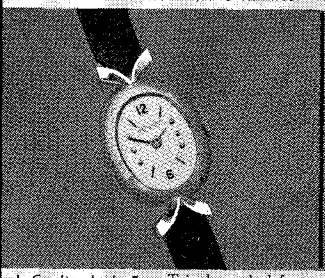
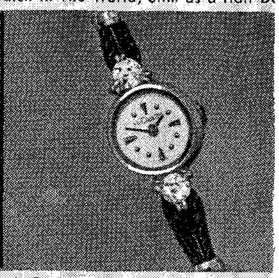
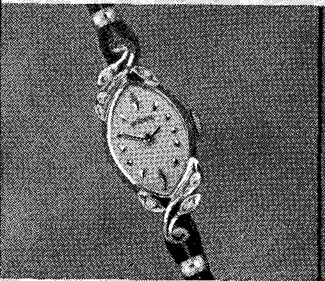
LeCoultre Master Mariner Royale C: Automatic; All-Proof®; handsome 18 karat gold bracelet watch . . . $475



LeCoultre Lady Fay: Trimly styled for casual wear; 14K gold hand-florentined case; suede strap $100



LeCoultre *Montre d'Elegance B2:* gold; backwind; two matched monds, total wt. ½ karat . . . . . $



LeCoultre Diamond Parisienne 6E: Marquise 14K white gold case with 6 matched diamonds . . . $175

LeCoultre Vivienne: High fashi pear-shaped, crafted in *14K* go synthetic sapphire crystal . . . $1

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DIVISION OF LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

Cinema III

starring Nita Naldi (she's all frill and fancy), Anna Karenina — a queen's length of royal velvet, a collar of sable — and the unforgettable Lombard satin pants and coat. And, we might add, no one will ever ask what has happened to these home movie stars.

Since you'll soon be sneaking into a store, trying to "get-it-over-in-a-hurry", we suggest that you take a moment out for your Christmas edification and education and see what's happening in lingerie.

First of all, we've been watching this trend toward the satin, the soft and the sexy for almost three months. It has never been more evident to us that beneath that handsome tweed suit of our attaché-cased ladies there beats the powerful heart of Nita Naldi.

Furthermore, we'd like to inform you that we're very good with the uncomfortable male at Carnegie. We have many harried Wall Street wonders who turn to us for help every year because they know they simply can't go wrong when they send a Hattie Carnegie package. Our buyer is a dear who can take your shaking gift list and have you back at "Twenty One", sipping a cool martini, in an hour.

Now let's see how intrigued you can become with these three stars of ours. The mad lace peignoir and gown (on the girl with the bear) we bought in Rome—the designer whispered in our ears that he originally designed it for "Liz". We must say it's very "Nita" in our estimation, and we bought it in white with pink or white with sky blue. 195.00.

The Anna Karenina gown is without doubt one of our most beautiful Christmas ideas. There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't love it. The richest of velvets, the deepest of reds and the most royal of furs (sable) really will send her into her act, but she'll never say, "I want to be alone." We bought this superb gown with the sable on the shoulders, and we have one with the sable on the floor, and one with sable cuffs. 325.00.

Now, should your darling have herself involved in politics, working at the New School two nights a week and running the house as well, the ideal gift for her is the Carole Lombard dinner pajama. Of course a bottle of Taittinger is in order when she wears it, but you can lose sight of all your problems if you choose this. She'll say it's madness, but she'll wear it every chance she gets. The pants are slim, the top trim, the fabric a rich rich silk satin, the origin Italy, and the price 275.00.

These three are just part of our home movie star collection of lingerie, at-home and dinner *intime* clothes, and wealthy aristocrats, Argentinian millionaires, crowned heads, museum curators, and all smart men around town would do well to consult Carnegie about Christmas. 42 East 49 Street.

Hattie Carnegie

BENSON & HEDGES
Benson & Hedges park avenue new york
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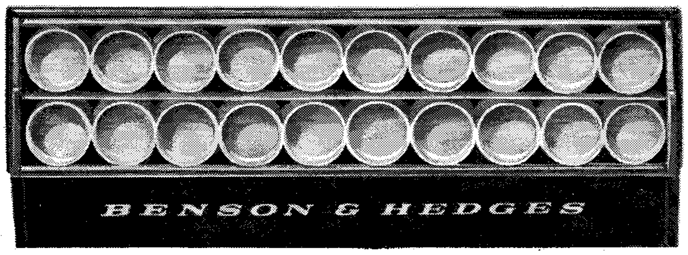
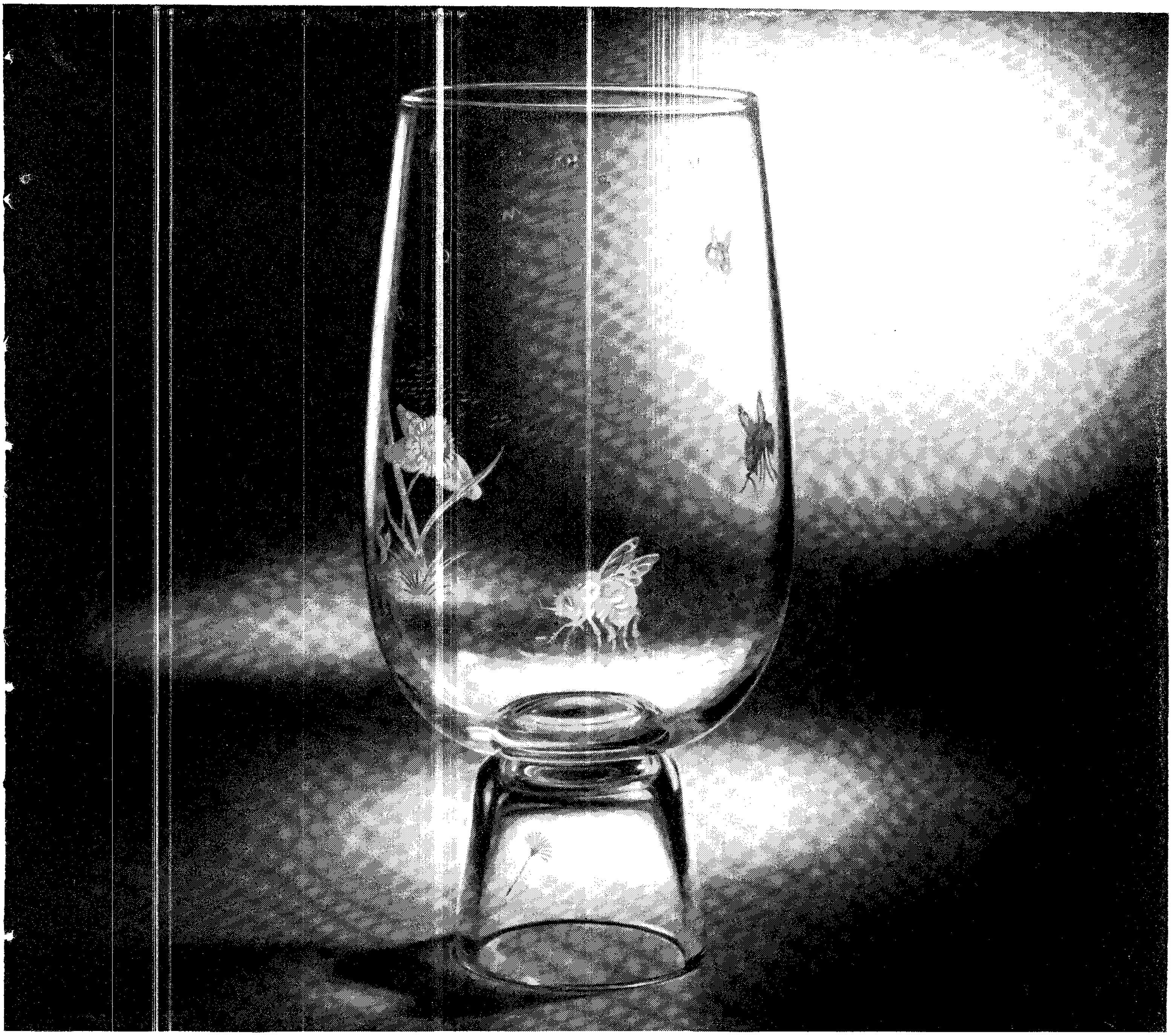
Any way you look at it

with Benson & Hedges you pay more—you get more


BENSON & HEDGES

Examine Benson & Hedges from every angle. First, the packet. Handsome it is. Distinctive. Tastefully designed. Handsome it does. Completely crush-proof, it delivers each cigarette in perfect shape. Now, check the Benson & Hedges filter system. The filter itself is recessed into the mouthpiece, never touches your lips never intrudes upon enjoyment. Light up and taste the Benson & Hedges blend of superb tobaccos, cured and aged meticulously. Gratifying, isn't it, to get this packet, filter system and fine flavor in one cigarette?



Bombus • Height 10 inches • Designed by Bruce Moore • $450.00

Bombus—by Steuben

BOMBUS, according to the dictionary, is "a genus of bumblebees." But, please, do not take the name of this Steuben piece too literally.

The bumblebees, as engraved in the deep crystal vase above, are gentle creatures. See how they laze in the light—gliding and drifting in a soft arc toward the leafy flower on the left.

Even the fragile dandelion seeds seem suspended in space—perfectly content to float in the silence and clarity of crystal.

Bombus is on display now at Steuben Glass.

It is small, delicate, distinguished. And, in its own quiet way, it could extend a very special Christmas greeting in your name.

STEUBEN GLASS

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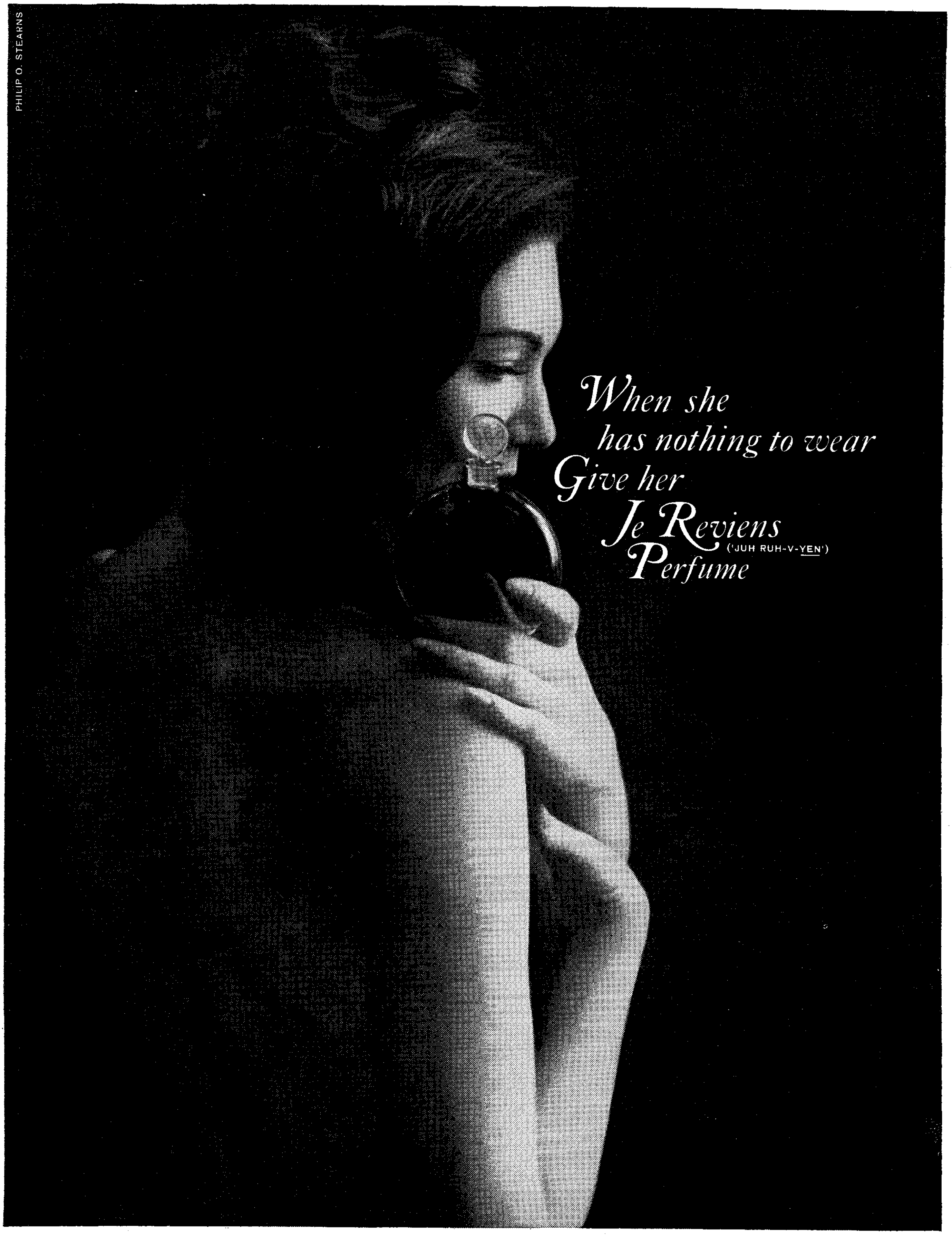
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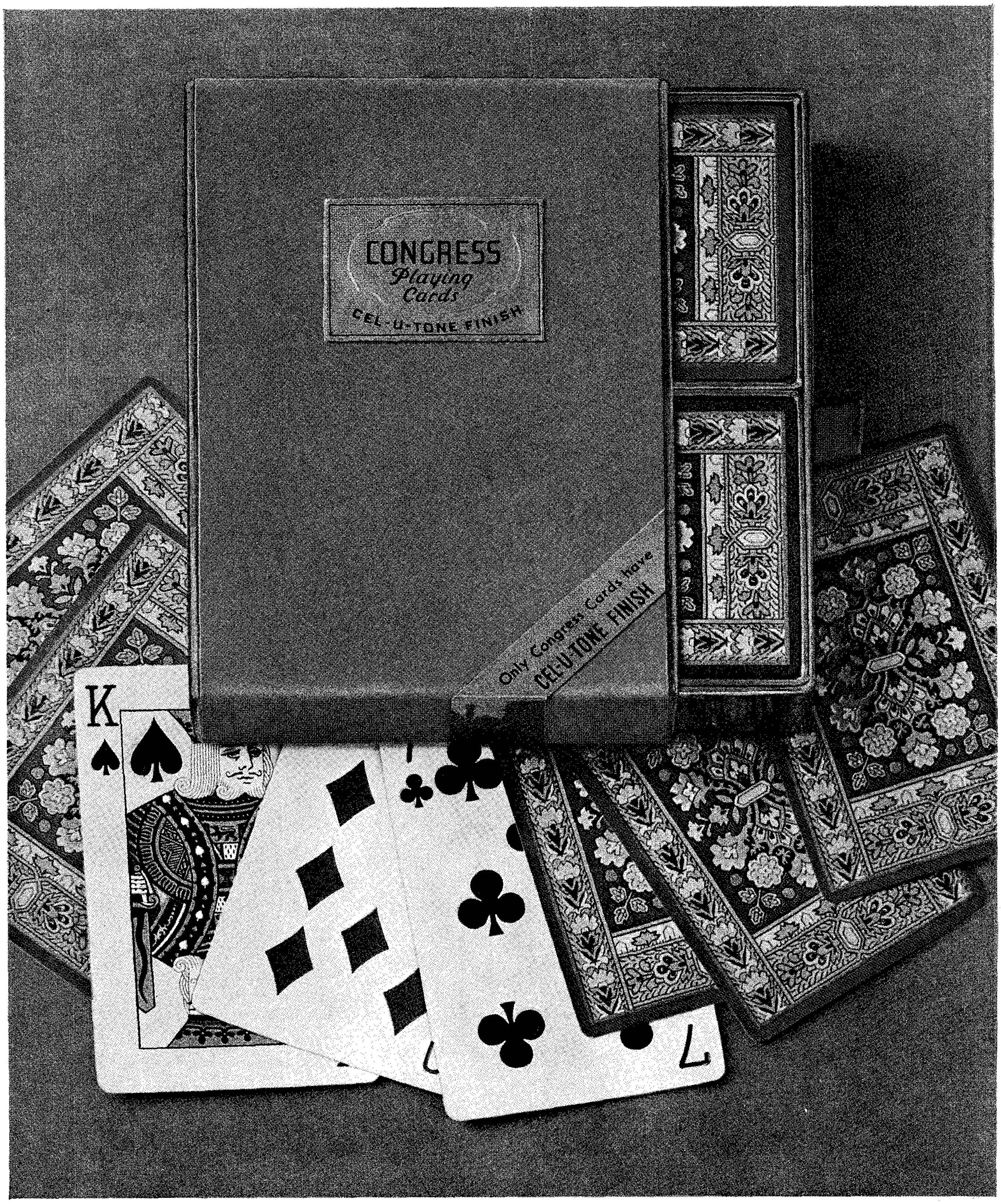
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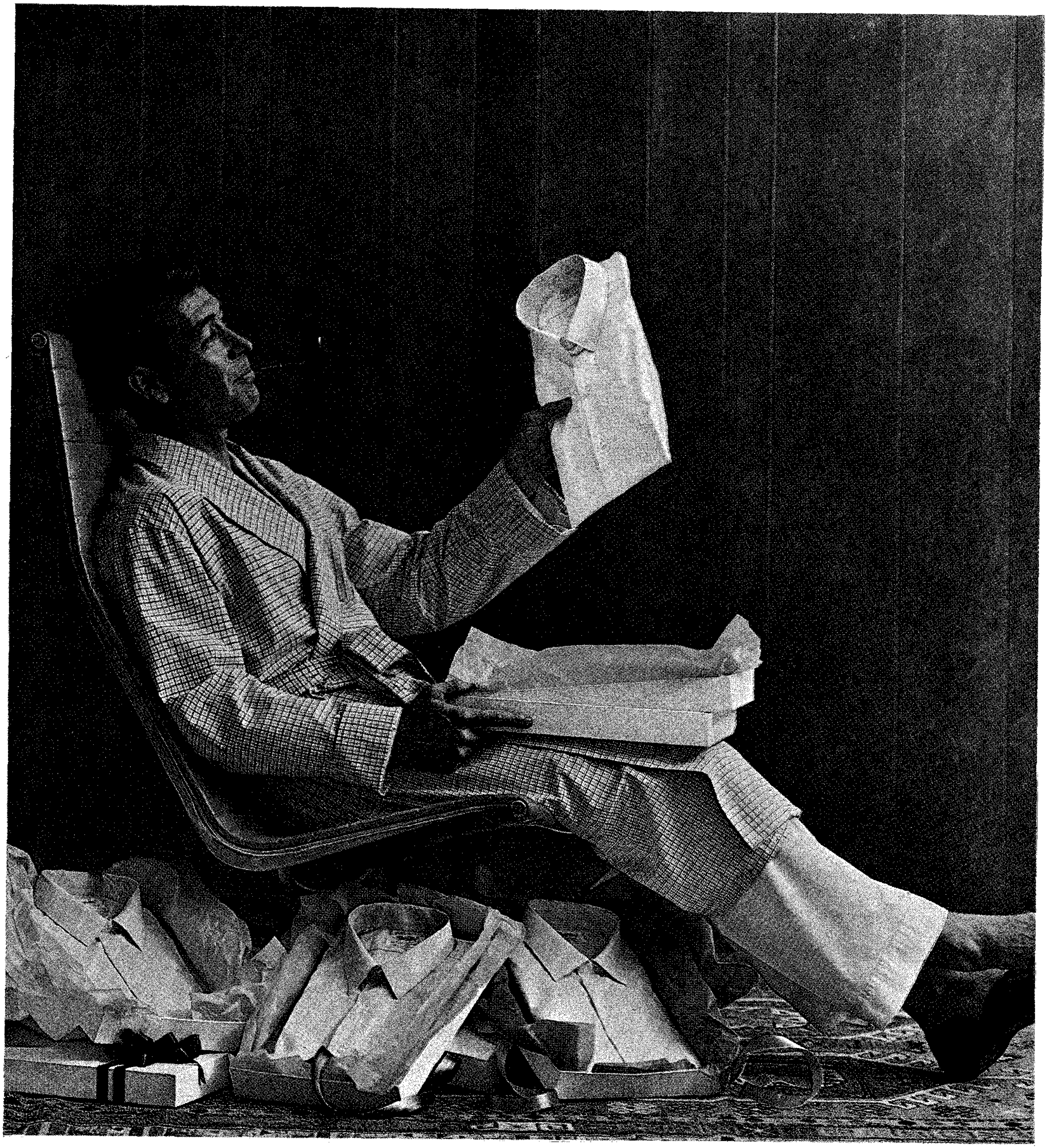

Manhattan® Shirts: To Make a Man Feel He Matters

Giving him Delcot® shirts by Manhattan® tells a man he rates high . . . deserves shirts of fine tailoring, custom fit. You'll find a variety of collar choices, too. In white and new softones. About $6.00. The handsome and comfortable Manhattan pajama and robe set: $19.95. At better stores everywhere.

Manhattan Delcot shirts, pajamas and robes dry smooth, stay smooth. They're made of no-iron, 50% Kodel® polyester, 50% combed cotton fabric. It's a Wellington Sears Masterblend*, developed by the finest research facilities, woven by the most modern equipment. Wellington Sears, 111 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

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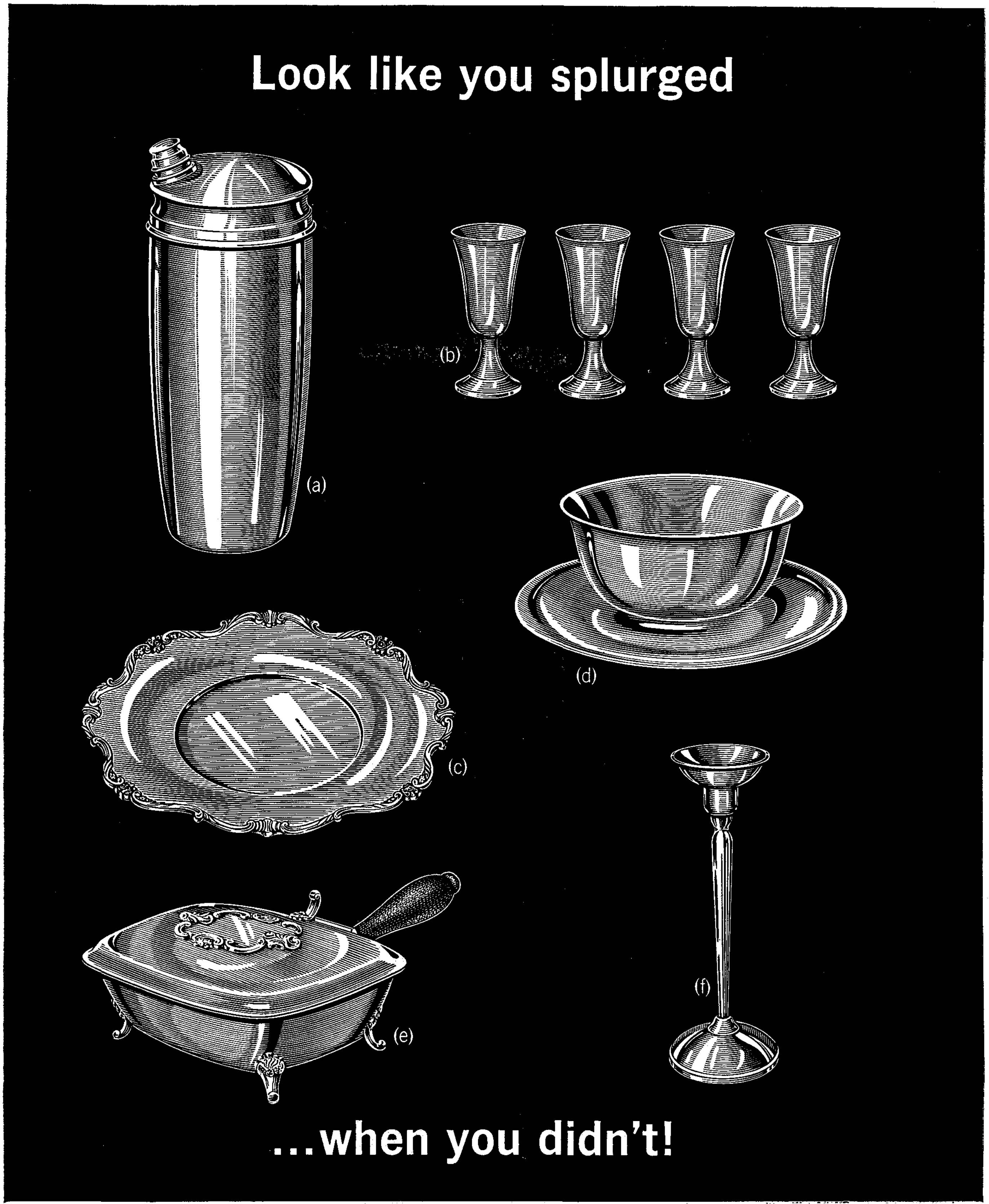

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(a) Cocktail Shaker in Silverplate, cap. approx. 10 cocktails, $22.50
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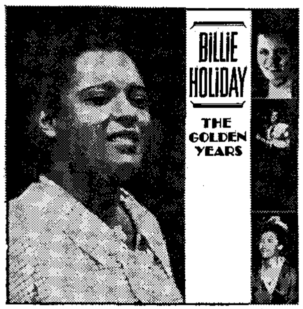
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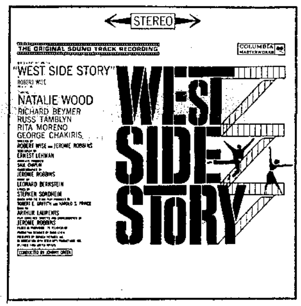
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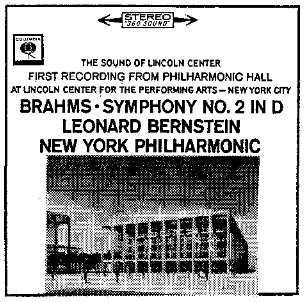
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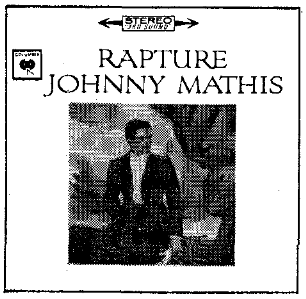
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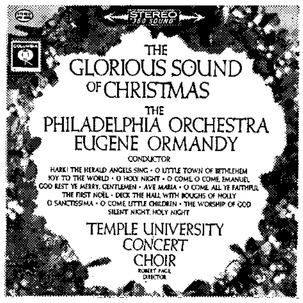
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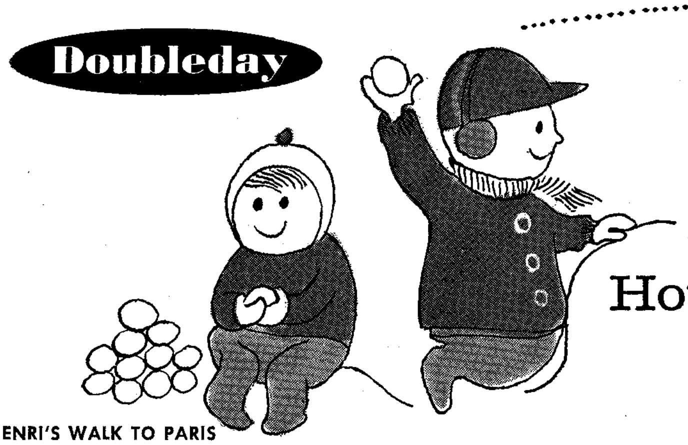

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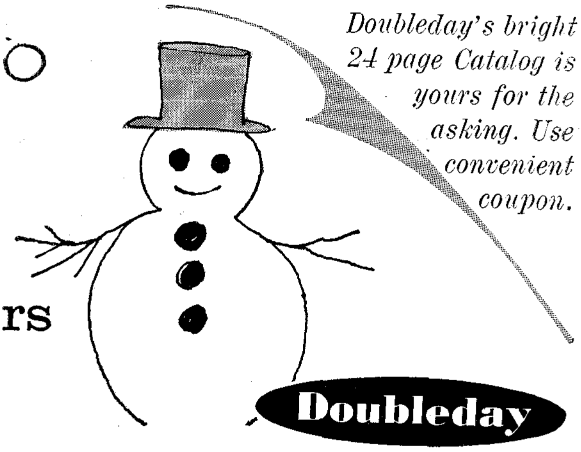

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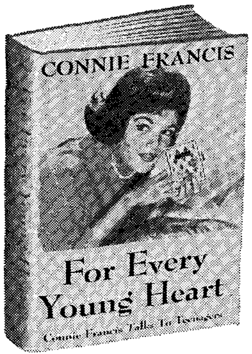
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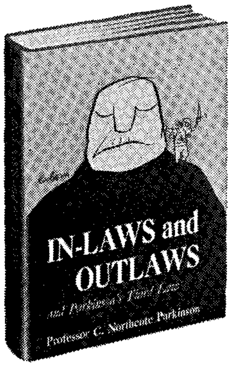
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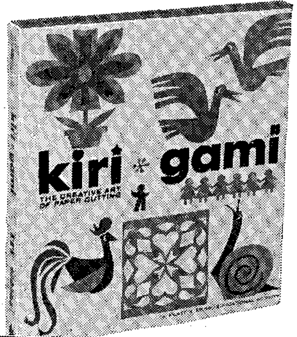
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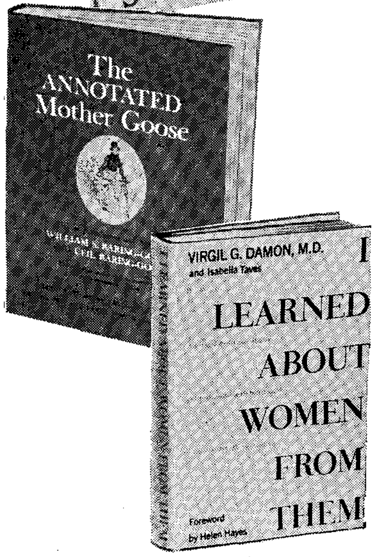
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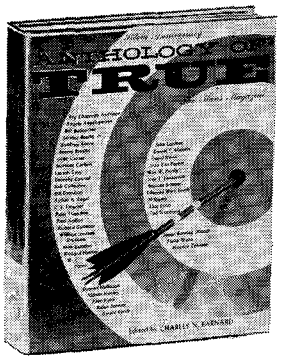
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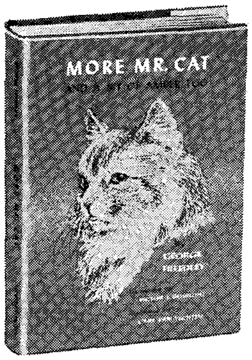
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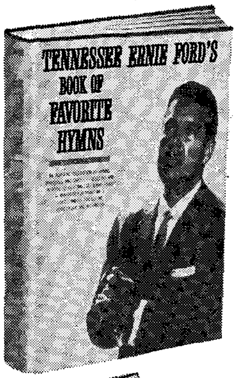
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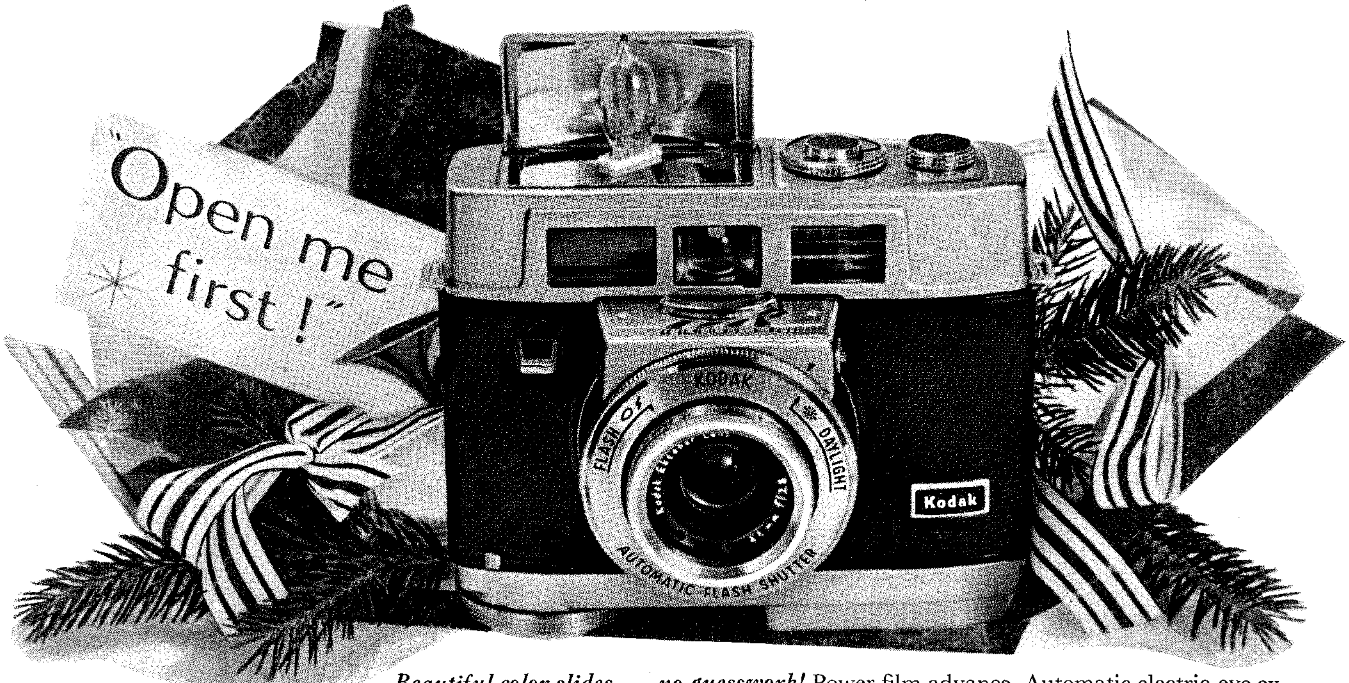

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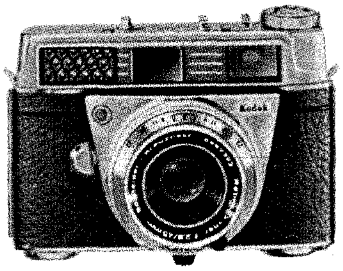

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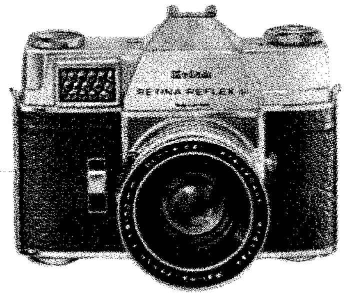

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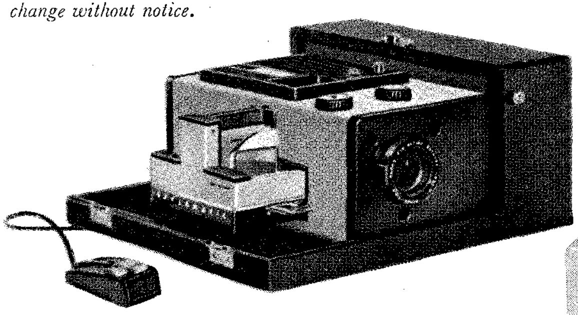

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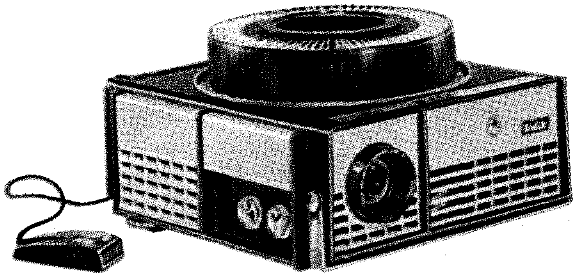

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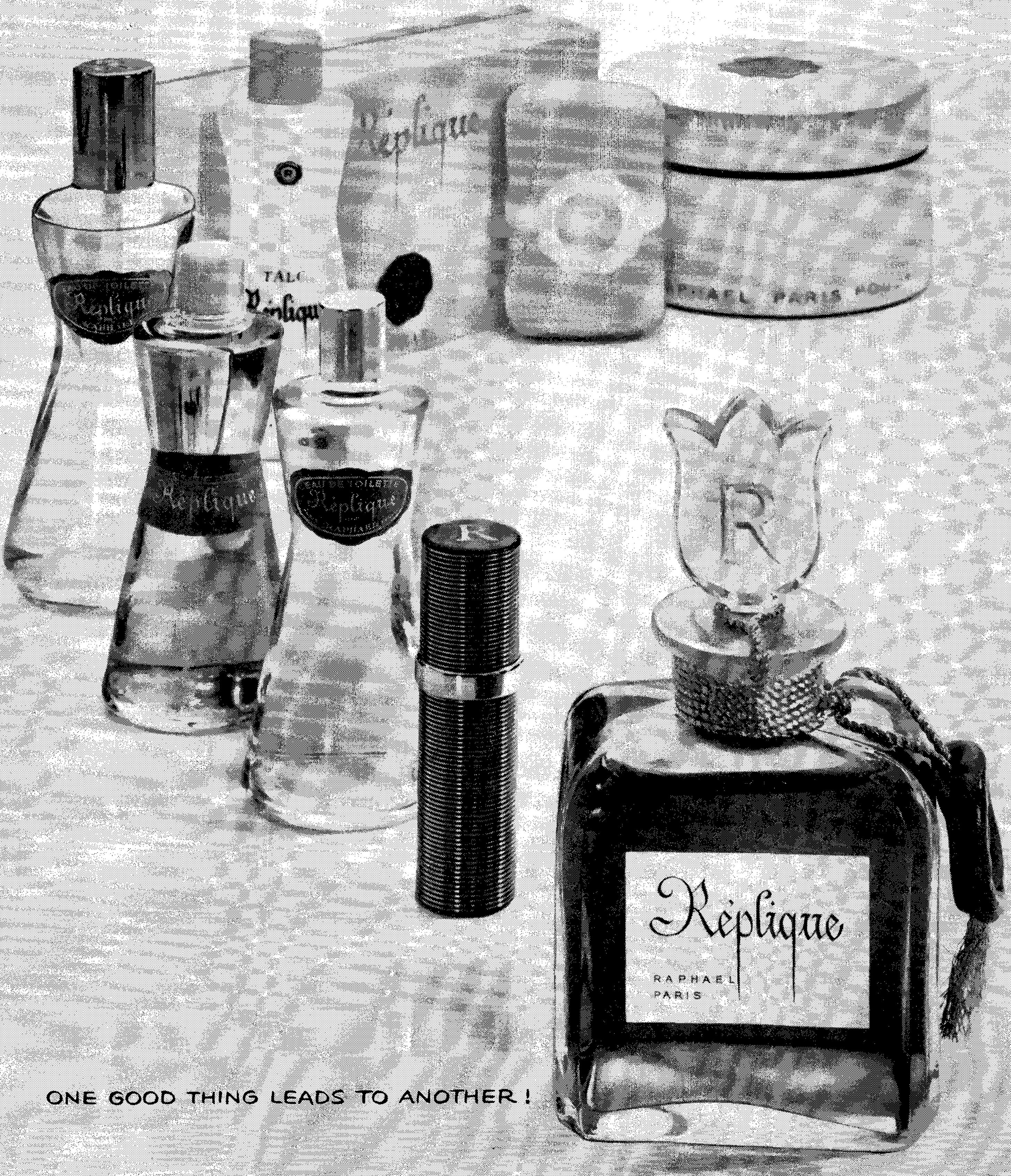
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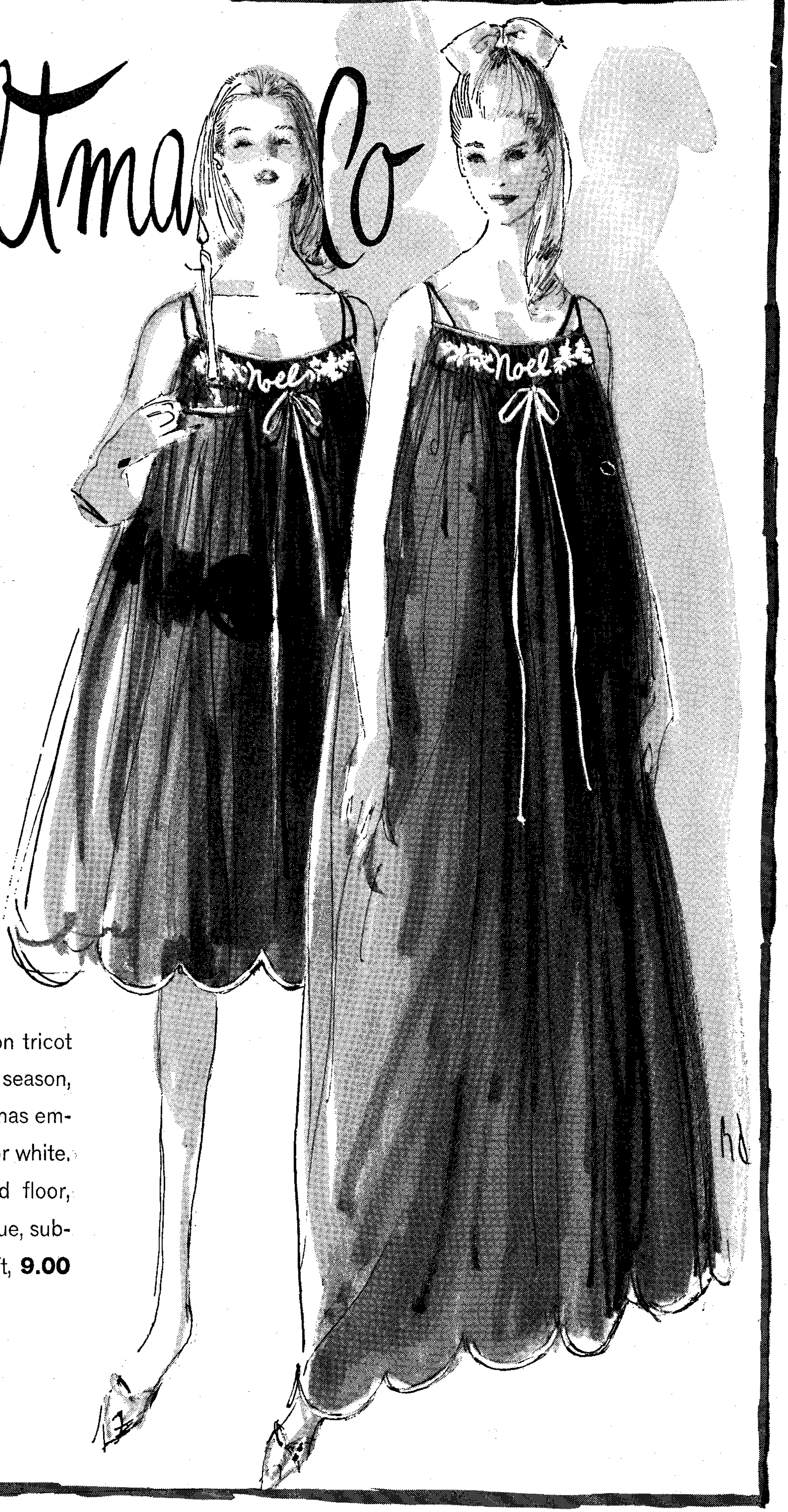

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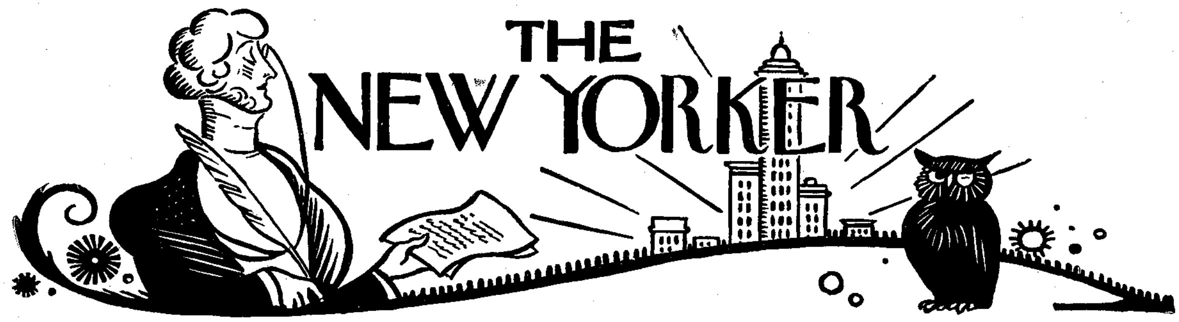


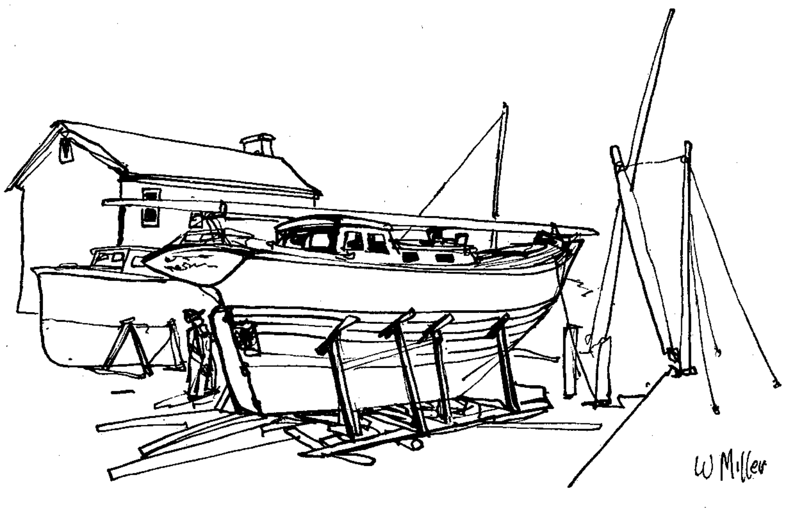
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MODERN physics has developed around two fundamental theories: the theory of relativity, which was proposed by Einstein in 1905, and the quantum theory, which was given its present form in the nineteen-twenties. Although the quantum theory was the work of many physicists, the dominant figure in its creation was Niels Bohr, who died in Copenhagen last week, at the age of seventy-seven. The success of the Bohr atomic model, in 1913, was a key step in the formulation of the quantum theory. Einstein and Bohr were friends throughout much of their lives, and had a great admiration and affection for one another. In 1947, Einstein wrote that Bohr's work on the structure of atoms was "the highest form of musicality in the sphere of thought." Nevertheless, Einstein and Bohr held contrary views on the philosophical foundations of the quantum theory. Einstein was deeply dissatisfied with its statistical character. He once said, "God does not play dice with the world." Bohr, however, felt that the theory correctly reflected the nature of measurement on the atomic scale. The debate between them, which went on from the middle twenties until Einstein's death, in 1955, helped to clarify the foundations of the theory for physicists generally, even though the two men never reached agreement.

Bohr had a wonderful capacity for concentration. He was able to shut out the world around him in focussing his mind on a problem. This gave him a somewhat absent-minded appearance. There is a streetcar in Copenhagen that runs down Blegdamsvej, past the Institute for Theoretical Physics, which was created for Bohr after the First World War. It is said that sometimes Bohr, deeply absorbed in thought, would ride back and forth on the streetcar until the conductor reminded him to get off. He was, like Einstein, an incessant pipe smoker, and any conversation with him was continually interrupted by his efforts to light his pipe. One invariably watched with a sort of horrified fascination as the match in Bohr's hand burned down toward his fingers. Bohr usually noticed it in time, and when he did, the whole process began again, with a new match. In critical discussion at scientific meetings, Bohr, a man of exceptional kindliness, would start out by saying that he had "just some little jokes" he wanted to tell the speaker. Then, in a low, almost inaudible voice, he would pose questions—"not in order to criticize but only to learn." He would apologize for not having understood the problem, which he was sure the speaker must have made very clear to everyone else. After a while, it would become evident that until then the problem had simply not been thought through. Bohr's questions were put in such a way that the speaker had the illusion of having discovered this on his own. Bohr once expressed himself on the subject of glibness in exposition by saying, "I must never speak more clearly than I think."

During the nineteen-twenties, the group of physicists who created the quantum theory all went to Bohr, in Copenhagen, for advice and criticism. In the thirties, with the rise of Nazism, some of the same physicists went to him for refuge. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the feeling of veneration that these physicists had for Bohr. Professor George Uhlenbeck, the Dutch-born American physicist, now of the Rockefeller Institute, who knew Bohr throughout this period, tried to explain this in an address he made here, this past September, on the occasion of the dedication of the Niels Bohr Library of the History of Physics, at the American Institute of Physics. Uhlenbeck said, "Thinking about what I could say about him, I was all the time reminded of a song that was composed for one of the special yearly meetings in the twenties of our student science society, Christiaan Huygens. It went to the tune of the Dutch national anthem, and each verse ended with '*En Bohr en Einstein hebben wij altijd vereerd*' ['And Bohr and Einstein we have always revered']." He went on to say that perhaps the fundamental reason for this feeling, apart from Bohr's great achievements in science, was his "deep seriousness" in conducting scientific investigation. "Anyone who has talked at length with him or who has heard him speak must be, I think, impressed by Bohr's continuous struggle for understanding." In this, Bohr was indefatigable. Uhlenbeck has described a visit that Bohr recently made to the Rockefeller Institute, to accept an honorary degree. During the visit, he took part in a number of discussions on biophysics, and Uhlenbeck said, "After a day and a half, the group of young biophysicists and I could



not look more out of our eyes, although Bohr was still going strong." In 1943, Bohr was smuggled out of Denmark in a British airplane. He spent the rest of the war in the United States, working with the atomic-bomb project at Los Alamos. Bohr had a somewhat paradoxical view of the process of clarification in science. In 1949, he wrote, "In the Institute in Copenhagen, where . . . a number of young physicists from various countries came together for discussions, we used, when in trouble, often to comfort ourselves with jokes, among them the old saying about the two kinds of truth. To the one kind belong statements so simple and clear that the opposite assertion obviously could not be defended. The other kind, the so-called 'deep truths,' are statements in which the opposite also contains deep truth." Bohr felt that clarity in scientific theories came only when one had succeeded in eliminating from them the "deep truths." He devoted his long life to the search for clarity and understanding.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The *New York State Journal of Medicine* is offering a one-year subscription for five dollars and a three-year subscription for eighteen dollars.

Hammer and Khrushchev

THIS department last lunched with Dr. Armand Hammer, president of the Hammer Galleries, in 1933, three years after he and his two brothers, Harry and Victor, had wound up nine years in Russia as founders and operators of a monopoly pencil factory in Moscow; that was in the good old New Economic Policy days, when concessions were granted to Western capitalists. The factory netted the Hammer brothers several million dollars, most of which they invested in treasures once owned by the Romanoffs. After that lunch, and after making a good many more million dollars, in the art-gallery, beer-barrel, department-store, and distillery businesses, Dr. Hammer moved to Los Angeles, where, as president of the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, he has since tacked on to his fortune some ten million dollars' worth of stock, which he bought six or seven years ago for a relative pittance. We telephoned this golden acquaintance the other morning, when he happened to be in town, and he invited us to an expensive restaurant for our second lunch with him in twenty-nine years. Compliments having been exchanged, we settled down to a conversation that revolved around Premier Nikita Khrushchev. The Doctor's recollections were over a year old, but they were firsthand.

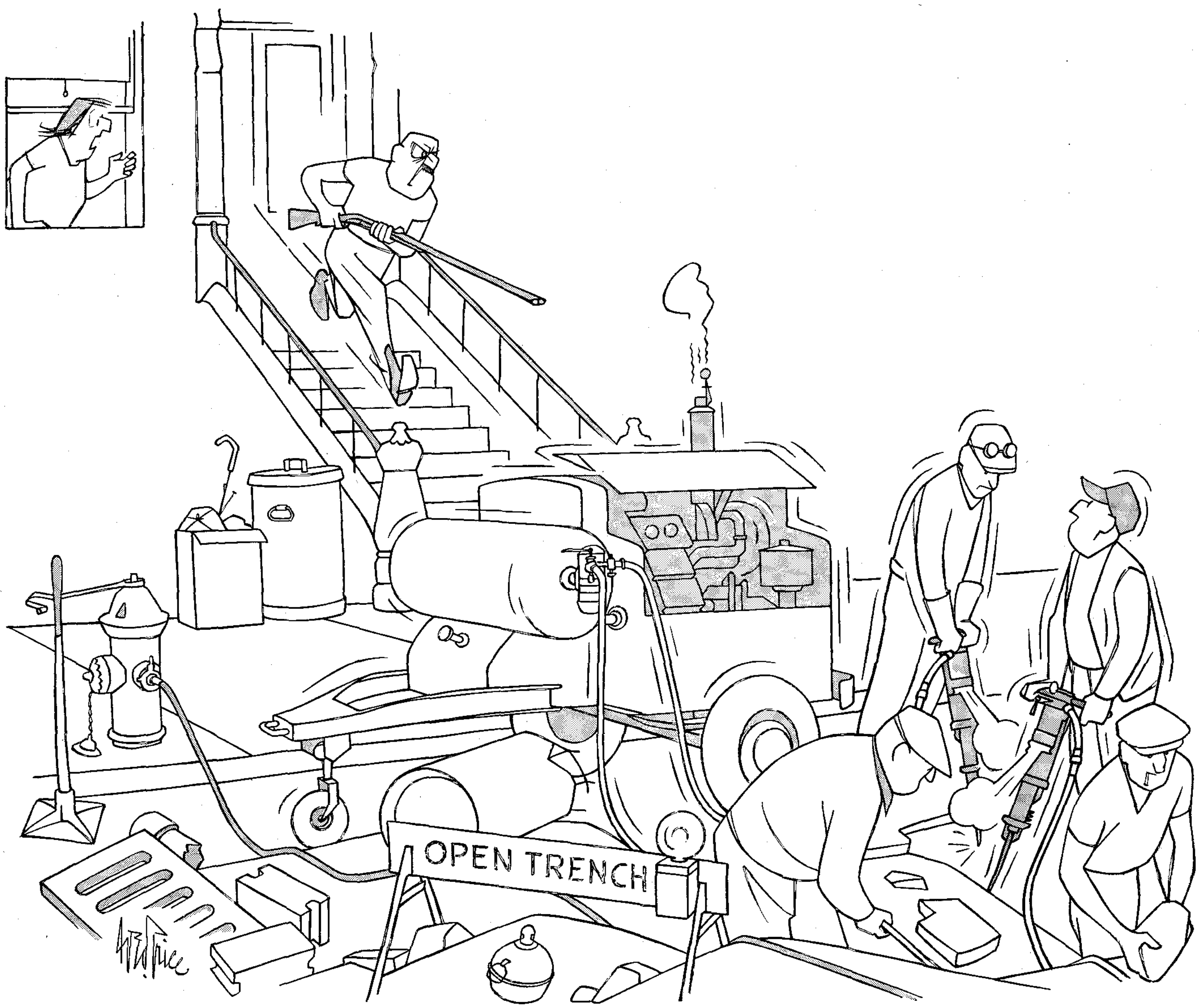
"My wife and I attended President Kennedy's Inauguration as the guests of Senator Albert A. Gore, of Tennessee, who is a Black Angus breeder," Dr. H. said, over cocktails. "I have a farm at Colts Neck, New Jersey—three farms, really; nine hundred acres in all—where I raise Aberdeen Angus cattle. I sold my herd in 1954, for a million dollars, but I've begun to raise Aberdeen Anguses again, on a lesser scale. I started the farm at a time when I was developing the J. W. Dant Bonded Bourbon Company from an outfit that produced an unknown brand to one that sold a million cases a year. In 1953, I sold Dant to Schenley, for six and a half million dollars in cash. One of the by-products of whiskey is mash, which makes an excellent cattle feed, and this got me into raising cattle—to promote the sale of the feed. Well, Senator Gore, who had often visited me in New Jersey, said that the incoming administration was worried about the outflow of gold. 'You've had a lot of experience in foreign trade and in exports,' he said. 'Perhaps you could be of some help to us.' The Senator spoke to Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, who arranged for me to visit various countries to make a study of what could be done to stimulate exports to them. I had letters from the Department of Commerce to the embassies concerned, so that I could be briefed by the economic attachés before meeting local trade officials and business people. I took a leave of absence from Occidental, and my wife accompanied me. It was an exciting trip.

"When I got to Moscow, early in February, 1961, I told our Embassy there that I'd like to see Anastas Mikoyan, the First Deputy Premier. Besides making pencils between 1921 and 1930, I had represented thirty-eight American firms in Russia, and I'd come to know Mikoyan in 1922, when, as agent of the Ford Motor Company, I arrived in Rostov with a shipload of tractors. He was one of the heads of the local government then, and we'd had our picture taken together, along with the tractors. We were both in our twenties. I wrote him a little letter on Embassy stationery, and soon a reply came that he'd be glad to see me. I had a nice two-hour talk with him in the Kremlin. We discussed the chances of improving trade between Russia and the United States, and I said there would have to be an improvement in the political relations between the two countries. As I was leaving, he said, 'What have you been doing since 1930, when you sold your pencil factory?' I told him about the distilling business, the oil business, and so on, and said that I'd also been active in the cattle business. I had brought along a catalogue of my 1954 sale—it's three hundred and fifty-two pages long and contains descriptions of four hundred and forty-seven lots, including the descendants of my famous Prince Eric—and I left it with him. It was really a nice meeting; he got kind of sentimental."

Dr. Hammer took a sip of his cocktail, and continued, "We were supposed to leave for India on a plane the next afternoon. At ten in the morning, when I was in the Embassy dictating a report of my talk with Mikoyan, the telephone rang. It was Khrushchev's office, saying that he was tied up that day but would like to see me the following morning, and would I stay over? I would. The next day, at eleven, an Embassy car took me back to the Kremlin. I'd learned Russian in 1921—I'd talked it all those years when I was in the pencil business—and before this trip I'd brushed up on it by going to Russian movies in New York. So I greeted Khrushchev in Russian, and he waved the interpreter away. The only other person present was Mr. Anatoly Dobrynin, who is now Russian Ambassador in Washington. The first thing Khrushchev did was take out the cattle catalogue, which I'd left with Mikoyan. 'I sat up all night reading it,' he said. 'My wife and my daughter translated it for me. When I look at the pictures of your animals, I understand why American steaks are so good.' He went on to say that American steaks are three times as large as Russian steaks, and that unless Russia can bring its steaks up to American size and quality, Communism is sure to fail. He sounded to me more like a capitalist than like a Communist."

Dr. Hammer finished his cocktail, and said, "Khrushchev had just freed the RB-47 fliers, and he said, 'During your Presidential-election campaign last fall, Nixon sent me an emissary, who said that if I freed the fliers, I'd be *in* with the new administration. I thought I'd wait and see who got elected.' "

Starting out on a minute steak, Dr. H. observed that he was the first American to meet Khrushchev after the Inauguration. "I advised him to pay off Russia's lend-lease debts and settle politi-



"Harry, don't! Dig they must!"

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cal disputes through the United Nations if he expected to resume full-scale trade in nonstrategic materials with the United States," he said. "I'd been briefed by the Embassy's economic experts, you recall. Well, pretty soon he came back to cattle. He said that he'd been given a Black Angus bull and two heifers on the occasion of his 1959 visit here, and I promised to send him another Black Angus bull, which I did—a son of Prince Eric. I'd paid a hundred thousand dollars for Prince Eric in 1950; he was eight years old then, and in the remaining three years of his life he produced, through artificial insemination, two thousand offspring, including five world's champions, and earned two million dollars for me. Khrushchev called in a photographer to take our picture, and he later sent me a copy, with an inscription reading, 'To Mr. Hammer, the first concessionaire who talked to Lenin. With all best wishes, Khrushchev. February 18, 1961.' As I was leaving, after this exhilarating talk, he walked to his desk, picked up an automatic pencil with a gold cap engraved with a picture of the Kremlin, and gave it to me."

Dr. Hammer took a bite of steak, and said, "I told him that I had tried to see my pencil factory, which is now called the Sacco and Vanzetti Factory, but had been put off. We said goodbye, and late that afternoon the Kremlin sent a car to my hotel to take my wife and me to the factory. It looked very much the way I'd left it in 1930, but it was running in three shifts. The factory gave a banquet for us. It must have been got up at short notice, but nonetheless it offered a plentiful supply of caviar, vodka, and meats, and I met half a dozen employees who remembered me. One little old lady said, with tears in her eyes, 'Do you remember me? When your brother Victor joined you here, you turned him over to me to learn how to operate each machine.' They loaded us with samples of pencils. The Moscow visit was the crowning event of our trip. In a speech reported in *Pravda* last June, Khrushchev referred to my visit in a light vein."

Dr. Hammer reached into a pocket and handed us a translation of the speech, which read, in part:

> Hammer . . . went to V. I. Lenin and said that he had decided to take a concession for the manufacture of pencils. V. I. Lenin looked at him with surprise and said, "Why do you want to take a concession for the manufacture of pencils?" "Mr. Lenin," said Hammer, "you have set a goal that everybody should learn to read and write and you haven't any pencils! Therefore, I will manufacture pencils!" (Noisy applause in the hall.)
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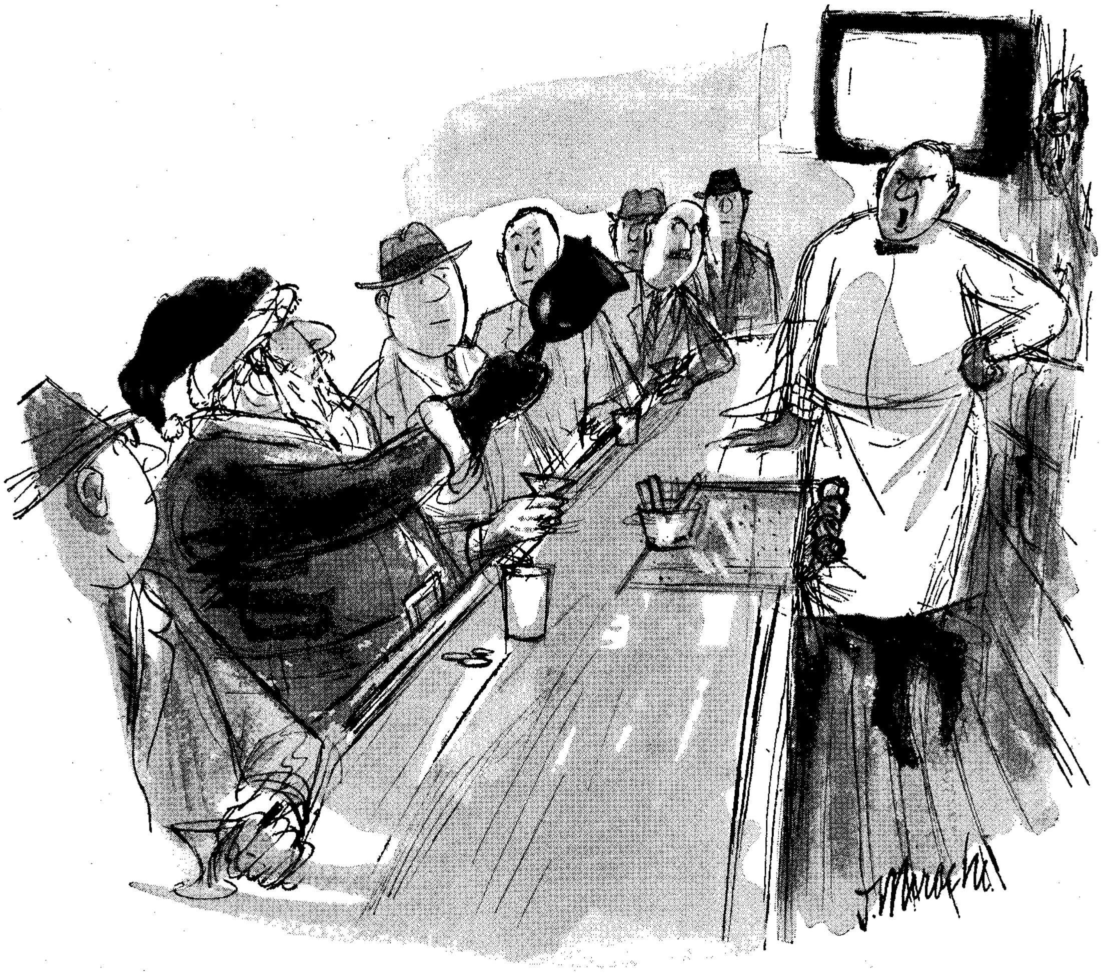
> When I received this American, he asked permission to visit the factory and look it over. He left satisfied with the factory, and several of the old workers remembered Hammer and said, "See how our



"Just tap your glass on the bar, like everyone else, if you don't mind."

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former boss is pleased!" (Laughter in the hall.)

So, you see, V. I. Lenin went even further by granting concessions.

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OBSERVED on the side of a truck trundling along Sixth Avenue: "Abe Melnick, Junkman, Internationally Known in the Five Boroughs."

Birthday Plans

THE Museum of Natural History, an institution we admire because, atypically, its annual report treats its director (Dr. James A. Oliver) to a bigger type face than its president (Mr. Alexander M. White), may well be the most forehanded birthday child in town. It is already in the midst of preparations for its 1969 centennial—a fact to which we became privy the other Saturday, when we attended the first, or morning, session of its annual Natural Science for the Layman behind-the-scenes tour of some of the nineteen buildings of the Museum. This expedition was the fifteenth fixture—and the only indoor one—of an autumn series of N.S.f.t.L. events that included the Botanical Garden, the Jamaica Bay Sanctuary, and ex-Senator Thomas C. Desmond's forty-five-acre arboretum, near Newburgh, New York. Sixty-odd tourists, having gathered in a lecture room on the second floor of the school building, were divided into seven groups (some ninety more tourists showed up for the afternoon session), and our group drew as its leader Miss Lois J. Hussey, who is the assistant chairman of the Museum's Education Department and the supervisor of Special Projects. Having whisked her charges down a hall that led into the Exhibition Building, next door, she herded them into a freight elevator, which whisked them to the fifth floor. "The Museum will celebrate its hundredth birthday in 1969, so we're refurbishing some of the large habitat halls and fixing up some new ones," she said. "A Hall of North American Birds and a Gallery of Small North American Mammals will open next year, and new Halls of Ocean Life and of the Biology of Invertebrates will be completed in 1965. Some of the old Indian halls are being dismantled, and their contents are being repaired and corrected before the halls are reopened. We're also combining the Philippine Hall and the South Sea Islands Hall into a new Hall of the Peoples of the Pacific."

On the fifth floor, amid a wealth of behind-the-scenes sights in a great room given over to planning, art, and taxidermy, our guide showed the group—nine ladies and two men—twenty Fiberglas dolphins, candidates for Ocean Life, dangling from the ceiling; several painted panels of Indians spearing fish at night and harvesting corn; and, on a table of mounted birds, a tern that was being retouched. "For the Hall of North American Birds," she said. "This tern was collected in 1894 as a study skin. Many of the birds you see here are old mounts that have to be cleaned. Our taxidermist, Mr. David Schwendeman, once had the great pleasure of repairing one of Audubon's skins." We examined a mass of artificial vegetation in varying stages of creation, and she said, "Some of our North American habitat groups have as many as ten thousand different leaves. These are made by a vacuum process; cellulose acetate is relaxed by heat, then sucked by vacuum against a mold."

Miss Hussey illustrated the correction of exhibits for us in a big studio on the fourth floor, where, apropos of a figure of an Indian on snowshoes pulling a toboggan, she said, "Certain inaccuracies have been discovered in some of the old halls. Here, research has indicated that a different toboggan should be used, the snowshoes should have a different shape, and the man's coat should have the fur inside instead of out." Aghast at the thought of generations of misled schoolchildren but happy at the prospect of a more authentic future, we went on to inspect a Creek round house, then under construction; a painting of Indians that our guide described as a post-contact scene ("After Indians have met the white man. The period is reflected in the fabrics of their dress and in the stone kettles"); an exhibit of Indians preparing pemmican ("Dried cakes of lean meat and berries. I don't know how they tasted, but they were very nutritious"); several old-fashioned bathtubs, used for washing various materials in the exhibits; and a ping-pong table, for the recreation of the staff. In the osteological laboratory, on the floor below, we took in a tannery and an enormous icebox, as big as a diamond as big as the Ritz, full of chilled skins awaiting tanning.

Descending to the second floor, we found that a dozen or more small habitat groups (badger, wolverine, woodchuck, weasel, otter, and so forth) inhabited next year's Gallery of Small North American Mammals, and that the similarly burgeoning Hall of North American Birds already boasted great horned owls, Florida egrets, American bald eagles, sand-hill cranes, wild turkeys, and two extinct species, which may be seen *only* in museums—the Labrador duck and the Carolina parakeet. The new Hall of Ocean Life is still only a gleam in the Museum's periscope, but a model of it greeted us at our last stop—the New Projects Room, next to the main entrance, on Central Park West. There, with mixed feelings, we gazed at a plaster scale model of a sulphur-bottom whale, mounted as if it had just been washed ashore.

Noël, Noël

AN eight-year-old enthusiast about Christmas recently wrote the following, which his sire passed on to us: "I like Christmas day. I go here and there. I eat cake, gingerbread and other foods. I have many good times. One Christmas we went to five houses. First we went to my Great-Grandmother Gray's for breakfast and a Christmas tree. Then we went into our living room to open our presents. We went to our Grandmother Gray's. We went to Grandmother Stewart's for Christmas dinner and more presents and a Christmas tree. Then we went to Great-Grandmother Helm's for supper. Then we came home. Mother threw up."

Sweet Bells

THE other Sunday, having heard that the celebrated Indian dancer named Kamala was going to perform that evening at a benefit in Judson Hall, on West Fifty-seventh Street, to aid the soldiers and citizens of India in their resistance to the Chinese invasion, we made our way, by appointment, to a relatively new apartment house on Gramercy Park, where Miss Kamala was in temporary residence. When we reached the lady's small apartment on the twelfth floor, we found, instead of one, four young ladies in saris—a red one, a pink one, a gray one, and a red-green-and-yellow one—three of them five feet tall and wearing ponytails, the fourth taller and wearing her hair in a bun, and all of them eagerly eating curry. The pink one, who was ponytailed and had silver hair clips and other ornaments stretching from ear to ear, stepped forward and, bringing her hands together, Indian fashion, said, "I am Kamala, the first sister." She tossed her head in the direction of her two likenesses—red and gray—and added, "My sister Radha, who is twenty, and my sister Vasanti, who is sixteen. I was born on June 16, 1934."

"I am Mrs. Anita Lulla, of the India Students Association, which helped organize the program," said the red-green-and-yellow lady.

We seated ourself, with Miss Kamala and Miss Radha, on a divan, and talked to the accompaniment of the clatter of forks and spoons.

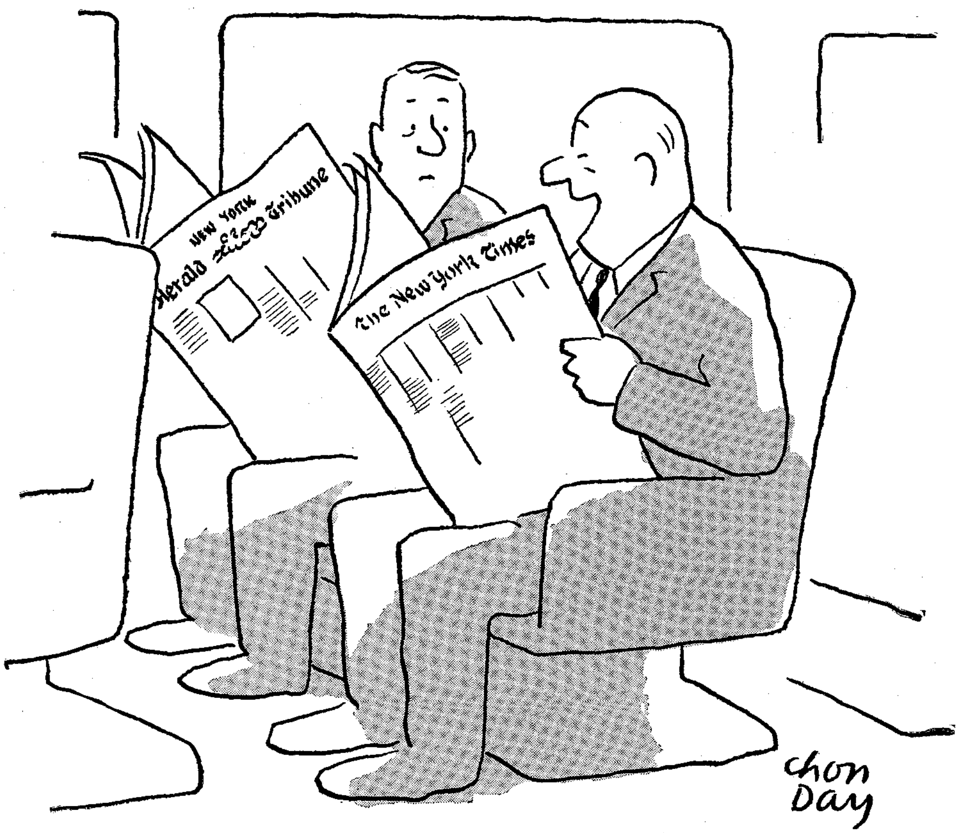
"I have given up rice for religious reasons," Miss Kamala said, biting into a piece of toast. "In any case, I never eat very much when I am performing."

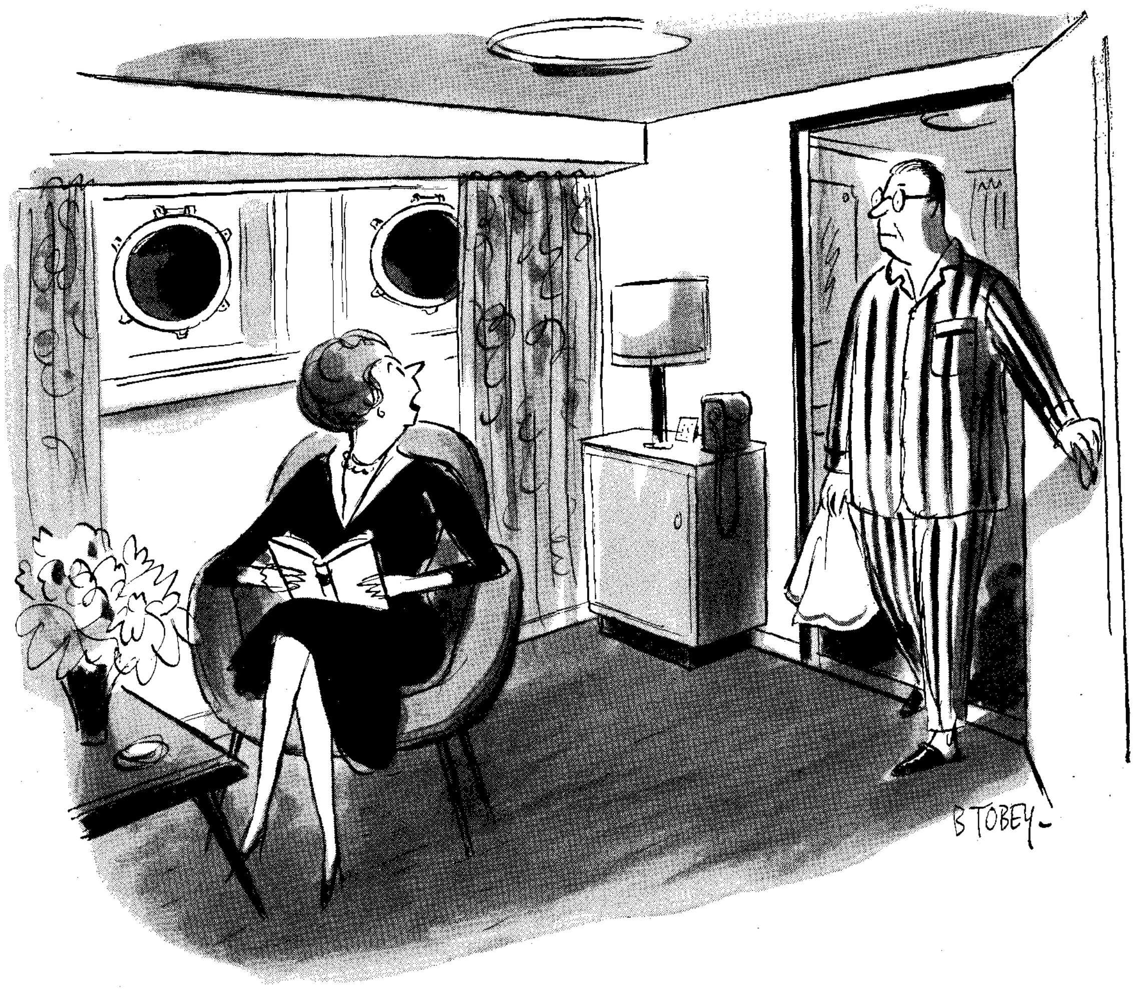
We asked what the religious reasons were.

"I've made a private wish, and until it comes true I can't eat rice," she said, putting her plate down. "Coming to New York is a small wish in itself. We were actually sent to America by the Indian government for the ASTA—American Society of Travel Agents—convention, in Las Vegas, but when the Chinese invaded, we thought we might come to New York for a weekend and do this evening's show. All the seats in Judson Hall are sold out, and we've collected six hundred dollars. But"—she sighed—"the city is too big to cover in one weekend. Yesterday we spent going through the U.N.; it was nice. All the theatres were full last night; we couldn't see anything. This morning we spent in cooking, and now it is afternoon, and getting dressed for a dance takes two or three hours."

We asked her what that involved.

"I must change into a Shocking-pink sari," she said. "I will put on a red sari between numbers. I must paint my hands and feet red. I must draw flowery patterns all over my feet, for we dance with bare feet. Hands also must be carefully attended to; they are *very* important, since I am an exponent of Bharata Natyam—an ancient mime dance. When I wish to bring a snake to life, I put up my hand"—she held up a hand—"and the palm of my hand, opened up, becomes the head of the snake. I must make my eyes larger and larger—with mascara—for it is written that where the hand goes, so goes the eye. I also must tie dozens of sweet bells around my ankles, so that the rhythmic patterns of my dance will get established in the ears of the audience. Then, there are





"Arnold! You're not staying up for the lavish midnight buffet?"

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the rubies and golden things to be prepared; they must decorate our heads like crowns. Guarding and taking care of the jewels is a big business. Always before, Mother came with us, and she looked after such things, but this time there wasn't enough foreign currency to bring the full troupe. We couldn't even bring a musician, so the three of us sisters won't be able to dance together; one will always sit and sing. By turns, we will all dance, but two at a time. You see, to be a dancer in India you must be a musician also."

We asked Miss Kamala how it happened that all three sisters had turned out to be dancers.

"As a matter of course, I gave my gift of song and dance to my sisters," she said. "If one member of the family learns something, she automatically passes that gift to everyone. I took my sisters out of school—they got as far as the fifth form—and started teaching them myself."

We asked her what training such dances require.

"For Bharata Natyam, you have to start when you're very young," she said. "Very young, because learning mime and singing takes many years. I began when I was five, in Bombay—where my father was a millowner—even though at that time dancing was not considered the thing for girls of good family. It was for temple girls—prostitutes. But I told my mother my wish to be a dancer. She was interested in art, and she got me some baby roles—you know, baby acting roles in films. One film was called 'Kismet.' Soon my family moved down to the south, the home of Bharata Natyam, and I have been learning dancing ever since."

"What numbers have you planned for the evening?" we asked.

"We will begin with an invocation to Lord Shiva the Preserver," she said. "My third sister and I will come from either side of the stage, and, putting our hands together, we will pray to the image of the Lord. Then, bowing down, we will pray to Mother Earth and ask her forgiveness for stepping over her during the dance. There will be a dance about a young girl who, playing in a garden with a ball made of flowers, sees Lord Shiva coming at the head of a procession and immediately falls in love with him. But the main number will portray the story of how Lord Shiva came to earth to perform a celestial dance in fulfillment of a promise he had made to sages in the past. The dance will depict the quarrel at that time between him and his wife, Parvati, when the whole earth rocked and all the snakes trembled with fear, not knowing what to do."

Miss Vasanti came over and perched between her two sisters on the divan. Mrs. Lulla helped herself to more curry. Three or four men slipped into the room and quietly helped themselves to curry, without any formalities or introductions. One of them called over to the sisters, "Will you have a special dance about the invasion?"

"No," Miss Kamala said. "The invasion is very sad, very sad, but when politics comes in, art dies. I'm just doing a benefit."

"But do you remember the song of 'Kismet'?" the political-minded speaker continued. "The British censors fined the film ten thousand rupees because of that song." He broke into the song.

Soon the whole room had joined in, at first shyly and then energetically. Miss Kamala translated for us:

"Get far away,
Get far away, peoples of the world.
India is ours.
Today, from the pinnacle of the Himalayas,
Once again we have proclaimed
Get far away,
Get far away.
This is our Taj Mahal and our Kutb Minar."

Testing

WE'VE just received a phone call from a flighty lady we know, whose entire conversation was as follows: "Hi. I've been moving the living-room furniture around, and I've put a new chair by the telephone, so I simply had to call somebody to see how it all works. Sorry to bother you."

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?

TWO Galaxies and a T-Bird was very good for one day, especially as the T-Bird did not involve a trade-in. The woman who bought it, Mrs. Preston, had come in and asked for Mark McGranville and shown him a magazine ad. "Do you have one of these in stock, in red?" she said.

"Not on the floor, Mrs. Preston," he said. "But I can have one for you inside of two hours."

"You can? Brand-new?"

"Brand-new," he said.

"Red, like this?"

"The exact same color, the same body job, whitewalls, radio and heater. I could have it in front of your house inside of two hours. And if you were thinking of getting rid of your ranch wagon, I can allow you—well, let's see what the book says."

"Did I say I wanted to trade in my ranch wagon? I love it. I wouldn't think of getting rid of it. I want the Thunderbird for Buddy. He just passed all his exams and he's coming home for the weekend."

"Well, you know exactly what he wants, Mrs. Preston. Because he's been in here a couple of times, looking at T-Birds. He's a very lucky boy."

"He's a good boy, Mark. Not a lucky boy."

"Yes, he's one of the best," said Mark McGranville.

"And you say you can have a car just like this in two hours? Where do you have to go for it?"

"Oh, all I have to do is pick up the phone, call the factory distributor, and tell him what I want."

"But how do you know he has what *I* want?"

"Because we dealers get a list of what was shipped to the factory distributors. I guarantee you I have just what you want. I'll bring it to your door this afternoon, personally, and be glad to take care of the registration, insurance, all the details. Would you want us to finance it for you?"

"I would not. You bring the car around and I'll give you a check for the whole thing, license and everything. I don't suppose you could have his initials put on today?"

"If you let me have the car overnight I can have his initials put on and bring it back before noon tomorrow. R.W.P.?"

"R.W.P. That's right. In yellow. Yellow would be better on red."

"About three-quarters of an inch high? Or smaller? Maybe a half an inch. A half an inch in yellow shows up well. If he wants bigger initials later, that's easy to fix."

"I'll leave that to you, Mark. And you'll take care of everything? He gets home tomorrow afternoon."

"He couldn't have a nicer surprise. It is a surprise, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. It's a surprise to *me*. I wasn't going to buy him a car till he graduates. But he's been so good, and why not let him have the fun out of it?"

"You're right, Mrs. Preston."

"How's Jean? And the children?"

"They're fine, thank you. Very fine."

"You get credit for this sale, don't you?"

"You bet I do," he said. "Appreciate your asking for me."

"Well, you've always been a good boy, too, Mark. I'm sure your mother's very pleased with you."

"Thank you."

"Your mother's a fine woman, Mark. Any time she's thinking of going back to work again, I hope she lets me know first."

"She would, that's for sure. But I guess she likes keeping house for my sister. They have that little ranch-type out at Putnam Park, the two of them. Mary has her job at the Trust Company, and my mother has enough to keep her occupied."

"Very nice for both of them. Well, I mustn't keep you any longer. You have some telephoning to do."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Preston," he said. He accompanied her to her ranch wagon, held the door open for her, and waited in the parking lot until she turned the corner.

The other transactions of the day were more typical, not sales that were dropped in his lap by a Mrs. Preston. But all three sales should have made him feel better than he felt on the way home, and he did not know why he should find himself wanting a drink and, what's more, heading for Ernie's to get it.

He locked his car and entered the taproom, hung his hat and coat on a clothes tree, and took a seat in a booth. Ernie came to wait on him.

"Well, hi, stranger," said Ernie.

"Hello, Ernie," said Mark McGranville. "Quiet."

"Well, a little early. Never much action before six. The lunch trade till ha' past two, then maybe a few strays during the afternoon. How's it with you?"

"Not bad. Pretty good."

"Ed and Paul were in last night, them and their wives for dinner. Paul made a pretty good load. What's her name, his wife?"

"Charlotte."

"She snuck over and asked me to cut his drinks, but I couldn't do that. I said to her, what'd she want to do? Get me in trouble? You know Paul, he caught me watering his drinks and he'd have it all over town in no time. He's no bargain anyway, Paul."

"No, he's a noisy son of a bitch when he makes the load."

"But he's a friend of yours, though, isn't he?"

"I guess so," said Mark. "Let me have a bourbon-and-soda, will you, Ernie?"

"Why, sure. Is there anything the matter, Mark?"

"No. Why?"

"I don't know. You want any particular bourbon?"

"I wouldn't be able to tell the difference. You know that."

"*O.K., O.K.*," said Ernie. He pantomimed getting a kick in the behind and went to the bar to get Mark's drink. He returned with a small round tray on which were a highball glass, a shot glass with the bourbon, a small bottle of club soda. "There you are. That's Old Gutburner, the bar bourbon."

"Old what?"

"Gutburner. Old Gutburner. That's what Paul calls the bar bourbon. It ain't all that bad. You want some music?"

"Christ, no."

"You just want to sit here and nobody bother you. O.K.," said Ernie. He walked away, spinning the inverted tray on his forefinger, and Mark had a couple of sips of his drink. He waited for some pleasant effect, and when none came, he finished the drink in a gulp. "Ernie? Bring me another shot, will you?"

"Right," said Ernie. He served a

second shot glass of bourbon. "You got enough soda there? Yeah, you got enough soda."

"I don't want any soda. I'm drinking this straight."

"Yeah, bourbon ought to be drunk straight. Bourbon has a flavor that if you ask me, you oughtn't to dilute it. That is, if you happen to like the taste of bourbon in the first place. Personally, I don't. I'll take a drink of bourbon, like if I'm at a football game to see the New York Giants. Or you take if I'm out in the woods, looking for deer, I usely take a pint of rye with me, or sometimes bourbon. It'll ward off the cold and the taste lasts longer. But for all-day drinking, I stick to Scatch. You don't get tired of the taste of Scatch. Your rye and your bourbon, they're too sweet if you're gonna drink all day. You know a funny thing about Scatch, it's getting to be the most popular drink in France and Japan. That was in an article I read, this magazine I get. You know, in this business we get these magazines. I guess you have them in the car business. Trade publications, they're known as."

"Even the undertakers."

"Huh?"

"The undertakers have trade publications."

"They do, ah? Well, wuddia know. I guess every business has them."

"Every business is the same, when you come right down to it," said Mark McGranville.

"Well that's a new one on me. We're all in it for the money, but what's the same about selling cars and pushing Old Gutburner?"

"What you just said," said Mark McGranville. "We're all in it for the money. You. Me. Undertakers."

"You're talking like an I-don't-know-what," said Ernie.

"I know I am. What do I owe you?"

"Be— Nothing," said Ernie.

"On the house?"

"Come in again when you'll get some enjoyment out of it. I don't want to take your money under these conditions."

"You, Ernie?"

"Yeah, me. You got sumpn eatin' you, boy, whatever it is."

"I know I have," said Mark McGranville. "Maybe it's the weather. I don't know."

"Well, my booze won't do it any good, Mark. I get days like this myself, once in a great while. The women get them all the time, but that's different. Take in a show tonight. You know this English fellow, with the big gap in his teeth. Terry?"

"Terry-Thomas."

"He's at the Carteret. He's always good for a laugh. You're not a booze man, Mark. Some are, but not you. You were taking it like medicine, for God's sake. Castor oil or something."

"Yeah. Well, thanks, Ernie. See you," said Mark McGranville.

He could not understand why he went through dinner and the entire evening without telling Jean about the T-Bird and the two Galaxies in one day. He knew it was because he did not want to give her any good news; that much he understood. She would respond to the good news as she always did, enthusiastically and proudly, and he was in no mood to share her enthusiasm or accept the compliment of her pride in him. All that he understood, but he could not understand why he preferred to remain in this mood. She would cheer him up, and he did not want to be cheered up. He was perfunctory when the kids kissed him good night, and after the eleven-o'clock news on the TV he rose, snapped the power dial, and went to the bedroom. He was in bed when Jean kissed him good night and turned out the light.

"Mark?" she said, from her bed.

"What?"

"Is there something the matter?"

"Nope."

"Good night," she said.

"Good night," said Mark McGranville.

Five, ten dark minutes passed.

"If you don't want to tell me," she said.

"How the hell can I tell you when I don't know myself?" he said.

"Oh," she said. "Shall I come over?"

"I just as soon you wouldn't," he said. "I don't know what it is."

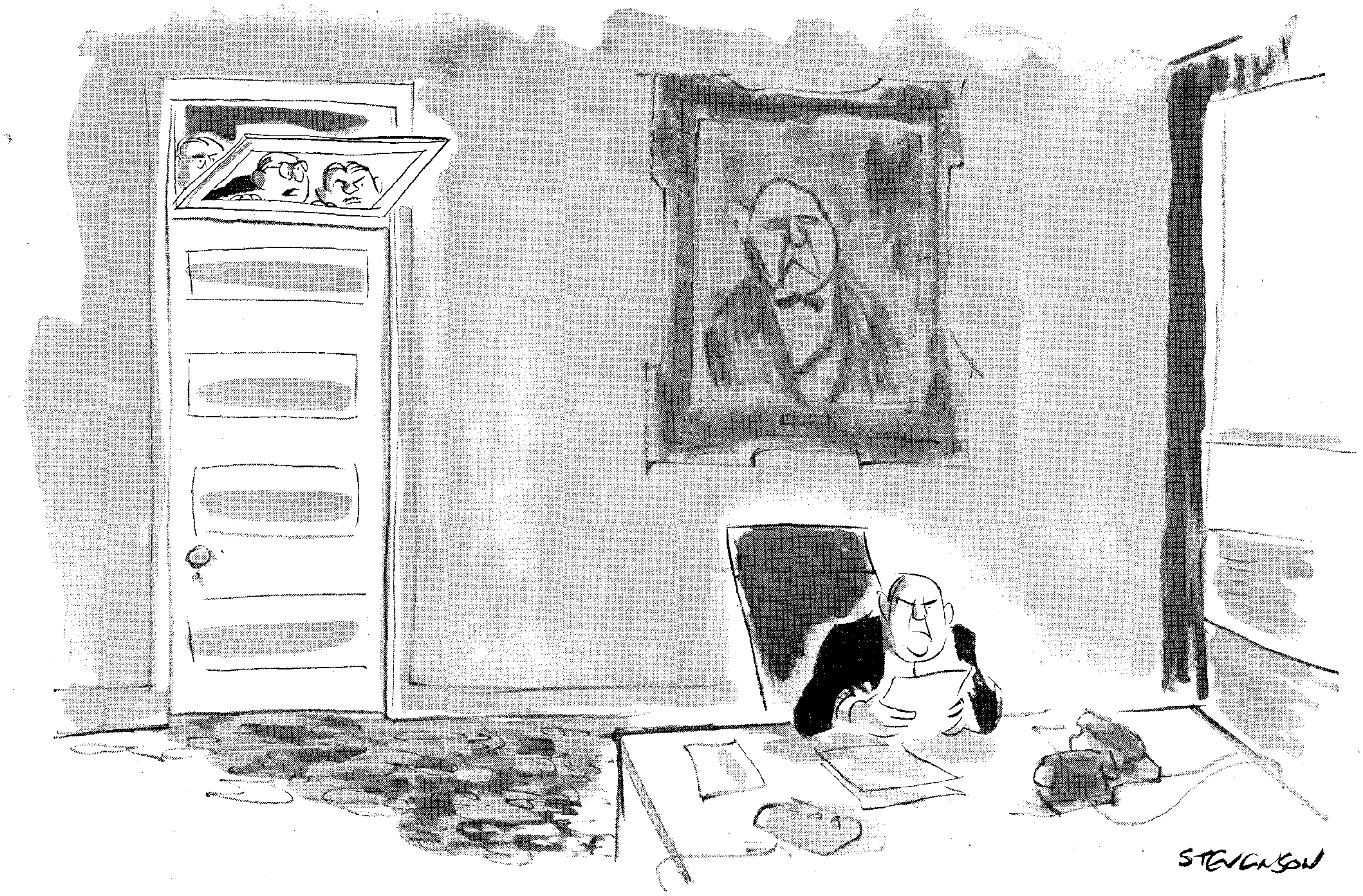
"If I come over you'll sleep better," she said.

"Jean, please. It isn't that. Christ, I sold two Galaxies and a T-Bird today—"

"You *did?*"

"That ought to make me feel good,

"Hey, Charlie! Look what I found at The Cloisters!"



"Several of us on the board of directors, Baldwin, feel that we are not being consulted on major policy questions."

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but I don't know what's the matter with me. I had a couple drinks at Ernie's, but nothing."

"I knew you had something to drink. It didn't show, but I could smell it."

"Oh, I'm not hiding anything."

"You hid the Galaxies and the T-Bird."

"I know I did. I'd have told you in the morning."

"All right. Good night."

"Good night," he said.

He thought his mind was busy, busy, busy and that he had been unable to go to sleep, but at five minutes past two he looked at the radium hands of the alarm clock and realized that he must have slept for at least an hour, that some of the activity of his mind was actually dreams. They were not frightening dreams or lascivious ones; they were not much of anything but mental activity that had taken place while he thought he was awake but must have been asleep. Jean was asleep, breathing regularly. She made two musical notes in deep sleep, the first two notes of "Yes Sir, That's My Baby;" the "yes" note as she exhaled, the "sir" as she drew breath. And yet he could tell, in spite of the dark, that she would be slightly frowning, dreaming or thinking, one or the other or both. He had so often watched her asleep, physically asleep, and making the musical notes of her regular breathing, but the slight frown revealing that her mind was at work, that her intelligence was functioning in ways that would always be kept secret from him, possibly even from herself. It was not that her sleeping face was a mask; far from it. The mask was her wakeful face, telling only her responses to things that happened and were said, the obvious responses to pleasant and unpleasant things in life. But in the frowning placidity of sleep her mind was naked. It did not matter that he could not read her thoughts; they were there, far more so than when she was awake.

He got out of bed and went to the warm living room and turned on one bulb in a table lamp. He lit a cigarette and took the first drag, but he let it go out. He was thirty years old, a good father, a good husband, and so well thought of that Mrs. Preston would make sure that he got credit for a sale. His sister had a good job, and his mother was taken care of. On the sales blackboard at the garage his name was always first or second; in two years had not been down to third. Nevertheless he went to the hall closet and got out his 20-gauge and broke it and inserted a shell.

He returned to his chair and relit the cigarette that had gone out, and this time he smoked rapidly. The shotgun rested with the butt on the floor, the barrel lying against his thigh, and he held the barrel loosely with the fingers of his left hand as he smoked. The cigarette was now down to an inch in length, and he crushed it carefully.

Her voice came softly. "Mark," she said.

He looked at the carpet. "What?" he said.

"Don't. Please?"

"I won't," he said.—JOHN O'HARA

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GRADUATE NURSE in private home. Take Amatory patient. Room with private bath. Tray service. All calls confidential.
—*Adv. in the Brookline (Mass.) Citizen.*

Just as well, too.

POEMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH GEORGIA

AT DARIEN BRIDGE, GEORGIA

The sea here used to look
As if many convicts had built it,

Standing deep in their ankle chains,
Ankle-deep in the water, to smite

The land and break it down to salt.
I was in this bog as a child

When they were all working all day
To drive the pilings down.

I thought I saw the still sun
Strike the side of a hammer in flight

And from it a sea bird be born
To take off over the marshes.

As the gray climbs the side of my head
And cuts my brain off from the world,

I walk and wish mainly for birds,
For the one bird no one has looked for

To spring again from a flash
Of metal, perhaps from the scratched

Wedding band on my ring finger.
Remembering the chains of their feet,

I stand and look out over grasses
At the bridge they built, long abandoned,

Breaking down into water at last,
And long, like them, for freedom

Or death, or to believe again
That they worked on the ocean to give it

The unchanging, hopeless look
Out of which all miracles leap.

IN THE MARBLE QUARRY

Beginning to dangle beneath
The wind that blows from the undermined wood,
I feel the great pulley grind,

The thread I cling to lengthen
And let me soaring and spinning down into marble,
Hooked and weightlessly happy

Where the squared sun shines
Back equally from all four sides, out of stone
And years of dazzling labor,

To land at last among men
Who cut with power saws a Parian whiteness
And, chewing slow tobacco,
Their eyebrows like frost,
Shunt house-sized blocks and lash them to cables
And send them heavenward

Into small-town banks,
Into the columns and statues of government buildings,
But mostly graves.

I mount my monument and rise
Slowly and spinningly from the white-gloved men
Toward the hewn sky

Out of the basement of light,
Sadly, lifted through time's blinding layers
On perhaps my tombstone,

In which the original shape
Michelangelo believed was in every rock upon earth
Is heavily stirring,

Surprised to be an angel,
To be waked in North Georgia by the ponderous play
Of men with ten-ton blocks

But no more surprised than I
To feel sadness fall off as though I myself
Were rising from stone

Held by a thread in midair,
Badly cut, local-looking, and totally uninspired,
Not a masterwork

Or even worth seeing at all
But the spirit of this place just the same,
Felt here as joy.

THE DUSK OF HORSES

Right under their noses, the green
Of the field is paling away
Because of something fallen from the sky.

They see this, and put down
Their long heads deeper in grass
That only just escapes reflecting them

As the dream of a millpond would.
The color green flees over the grass
Like an insect, following the red sun over

The next hill. The grass is white.
There is no cloud so dark and white at once;
There is no pool at dawn that deepens

Their faces and thirsts as this does.
Now they are feeding on solid
Cloud, and, one by one,

With nails as silent as stars among the wood
Hewed down years ago and now rotten,
The stalls are put up around them.

Now if they lean, they come
On wood on any side. Not touching it, they sleep.
No beast ever lived who understood

What happened among the sun's fields,
Or cared why the color of grass
Fled over the hill while he stumbled,

Led by the halter to sleep
On his four taxed, worthy legs.
Each thinks he awakens where

The sun is black on the rooftop,
That the green is dancing in the next pasture,
And that the way to sleep

In a cloud, or in a risen lake,
Is to walk as though he were still
In the drained field standing, head down,

To pretend to sleep when led,
And thus to go under the ancient white
Of the meadow, as green goes

And whiteness comes up through his face
Holding stars and rotten rafters,
Quiet, fragrant, and relieved.

THE BEHOLDERS

Far away under us, they are mowing on the green steps
Of the valley, taking long, unending swings
Among the ripe wheat.
It is something about them growing,
Growing smaller, that makes us look up and see
That what has come over them is a storm.

It is a blue-black storm the shape of this valley,
And includes, perhaps, in its darkness,
Three men in the air
Taking long, limber swings, cutting water.
Swaths start to fall and, on earth,
The men come closer together as they mow.

Now in the last stand of wheat they bend.
From above, we watch over them like gods,
Our chins on our hands,
Our great eyes staring, our throats dry
And aching to cry something down on their heads,
Some curse or blessing,

Some word we have never known, but we feel
That when the right time arrives, and more stillness,
Lightning will leap
From our mouths in reasonless justice
As they arc their scythes more slowly, taking care
Not to look up.

As darkness increases there comes
A dancing into each of their swings,
A dancing like men in a cloud.
We two are coming together
Also, along the wall.
No lightning yet falls from us

Where their long hooks catch on the last of the sun
And the color of the wheat passes upward,
Drawn off like standing water
Into the cloud, turning green;
The field becomes whiter and darker,
And fire in us gathers and gathers

Not to call down death to touch brightly
The only metal for miles
In the hands of judged, innocent men
But for our use only, who in the first sheaves of rain
Sit thunderstruck, having now the power to speak
With deadly intent of love.

THE POISONED MAN

When the rattlesnake bit, I lay
In a dream of the country, and dreamed
Day after day of the river,

Where I sat with a jackknife and quickly
Opened my sole to the water.
Blood shed for the sake of one's life

Takes on the hid shape of the channel,
Disappearing under logs and through boulders.
The freezing river poured on

And, as it took hold of my blood,
Leapt up round the rocks and boiled over.
I felt that my heart's blood could flow

Unendingly out of the mountain,
Splitting bedrock apart upon redness,
And the current of life from my instep

Give deathlessly as a spring.
Some leaves fell from trees and whirled under.
I saw my struck bloodstream assume,

Inside the cold path of the river,
The inmost routes of a serpent
Through grass, through branches and leaves.

When I rose, the live oaks were ashen
And the wild grass was dead without flame.
Through the blasted cornfield I hobbled,

My foot tied up in my shirt,
And met my old wife in the garden,
Where she reached for a withering apple.

I lay in the country and dreamed
Of the substance and course of the river
While the different colors of fever

Like quilt patches flickered upon me.
At last I arose, with the poison
Gone out of the seam of the scar,

And brought my wife eastward and weeping,
Through the copper fields springing alive
With the promise of harvest for no one.

—James Dickey

THE VIEW OF ROME

FROM that morning when he woke to the sound of the first autumnal gale lashing like a caged tiger against the house fronts and knew with physical infallibility that after all he was going to recover, Guy Stoat burned with impatience to get out of the County Hospital and go home. He burned with an inward fire. He had never been a man to canvass attention or make a display of his feelings, even to himself—and a man can as easily be blinded by his own feelings as deafened by those of others. Guy's impatience did not blind him; it sharpened his sight and concentrated it on his objective. As through that keyhole in the massive door on the Aventine through which one stares in fascination at the view of Rome, till the remainder of one's gazing self seems to have been left hanging on the door like a coat, Guy saw his small magpie house, whose warping timber frame had pulled it a little off the straight, with the two yew trees shaped into cockyolly birds, and the flagged path running between them to the door which he would open with his key and shut behind him. Fortunately, he had finished clipping the yews before his stomach ulcer had tripped him. If he got back by the beginning of October, and dodged the silly daylight-saving by getting up an hour earlier, he would have the garden combed and tidied before he settled down for the winter.

But, of course, at this juncture the hospital took it into its head to thwart him. Hitherto, he had been assured that he was making quite remarkable progress, that he would soon be feeling more like himself every day, that it was only a question of time. Now he was told that recovery was bound to be slow, especially in a man of his age, that he must not expect to run before he could walk, that it was all a question of patience and due course. When they were assuring him of his remarkable progress, he had felt too weak to contradict. He did not contradict now; he had better things to save his strength for. He lay still, and husbanded his impatience, and Sister Lockwood said at intervals, "You're really quite a model patient, Mr. Stoat." The night nurse in charge of the private ward was called Considine. Night relaxes discipline, and by 3 A.M. Sister Considine became almost human. She would drink a cup of tea at his bedside, and once they had a quite rational conversation about owls. One comes to feel a certain degree of security with a woman whose aunt had slept in a fourposter with a tame owl perched on each post, and though Guy knew better than to mention his impatience to leave the hospital, one night he went so far as to admit that he had a home and was attached to it.

"I ought to be making apple jelly at this moment," he remarked wistfully.

"Not quite at this moment, Mr. Stoat, surely."

Poor wretch, who would never get away, she must be allowed her titter. The summoning light glowed, the titter was cut short, and Sister Considine went on to another patient.

Living from night to night as other people live from day to day, when next she saw him she took up where they had left off. "Do you like making apple jelly, Mr. Stoat? It's rather an unusual passion for a gentleman."

"I prefer making damson cheese. Did your aunt make damson cheese?" (*A dark, slow process, compatible with owls on a fourposter.*)

"I don't seem to remember her having anything to do with damsons. She went in more for embroidery."

(*Pallas Athene, of course, mistress of her needle.*) Finding that he was about to fall impolitely asleep, neither in the aunt's fourposter nor in the metal contraption that raised him aloft as though on a sacrificial altar but in his own dear bed at home, Guy roused himself and said, "I can't compete in embroidery. But I can do a good darn when I give my mind to it."

"Can you really? Well, of course, it's useful for a bachelor to know how to darn. Though I hope you don't often have to darn, Mr. Stoat."

"I do all my own darning."

"Socks," said she, understandingly.

"Not only socks. Sheets, towels. I can wash, too, and iron." (*The washing line under the apple trees. The smell of linen when frost has stiffened it, taken down from the line on a still, green-skied evening. The ironing board's place under the stairs, and the mat just inside the kitchen door where his gardening shoes were faithfully awaiting him.*)

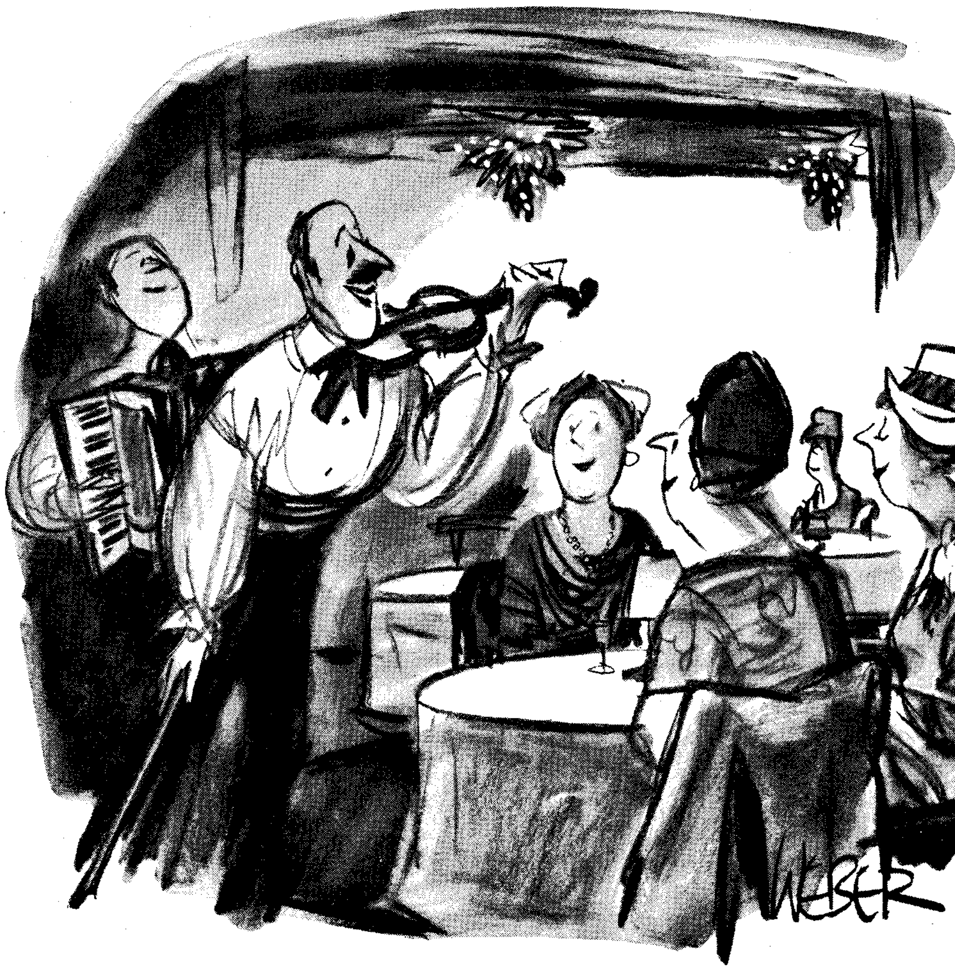
"But do you live all alone, Mr. Stoat? Will there be no one to look after you when we send you back?"

"There'll be—" Sleepwalking on the edge of the pit, he opened his eyes just in time and saw the gaping danger. These hospital know-it-alls would never accept a cat as an adequate companion for a convalescent. "Hattie," he continued unswervingly. "My step-niece. She's coming to spend the winter with me."

"That's good news. It would never have done for you to be all alone."

"No, no. I agree. Fortunately, there'll be Hattie."

When they were making him



"All right, now. Which one is the jolly good fellow?"

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ready for the operating theatre, and drawing on white woollen stockings that clustered round his legs like a swarm of bees, someone had appeared with a form for which he had to supply answers. "Occupation: wood engraver. Next of kin" . . . Who had he named? He remembered deciding against Bartle, and against Joanna. He certainly hadn't named Hattie, though his cat was more to him than ten thousand Joannas. However, he had named her now.

"She's a dear domesticated little thing," he said. This somehow lacked the ring of truth; at any rate, it was not the sort of phrase he had ever employed before. "She's coming from the Isle of Wight."

That sounded better. Conscious that his heart was beating vehemently and that his hands were tending to claw the sheet, he said no more, and presently Sister Considine went away.

As he had expected, next morning Sister Lockwood had learned from Sister Considine that he was not going home to a solitary life—which, of course, would never have done. Observing how few visitors he had, and none of them ladies, Sister Lockwood had begun to feel quite worried about who would be there to look after him. Once again, he domiciled Hattie in the Isle of Wight—too far away for visiting him in the hospital, but she would come when she was needed. As he spoke, a further advantage about the Isle of Wight flashed into his mind, and he added that she had a little cottage at Bonchurch. Mullard, of the Satyr Press, for whom he had been doing a set of woodcuts for "Hudibras" till pain wrenched the graver from his hand, lived at Bonchurch, and Mullard's reply to his recent letter of explanation and assurances that the woodcuts would be got on with as soon as he was let out should come shortly. Mullard's dainty calligraphy on an envelope could easily be mistaken for a woman's hand.

"And that's something I must ask you about. My niece—she's my stepniece, really—"

"Quite an unusual relationship!"

"Yes. But very convenient just now. My stepniece will have to pack up and settle things and find someone to look after her canaries before leaving the Island. I must be able to give her some idea of the date when I shall be leaving here."

"Oh, Mr. Stoat, I can't possibly do that. That is for Dr. Jones to decide." Her manner implied that Guy had asked her to commit some grave impropriety—which, however, she would undertake as consentingly as a temple slave if Dr. Jones ordained it.

Mullard's letter came two days later. The fact that Mullard didn't see what could be done if the blocks weren't in the printers' hands before the New Year should have had more weight than those canaries. But instinct told Guy that it would be imprudent to imply any existence other than that of being a patient in the County Hospital. He left the envelope—luckily, the postmark was boldly stamped—on his bed table, and when next Dr. Jones came in to look at him he repeated the sentence about Hattie; omitting the canaries, which he judged might here be inopportune.

"Hmm. Ah. Ha. Well. Well, if you continue to gain strength, and if no undesirable contra-indications arise, I daresay that in another couple of weeks I may be able to give you some idea when we shall be in a position to think about letting you go."

"Don't do it too suddenly."

"There will be no suddenness."

Guy would have preferred a little suddenness. Time, no doubt, would have allowed him to build Hattie up into a more interesting figure, to give her volume and movement and that something which distinguishes the considered work of art from the impromptu, however spirited. But he did not wish to make her too interesting, lest he compromise the original outline. In any case, their Hattie was nothing to him. All he wanted was to get home, sleep in his own bed, and eat his own cooking. When next he wrote to Mullard . . . Good God! It flashed on him that there was something a great deal more vital than that. He must write to Hattie! Whether or no he gave Hattie volume and movement, he must demonstrably be in communication with her, he must give her a surname and a local habitation and a threepenny stamp. Some ordinary, unalarming surname, like Jones, would probably be best—though not Jones, which might seem too much of a coincidence. When one comes to reflect on it, it is extraordinary how seldom one meets anybody called Jones. But the telephone directory bears out the existence of multitudinous Browns, and a letter addressed to Miss H. Brown, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, might be expected to reach one among the many who, reading its trivial contents (“*Dear Friend. It seems a long time since I heard from you. How is your mother? What wretched weather we are having. I suppose we shall soon be thinking about Christmas. Do write when you have time. Yours, G.S.*”), might equally be expected to drop it in a wastepaper basket; whereas a letter to Miss Harriet Mauleverer might just as likely ricochet back on him with a “Not Known. Opened by the Postal Authorities” all over the envelope. He had just realized that this could be averted if he wrote without giving his address, when the bed table was swung briskly past his chin and a tray put down on it, holding foodstuffs of the variety known to dietitians as bland and to the common people as mush. But eat he must. Every blandishment left unconsumed would delay the hour of his dismissal.

Dissatisfaction is a mildew, and creeps. His dissatisfaction with what he was eating crept on to what he had been thinking, and letters whether to Miss Brown or Miss Mauleverer seemed to him alike otiose. Otiose or dangerous. It is proverbially dangerous to prod up the unknown. Think of the Witch of Endor. He was thinking of the Witch of Endor when a light from Heaven was vouchsafed him. Who was that woman Mullard had taken him to lunch with, and who gave them such uncommonly good coffee in a very Victorian conservatory? Something Mackenzie. Morag Mackenzie. And her house was called Tir nan Og. Nothing could be better! The letter M can easily be stylized to resemble the letter H. All he now needed was a pretext. As the lunch had been eaten some years ago, it was late in the day to thank her for the coffee, even though it lingered in the memory. But there was not all that Celtic Twilight for nothing. Morag Mackenzie supported Island and Highland industries; there had been a quantity of parti-colored knitted garments lying on a sofa, and Mullard had commissioned a sweater. When the tray had been removed, Guy wrote to Miss Mackenzie saying that he wanted a moorit cardigan, and that his measurements were about ordinary. He added that he had been ill, and expected to be home soon, feeling the cold. When next Sister Lockwood came round, the letter was in the envelope, the envelope was addressed, and his stamp book was safely mislaid between the blankets.

“If you could stamp it for me, Sister, so that it catches the afternoon post . . . It’s to my stepniece Hattie, who’s coming to look after me. I’m asking her to knit me a warm cardigan, to wear when I get back. I felt this was a sensible thing to do.”

The deed was highly approved, the letter borne off; Guy retrieved the stamp book and lay back on his pillows, reposing in the thought of a step taken and the unities preserved. He had not a drop of Scottish blood; but that was no reason why Hattie should not be Mackenzie—she was a stepniece. After all this plotting and scheming on Hattie’s behalf, she was becoming quite real to him. He thought of her as small yet plump, unconversational, light-footed, and wearing gray, with green eyes. Early in the next week, the cardigan also became more of a reality to him. Miss Mackenzie sent him a measurement form. Guy now ran up against the sterner aspects of the welfare state, for it appeared that the National Health Service made no provision for hospitalized persons requiring tape measures. At first replying that she would see, Sister Lockwood, when next invoked, said coldly, “I’m sorry, Mr. Stoat. We have no tape measure.” The transition to the first person plural told him to hope no more—it was clear that in this instance she would not even ask Dr. Jones about it. Sister Considine, who might have yielded so far as to think of a tape measure inherited from her aunt, was not on night duty that week. The nurse who replaced her was young, high-colored, and wore glasses. Her reaction to his request was to take his temperature, looking at him the while as if she knew all about that sort of thing. However, there was still the old woman in an overall who came every morning to sweep his floor and move his belongings out of reach. She was not cloistered in professionalism, so she might be more complying.

“Well, that’s a funny article for a gentleman to ask for. I’ve been asked for a lot of funny articles, one time and another, but never for that. There was one poor lady, I remember, she was in for that op. when they sweep it all away, you understand, and naturally, I daresay, it made her imaginative. Well, what she imagined was a mouse that kept on gnawring the leg of her bed—which is a thing no mouse would have done, even if there’d been a mouse, being every inch of it metal. And in the mornings she’d say, ‘Oh, Mrs. Bolton,’ she’d say, ‘the way that mouse keeps on gnawring is chronic. Can’t you get me a mousetrap?’ ”

“So you did. I’m sure you did,” said Guy, hopefully seeking to inflame the warmth of Mrs. Bolton’s heart.

“No, sir. I can’t say that. I’ve got my Annie to think of, I can’t risk the sack. Bringing things in is strictly against orders, and once you start giving way, you never know where it mayn’t land you. Not that with private beds there isn’t more latitude than in the wards. Which with all respect to you, as being a member of the Women’s Co-operative, I cannot say I hold with. Nor never have. Death’s a leveller. And so ought any self-respecting hospital to be, seeing as in most cases you might describe it as death’s door. They’re bringing them in from Birmingham now.”

The last hope of that tape measure seemed to be sliding from his grasp.

“From Birmingham, Mrs. Bolton?”

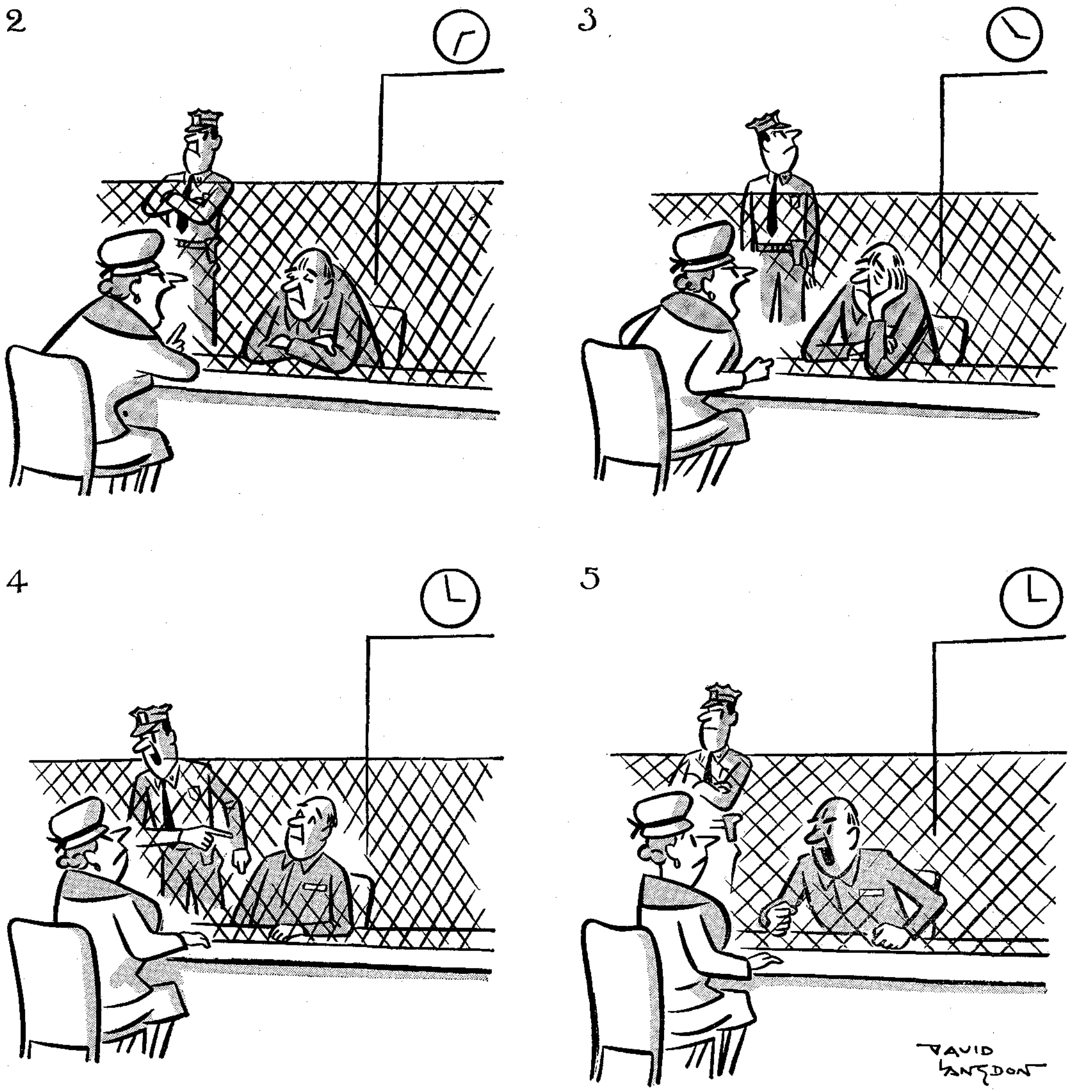
“The influenza epidemic. It’s come early this year. But I’m not surprised. I’ve never seen such hordes of wood lice. Well, I’m prepared for it. I’ve gone into my winter combies already.”

“That’s very wise of you. More wool, fewer shrouds. . . . It’s an old saying.”

“And a true one.”

“That is why I want a tape measure. You see, my stepniece, who lives in the Isle of Wight—”

“Oh, was that why you wanted it? Well, now, there might be one in Ma-



tron's cupboard. But I can't ask her. Matron's Matron."

"Exactly. And with all these cases coming in from Birmingham—"

"Yes. It's a poor lookout." Mrs. Bolton paused and surveyed the poor lookout.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask Howard, the porter. I saw him measuring something only the other day."

She came back with a carpenter's rule. By combining this with his handkerchief, Guy managed to fill out the measurement form, while Mrs. Bolton stood by, urging him to look sharp about it. It was a scramble, and it left him breathless and dizzy. Home had never seemed farther off. I shall have a relapse, he thought. I shall never get away. . . . There is a stage in convalescence when the sensation of returning health is replaced by the sensation of being far from well. Guy was in it now, and felt it badly.

Instead of having a relapse, that afternoon he had a visitor, the rector's wife, who explained that as she had had to come in to see the dentist she had come to see him, too. "The buses," she continued, "run so awkwardly, and the Rector needed the car." She then sat down with her knees together and her feet apart, and looked at him attentively. "I don't think you're looking very well."

In a cautious, private way, Guy rather liked Mrs. Oke. "It's because I have been pining," he said. "Tell me all the news. Tell me about the harvest festival."

"But didn't you read about poor Canon Urchfont? It was all most unfortunate. There were far too many apples. There always are. And this year there were far too many wasps. And one of them stung Canon Urchfont and he died of it the next day. We were all very sad. What do they call it when you die of something you wouldn't have been so likely to die of if you did something else?"

"Occupational risk."

"I wonder how you know all these things. You lead a totally selfish life, you never go beyond your own gate, and yet you know about occupational risks. Well, I suppose dying of a wasp at a harvest festival might be considered an occupational risk for a Rural Dean. Have you heard that Violet Gaint has married?"

"No! Who to?"

"Ellery Price. It's made a great difference to the post office, because now it's full of his dogs. Some people don't like it—people with dogs of their own, who take them in."

"How many dogs?"

"Seven."

"What on earth do they feed them on?"

"Dog biscuit."

(*And how is my darling house that I shall never see again?*)

Mrs. Oke, rising to depart, said, "I suppose I shall be coming in any day now to fetch you. I told the almoner that you would much rather come out by taxi, but apparently you must have someone with you in case you faint. I expect they want your bed."

Even with these intimations, Guy was taken aback when, a couple of days later, they told him he had better get up in the afternoon and walk about a little, as he would be going out on the morrow.

"But don't pack," said Sister Lockwood. "You will have plenty of time to do that in the morning, as Mrs. Oke can't come for you till half past three. I suppose that niece of yours will be there to put you to bed when you arrive?"

His temper rising, Guy said, "How can she be, since she's in the Isle of Wight?"

"Oh, is she? I thought she lived at Stratford on Avon. Well, you must send her a telegram. Write it out now, and the office will telephone it."

They were determined enough to get rid of him. Even so, his freedom seemed to hang on Hattie. So what the devil was he to telegraph to Morag

Mackenzie, with whom his only link was a woollen one? FIND MY ARMS ARE TWO INCHES LONGER. STOAT. Curbing such flights of fancy, he wrote: "LEAVING HOSPITAL TOMORROW." Morag Mackenzie might think this rather gushing. On the other hand, she might put it down to efficiency. Efficient people are always sending needless telegrams.

Sitting in the car with Mrs. Oke's conversation playing over him like an unemphatic east wind, he fingered his latchkey, but didn't get much comfort from it. The view through the keyhole had somehow lost its lighting, its magic, its compactness. It had fallen to pieces, riddled by obligations. The parsley would have run to seed. The tools would be rusty. He would have to get the chimney sweep.

"I hope your house won't be very damp. Mrs. Lugg has been in every day this week, lighting fires and airing it."

If that was the case, by now it was probably a heap of ashes. Well, there were other houses. When one has grown old, there is something to be said for living in a bungalow on a bus route. At the crossroads, Mrs. Oke drove straight on. He made no comment. She, too, might well have lost interest in going home.

"Mrs. Lugg told me she'd got in what food you'll need—and a nice bit of steak off the butcher's van. So we'll go round by Buckleford, and find something edible at Paytoe's. You can give the steak to the cat. Has the hospital left you with enough money for a partridge, or would you feel safer with a dozen oysters?"

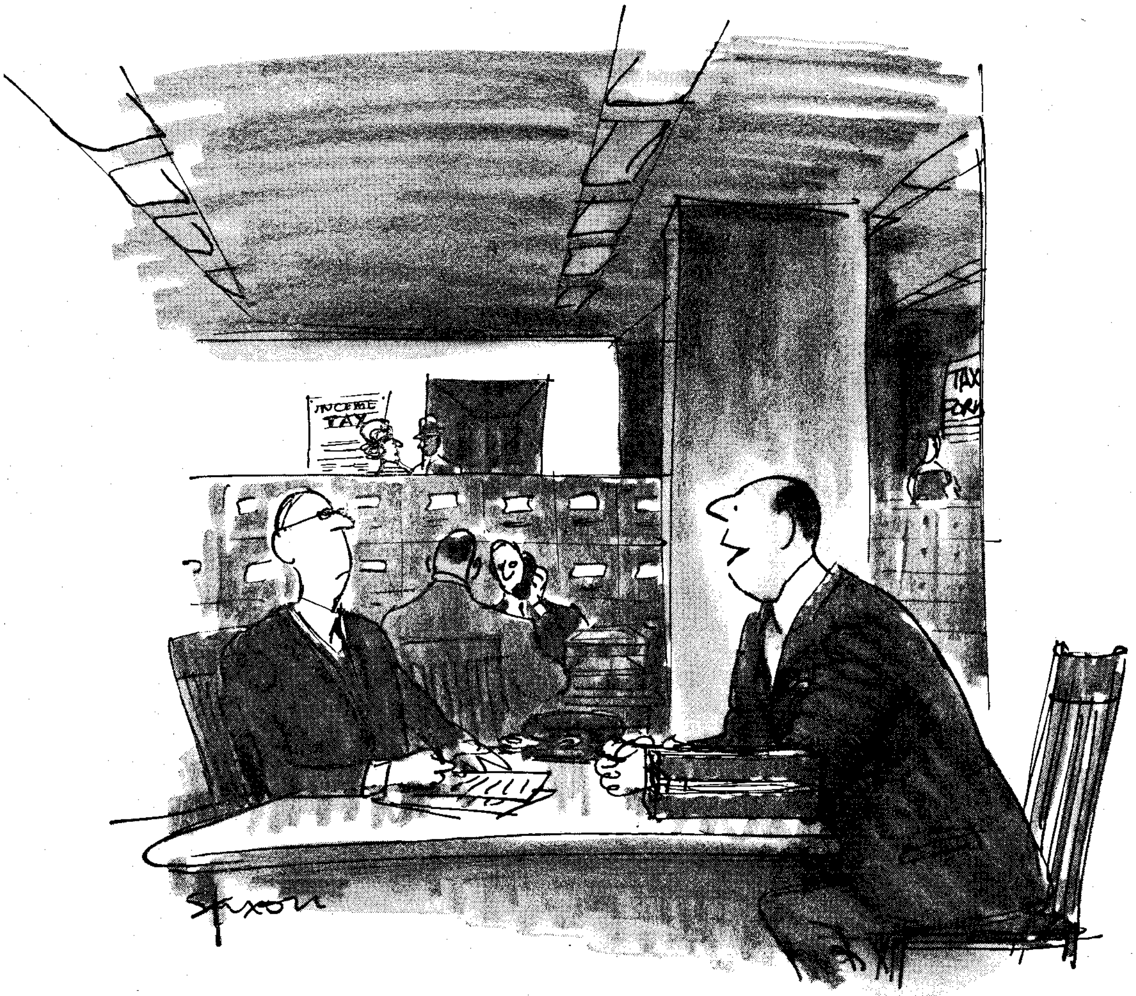
Partridges need roasting, oysters have to be opened. "I think I'll make do with a boiled egg."

Nevertheless, she forced housekeeping upon him, and having parked him outside the churchyard came back with a load of parcels, all of which he supposed he would have to deal with. He felt like a parcel himself—except that a parcel would not have blenched at Mrs. Oke's fatalistic way of driving. Now she stopped on a sharp bend, opened the driver's window, and beckoned up a woman on a bicycle. A smell of wood smoke drifted into the car. Rooks were cawing overhead. The inrush of cold air made him shiver and burn; his impatience blazed up out of its ashes, and for the remainder of the journey he could barely contain his excitement. She turned up the lane; a group of village children scattered before her, a blackbird flew screeching out of the hedge. There behind its yew-tree birds was his magpie house. Remembering to thank her, he got out and opened his gate, noting that the hinges could do with some oil.

"I'll help you with your things," she said. If it had not been for that idiotic shopping, he could have managed perfectly well. But he submitted, thanking her again. She preceded him to the door, where she put down her load. "I'm not coming any farther." This time, he thanked her unfeignedly.

He let himself in, and was home.

Yet between him and his realization of return was interposed a brittle transparent film, like cat ice—the remembrance of taking leave. It was as though he had broken in on Guy Stoat waiting for the ambulance, an old man writhing in the claws of pain and fear, who shuffled to and fro, expending his last minutes in an obsessed determination to leave everything in order. And on the whole the old man hadn't done too badly. It looked right and tight, though on closer examination such details as the pepper grinder on the window sill, stationed exactly midway between the pair of white Dresden swans, betrayed a distracted mind commandeering a steady hand. He carried the pepper grinder into the kitchen. This, being less mortally neat, was better. His gardening shoes were on their mat (the other Guy Stoat had given them a sound brushing), the tea tray was laid, the kettle filled. While it boiled, he read the note that Mrs. Lugg had left on the tray: "Dear Mr. Stoat. Welcome home I'm sure, hope you find all satisfactory, I'll be back as soon as I've seen to Lugg's tea. Yours truly (Mrs.) Rosie M. Lugg." He drank his tea walking about the kitchen, and if he had been a superstitious man he would have poured a libation beside



"Now, let's get one thing straight at the beginning. I don't want a nickel's worth of deductions I'm not entitled to fair and square."

his gardening shoes. The clock with its light hopping gait, like a robin's, ticked on. He waited. Then the back door opened and Mrs. Lugg came in, carrying a wicker hamper.

"Well, Mr. Stoat, glad to see you home again. I've brought up Hattie." She opened the lid of the hamper. A gray cat jumped out, gave him a quick glance, turned her back on him, and began to sharpen her claws on a table leg.

"I hope she's been good, and no trouble to you."

"Oh, no! It's been a pleasure to have her. She's a dear clean little thing—and doesn't she go after the mice!"

(*"She's a dear domesticated little thing."*)

Hattie was now on the window sill, spitting out geranium leaves and threatening to hurl the flowerpots to the floor.

"She wants to run out and have a look round," Mrs. Lugg remarked. "I daresay you do, too, after being away so long." In case this was not plain enough, she set the back door open before gathering up the tea things and putting them in the sink.

At the back of the house was a stretch of rough grass, where gnarled apple trees stood about like aged men, their limbs supported by wooden props. At his first step, he trod on an apple. With the second step, he trod on another. Wherever he looked, the ground was a mosaic of fallen apples. (*"I ought to be making apple jelly at this moment."*) Beyond the orchard was a jungle. A frieze of towering acanthus fronds dominated it, like a last assertion of classical thought foundering amid the Dark Ages. In fact, it was the artichoke row at the foot of the kitchen garden. Hattie had frisked up a tree and was disporting herself overhead. Now she dislodged some more apples, which hit him on the back. She sprang into the neighboring tree, and yellow apples fell instead of crimson ones. Apple jelly, forsooth! Tilth and order, and summer's trailing rags disposed of in bonfires and compost heaps! Here he stood, in the fourth week of October, with nothing performed except the cockyolly birds. Even if he had known where to begin, it was too late for beginning.

"I've finished," came Mrs. Lugg's voice from the doorway. "So if it's all the same to you, I'll be getting along."

Her footsteps echoed along the flagged path, were muted in the muddy lane, died away. There was a rip of claws slicing through lichen, and a softer, more living thud on the grass. Hattie was at his feet, rolling among the apples. He picked her up.

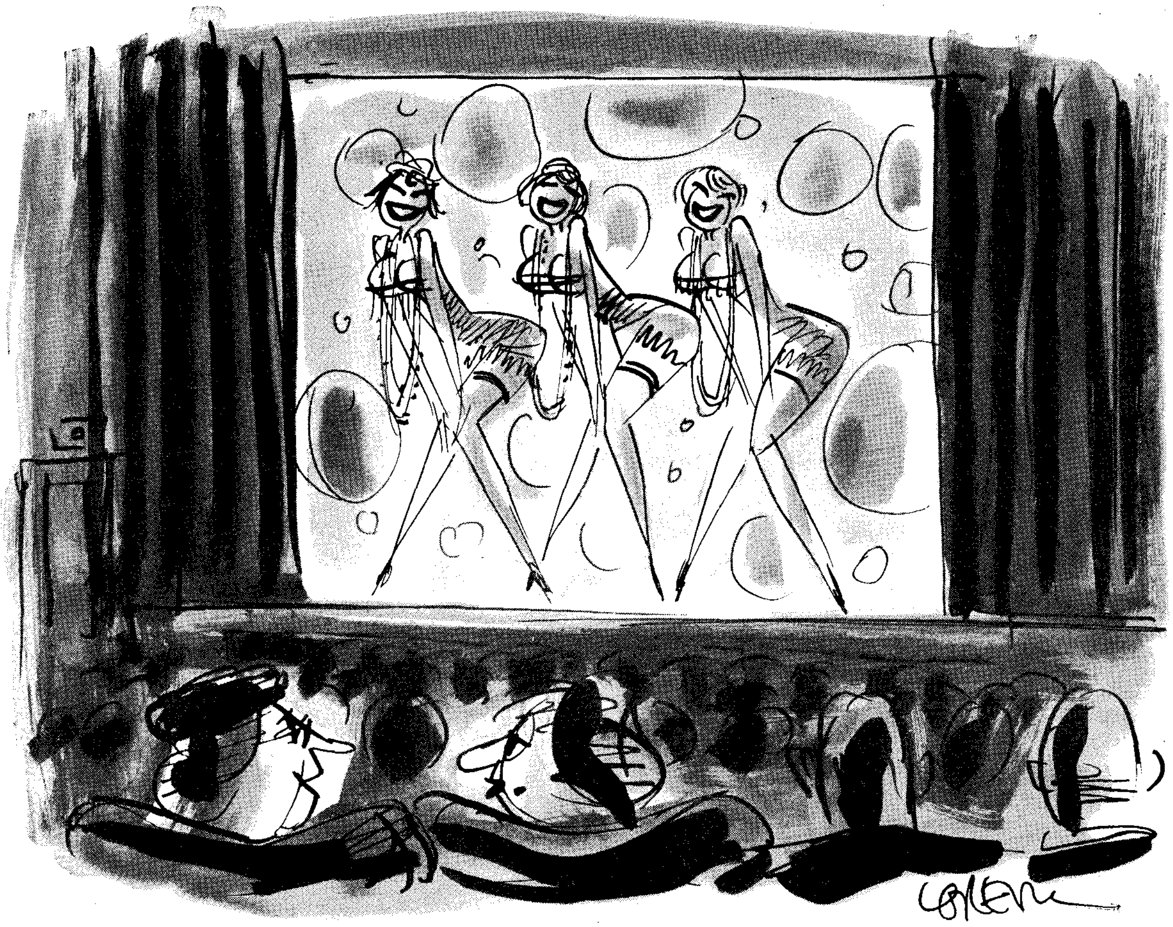
"My dear Hattie, you don't know what lies I've been telling about you. I said you kept canaries. I said you lived on an island, knitting."

She squirmed out of his arms onto his shoulder, and began to rub the top of her head against his cheek, purring as though the world contained no pleasure comparable to this, for which she had been waiting in silence and reserve ever since that woman had thrust her into a hamper.

"We've both suffered a great deal of ignominy, my dear. I wouldn't think of offering you tough steak on a night like this. We will dine on partridge."

Her purr and her warmth and her softness seemed to pull the dusk down over them. Already a light frost was stiffening the grass as he carried her indoors, turning his back on obligations that he would probably ignore. There had never been such an apple year. Canon Urchfont had died of it. Quite possibly this was what had been intended. God is an Oriental potentate, unaffectedly lavish and sumptuous. He would not think it extravagant to heap up all these apples into a cenotaph for a Rural Dean. There was no call for jam pots here.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER



"It's hard to believe we ever looked like that."

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GOLDEN FALL DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE ORCHARD FAMILY

[*From the Boothbay Harbor (Maine) Boothbay Register*]

Mrs. Gladys Luther motored as far as Portland with Mrs. Stanley Orchard. From there she took the bus to Boston for a week-end visit.

Mrs. Orchard with her daughter, Mrs. Priscilla Hodgdon, Cheryle and Rae Lakeman, after leaving Gladys continued on their trip to a visit to the West Falmouth dump.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PROBLEM OF IDENTITY

THIS past September, almost a million freshmen poured onto the campuses of about a thousand American colleges and universities. It is, perhaps, not surprising that, in a nation where there seems to be increasing support for the doctrine that every reasonably sane young person who is willing to go to college should go there, an estimated fifty-five per cent of these entrants will drop out of their institutions before graduation. Some of the fifty-five per cent, of course, will leave because of family problems or financial ones, or both—although nowadays monetary aid is far easier to come by in college than it was, say, a quarter of a century ago. Many more, however, will leave because they are either not suited to their particular colleges or just not suited to college at all—the latter category being a particular plague to certain large state institutions that are required by law to admit any warm body that appears at the gate accompanied by a high-school diploma. At these schools, stringent midterm examinations are relied on to reduce the ranks, and do the job so effectively that railroads serving the college towns add extra trains in late fall as a matter of annual routine. Many colleges, on the other hand, can afford to be, and are, extremely choosy about whom they admit, and, while they may thus reduce the numbers of the unfit and the incompatible, they continue to lose undergraduates at a rate that is both frustrating and bewildering. For example, at Harvard, at some stage of their undergraduate careers about twenty-five per cent of the members of each class either leave voluntarily or because they are asked to do so. Although many of the dropouts, as they are called, return sooner or later and take their degrees, their erratic approach to education has occasioned a lot of speculation and research at Harvard, from which I graduated a few years ago, and which I recently revisited to look into the situation.

Upon admission to Harvard College—as the undergraduate department of Harvard University is formally known—a boy becomes a man, at least nominally; whatever the justification for his being so classified, the college authorities thereafter not only officially refer to him as a man but treat him as one. Unlike many colleges, Harvard leaves its men almost entirely to their own devices. They are ordinarily required, if unmarried, to rent rooms in college dormitories, and they must, during their four years, complete specified courses within various broadly designated groups, but otherwise they are free to cut classes or attend them, to study or not study, to come and go as they please—until they get into trouble, at which point some dean or tutor will take a hand. It is a Harvard truism that everyone who is able to get in is able to do the work, and that therefore a man in academic trouble is not showing his true mettle. One basis for this assumption is the thoroughness with which each man's mettle is assayed before he is admitted. In the last six years, the average annual number of applicants has risen from four thousand to five thousand, but the size of the freshman class has remained constant at about twelve hundred. The average freshman has a College Entrance Examination verbal-aptitude-test score of 670, which puts him in the top two per cent of all those taking this test throughout the country. The competition gets fiercer every year. In Cambridge itself, according to friends of mine who live there, it begins with titanic efforts on the part of parents to get their children into the kindergarten of a private school called Shady Hill—the feeling being that a child so launched has an appreciably better chance of reaching Harvard than a non-Shady Hill youngster. To some people, it appears, not unreasonably, that getting into Harvard is harder than getting into Heaven.

Difficult as it is to get into Harvard, though, it is, as the members of my class were assured by a welcoming dean during our first week there, even harder to be finally and irrevocably thrown out. To be sure, the expression "thrown out" is not in Harvard's administrative terminology, but in three and a quarter centuries of existence the university *has* evolved an elaborate, subtly graded scale of words and phrases to express its exact feelings toward students in one sort of trouble or another. These official expressions of displeasure are ordinarily handed down by a sixteen-man Administrative Board, composed of deans, senior tutors, the registrar, and other faculty members, although the entire faculty must vote on the only two disciplinary actions that can be regarded as truly punitive. The more severe of these, "expulsion," means not only that a student may never return but also that his name is expunged from the records, in best Old Testament fashion; not long ago, this was the lot of someone who was discovered to have entered under false pretenses. "Dismissal" was the fate of a senior some years ago who, just before he was to graduate *magna cum laude*, disrupted the commencement ceremonies with an offensive practical joke, which the deans will neither describe nor discuss. According to Harvard's sometimes bizarre but always educationally solid logic, there could be some question about whether a student should be dismissed for murdering someone, but he would ordinarily be fired for either plagiarism or the theft of books from the university library. In the latter instances, he could, however, come back. If a freshman's or a sophomore's grades are unsatisfactory for a semester, he is usually put on "probation;" if the grades remain unsatisfactory for a second semester, his probation is "closed" and he must leave. An upperclassman on similarly thin academic ice is simply "warned"—the difference being that he retains a little more freedom to engage in extracurricular activities. A student can also be "required to withdraw," usually for reasons of discipline, or he can be "required to withdraw, discouraged re return," the latter formula usually being invoked in those rare cases where the authorities conclude, sadly, that the student doesn't have the stuff to do Harvard work after all. The man whose probation has been closed or who has been required to withdraw has, in Harvard parlance, "had his connection severed," and if he hopes to have it respliced he must ordinarily remain away at least a year, in the course of which he should hold down a regular job or work at some project regarded by the Administrative Board as constructive.

Although there is no official policy of encouraging withdrawals, voluntary or involuntary, the deans have in recent years found many students sufficiently benefited by dropping out and returning that in 1959 the Dean of Freshmen, F. Skiddy von Stade, wrote, in a pamphlet addressed to parents, "For those who cannot find a field that really interests them, or who find that their motivation is at a low ebb, I have no hesitation in recommending a year's leave to think things over." A freshman planning such a leave is required only to inform his dean, and an upperclassman to inform the senior tutor of whichever of the nine residential houses he lives in. Both men who are asked to leave and men who leave of their own accord are referred to as dropouts. Harvard makes little distinction between them except administratively: A man who is sent away can come back only once, but a man who goes of his own accord can theoretically depart and return as many times as he likes. A man who gets into academic trouble a second time will have his connection severed a second time, and though some other good colleges—Swarthmore, for example—will welcome such prodigals back more than once, Harvard will not. Although these men leave forever, as do a few of the voluntary dropouts, who return only to chafe again under Harvard's comparatively mild restrictions, in recent years almost ninety per cent of those admitted to the university have ultimately received their degrees. Last year, an Army major, class of '43, married and with children, returned to complete his senior year. The deans still speak of it.

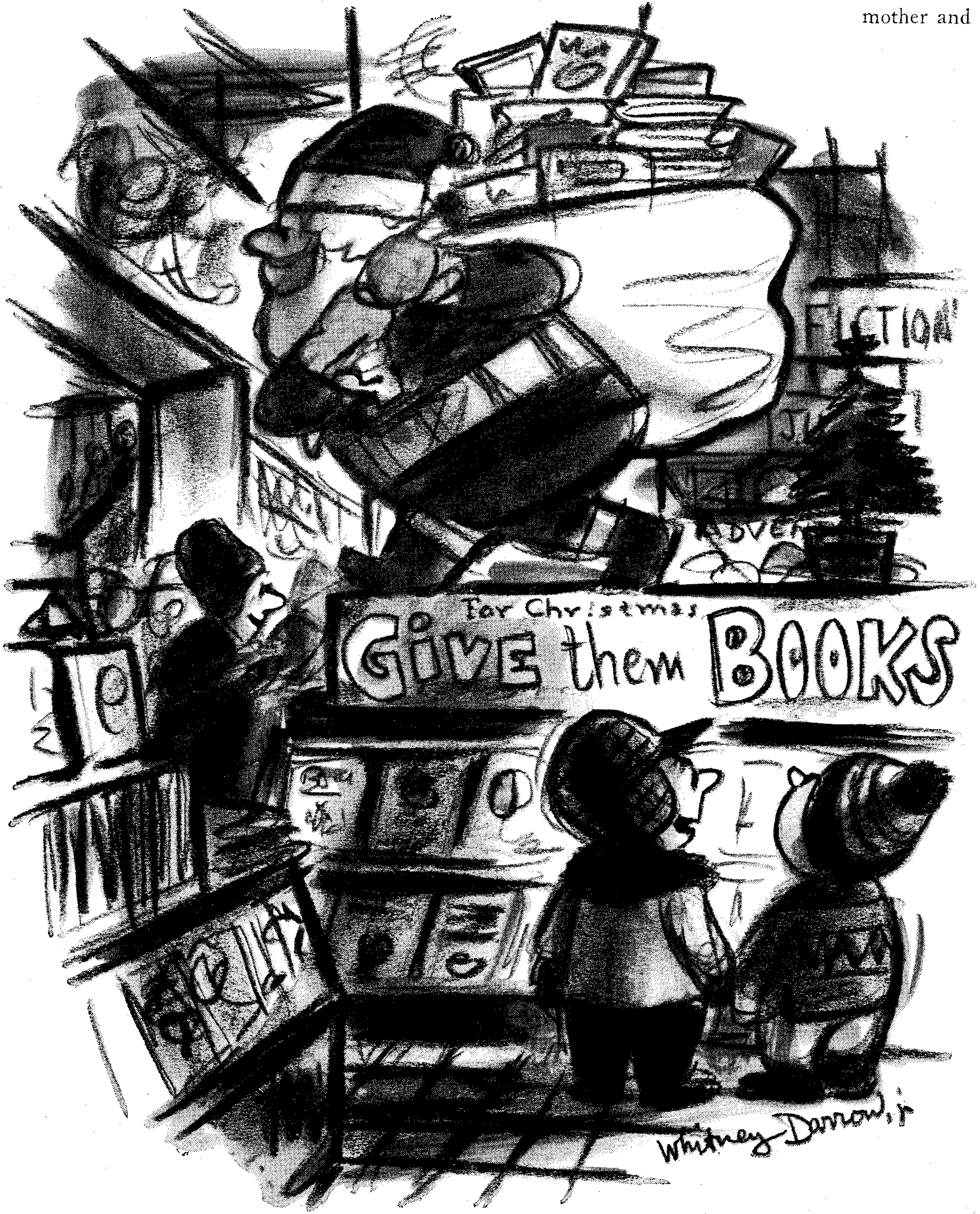
A good many older people, and especially Ivy League parents or grandparents, when talking to a young man who isn't getting the grades he should, or who wants to drop out regardless of grades, argue, with much moral feeling, that Quitting is a bad way to embark on life, and that the young person had better Snap Out of It. In college, although I never dropped out myself, I heard this refrain delivered to friends, and since my graduation I've been asked by parents whether So-and-So wasn't ruining his future by dropping out. Why—how—could he do it? And, above all, how could he do it to *them*? My replies have been noncommittal, for my reactions to the problem have been closely bound up with thoughts of several undergraduate friends who became dissatisfied and dropped out permanently or temporarily. My memories of them were vivid as I started my trip back to Cambridge. One was a roommate, who had directed college plays and acted in them, laboring over them very hard and leaving himself a minimum of time for study. Though his grades were nevertheless above average, he left in exasperation after a year to take an acting job. After another year, having decided that life in the theatre wasn't, in itself, reason enough for sacrificing a college education, he returned, to remain—al-

"You knew I was a rolling stone when you married me."

ways on the verge of leaving again, furiously impatient, unable to convince himself that the learning set before him had any relevance to the world he saw around him. Courses, he felt, brought up interesting questions and problems, and then failed to face them. He graduated with honors and disgust, and is now doing very well as a stage director.

A commoner complaint, no less idealistic, was that Harvard was too good. A student troubled in this fashion would believe that if he were older he could give an account of himself more in keeping with the respect he felt for the curriculum. He didn't want to find himself saying, several years after graduation, "I could get so much more out of the place now than I did then." Thus, a second friend of mine reacted to Harvard, initially, with greed. To him, almost every one of the courses in the catalogue, which lists thousands of them, in thirty-three fields, looked interesting. He wanted to take hundreds. But some courses are only to be tasted (were it but possible), others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed thoroughly and digested. Like books, they primarily set forth the lecturer's knowledge and interests, and, in the process, may or may not satisfy the student's curiosity. My friend decided that he needed to mature before he could sensibly choose a program of sixteen courses. He left after his freshman year, and is now in Europe.

A third friend felt impelled to make an intensive effort to get out of Harvard for keeps, and, as far as I know, he succeeded. He was very bright, and very talented in science and literature. His mother and father, who were brilliant scientists, had counted on brilliant accomplishments by their son. His future success in his two fields of endeavor was always being talked about when he was at home; anything he did was hailed by his parents as evidence that he was doing just what they had always known he would do. These indulgent parents gave him everything, but from his point of view there was little he could call his own. However, he *was* up to getting himself permanently out of Harvard, a difficult accomplishment that no one could deny was all his own. He and I took an astronomy course together, and in the first few weeks he read through most of the textbooks, outdistancing the instructor. Thereafter, he did no work in any of his courses, though for most of the term he was able to explain difficult astronomical concepts to me. But neglecting courses is easy and not uncommon; flunking out completely demands more zealous application. My friend intensified his efforts during the two-week reading period before exams; he did no work at all then. Finally, with a mighty effort of will, and not telling anyone in the college administration, he



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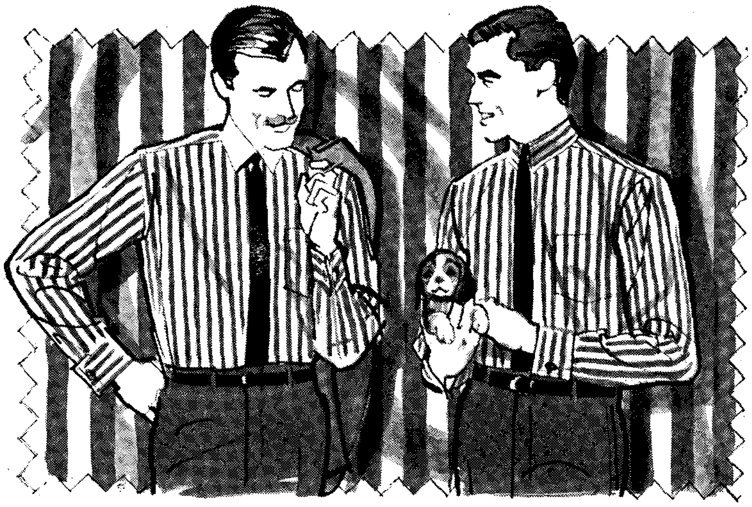

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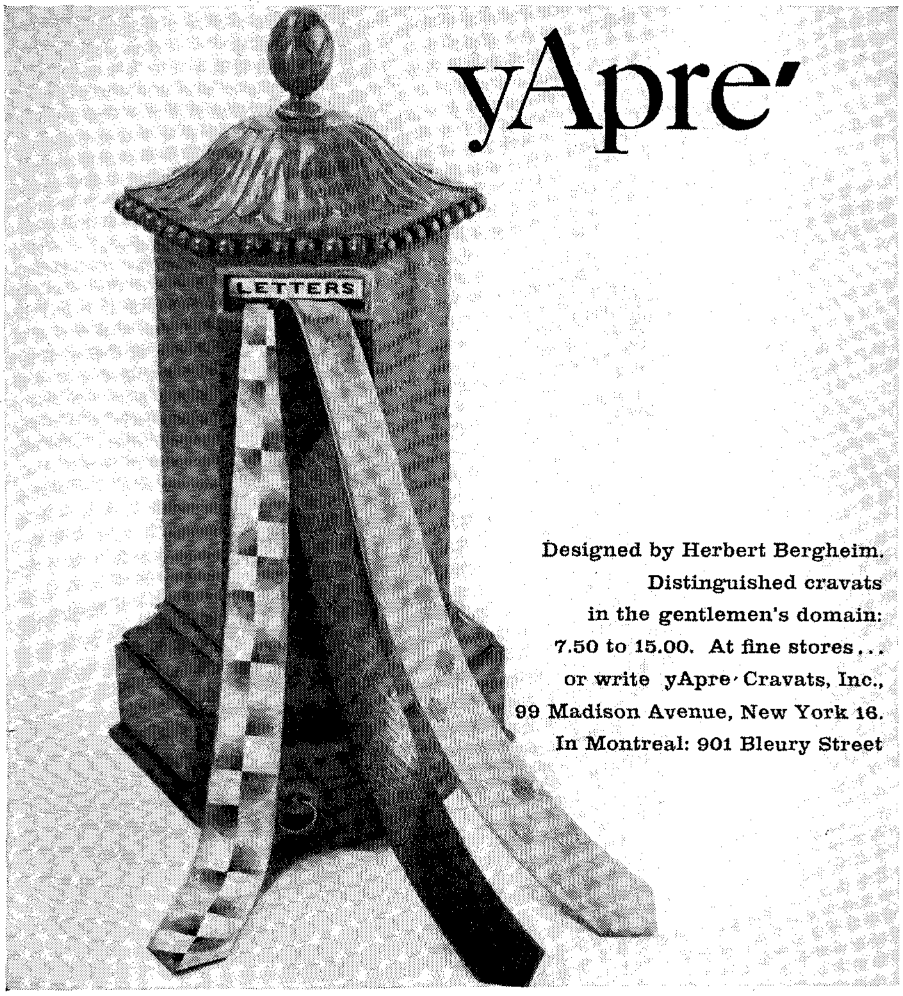

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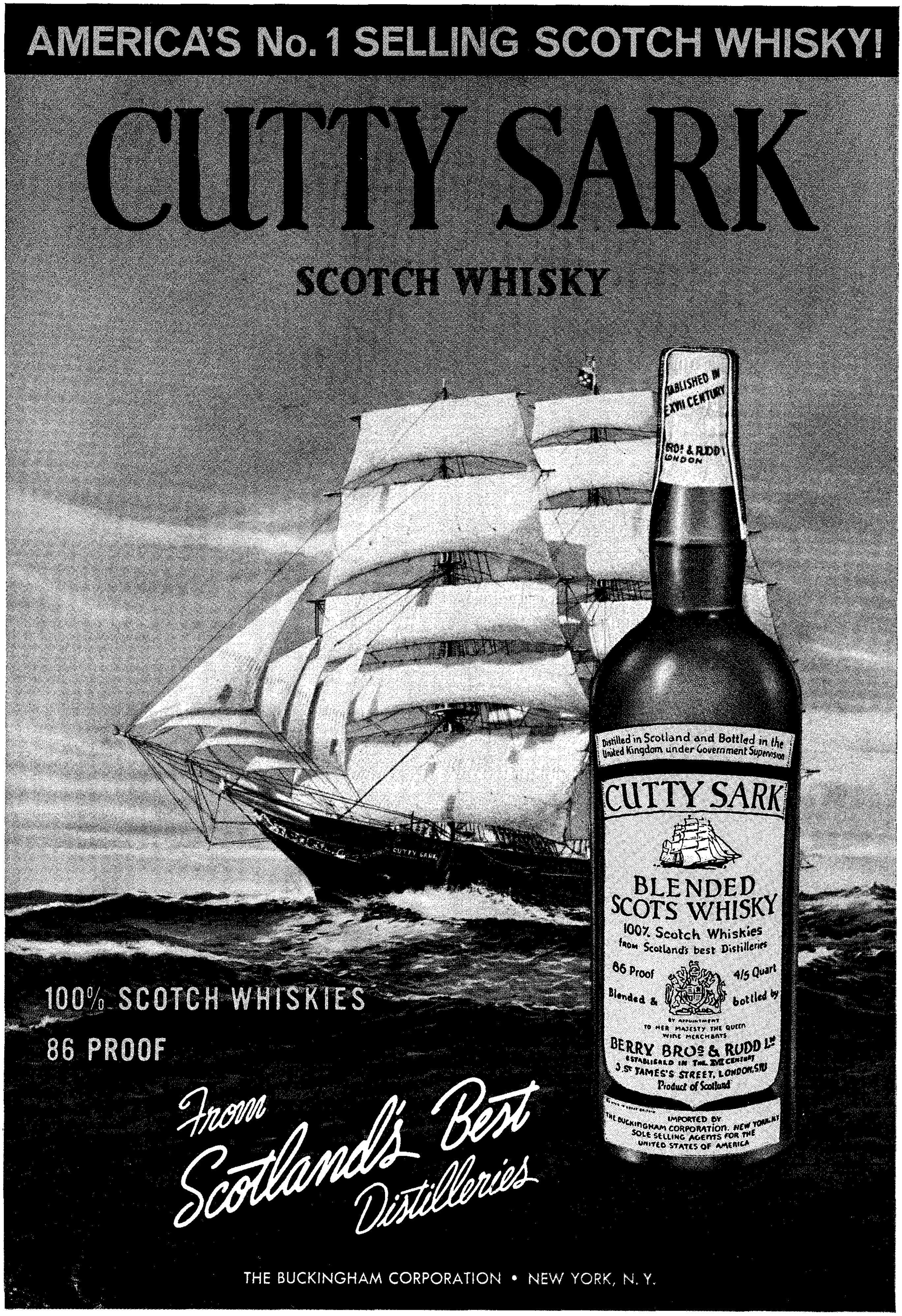
skipped all his exams, leaving town before the last of them was held. He, too, is in Europe.

These men were much in my mind as I rode up to Cambridge. Objectively, they had had no excuses for pulling down bad grades or for leaving. I wondered what had officially been said to them. Had they been told, "Pull yourself together and face up"? How did Harvard's impressive retinue of deans, instructors, and advisers regard such behavior, and what was Harvard doing, or planning to do, about it?

THE subway from Boston to Cambridge lunges briefly aboveground to cross the Charles River, and then burrows in again, to terminate at Harvard Square. The station name, printed in white tile on a large oblong of crimson tile, reads simply "Harvard." I left the subway by way of the kiosk that is at the center of the Square and of Harvard itself—Cambridge (pop. 102,000) and the university (pop. 12,000) being inseparably commingled. Harvard Square is, in fact, not a square but a rough triangle. On the longest side, to the east, Massachusetts Avenue makes a broad curve around one edge of the Harvard Yard, which is the oldest part of the college and is surrounded by a high brick wall. On the two other sides, a helter-skelter assortment of shops, eating places, and Harvard offices makes up one of the most architecturally unattractive strips in the country. Beyond and out of sight to the south are the upperclassmen's nine residential houses along the Charles River, and a couple of blocks to the west is Radcliffe. The Yard is all that the Square is not—tranquil, sedate, and quiet. There is no evidence of planning there, either; the Yard has merely been added to until full. Within its confines are freshmen, deans, old buildings, the university library, and the university church. Around its perimeter, closely spaced buildings shut out the influence of the city. The Yard's architecture is largely Colonial or one or another variety of Victorian. Harvard has built many monstrosities, and only one work by Charles Bulfinch, yet the structures form a pleasant composite. Near the center, the Yard is divided into two large quadrangles, and between clusters of buildings there are smaller grassplots. Dozens of large elms shade most of the open areas, and the air seems, and probably is, a little fresher than the air just outside.

The mixing of city and college affects many students very strongly. The Outside World is always just across the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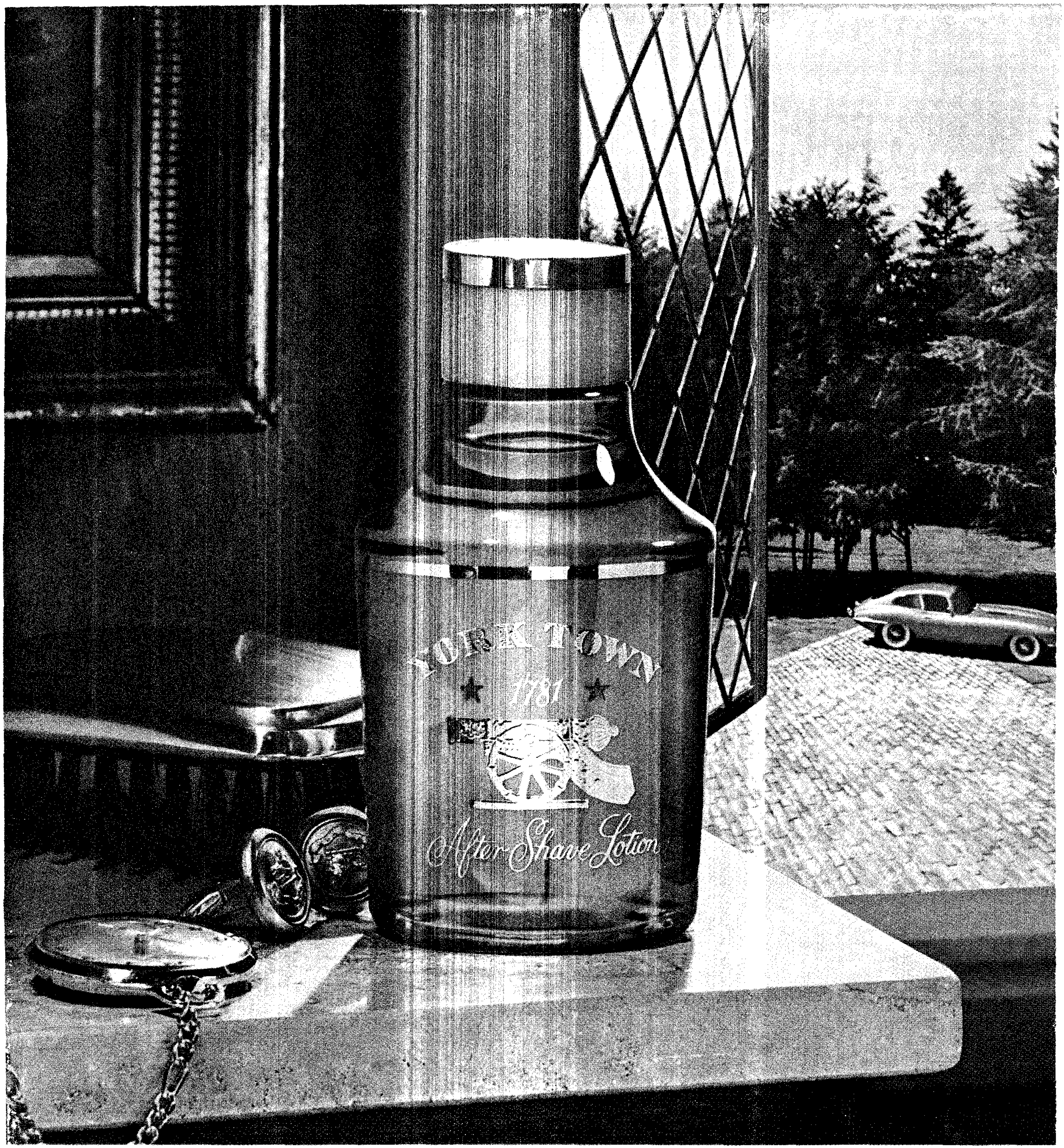

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SHULTON

street, and some men become more members of the city than collegians, living a pleasant, Left Bank kind of existence. The Square was beat before Kerouac was published. While one vision sees the city around Harvard, another sees Harvard in the city. The same building is, at street level, the J. August clothing store, and, above it, the Porcellian Club for Roosevelts and Cabots. Nearby on Massachusetts Avenue is, on the one hand, the Cambridge Trust Company, and, on the other hand, above *it*, a honeycomb of university offices called Holyoke House, which contains, among other things, the Slavic Literature Department and Harvard's Bureau of Study Counsel. The latter was my first destination in Cambridge.

William Perry, Jr., the head of the Bureau, had listened sympathetically to my gripes while I was in college. I remembered him as a man who, when you told him something about yourself, did not use it to help him zero in on precisely what type of disturbed young man you were but, rather, simply tried to understand what you meant and then checked to see whether he had it right. He is a tall man, with a loud, pleasant bark of a voice and a good deal of the Yankee blood that is still very much a part of Harvard's institutional character. On the walls of his office are marine architects' half models of sailboat hulls. His gray eyes have a somewhat ironic gleam, and sometimes from under his bushy eyebrows there comes a disconcertingly sharp glance, which might be that of a man looking out from a masthead into a foggy night. Perry has been on the Harvard faculty for fifteen years, prior to which he took his B.A. and M.A. in English there. In 1947, he organized the Bureau of Study Counsel, which has the generally designated function of helping students to improve their methods of study, and helping them to cope with academic problems—a considerable innovation for Harvard, which has always been leery of non-pedagogical attempts at student guidance. Perry and his staff of five—three full-time assistants with backgrounds in sociology, education, and mathematics, and two part-time assistants who are doing graduate work in education—see three or four hundred Harvard and Radcliffe students a year, half of whom come in under their own steam and the rest of whom are referred by faculty members. I had seen some of the Bureau's reports, and had noticed that, interestingly enough, the number of students seeking help had

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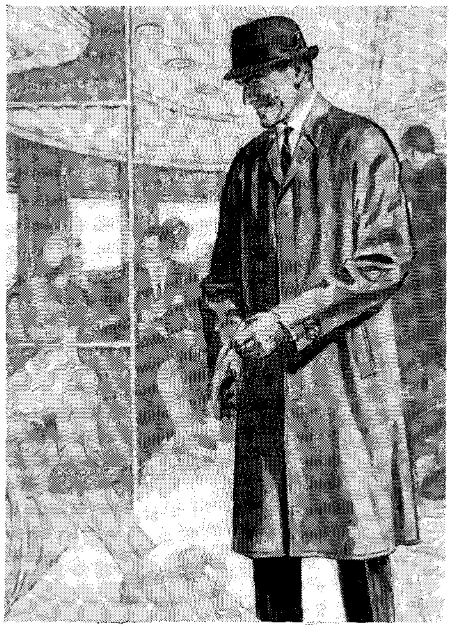

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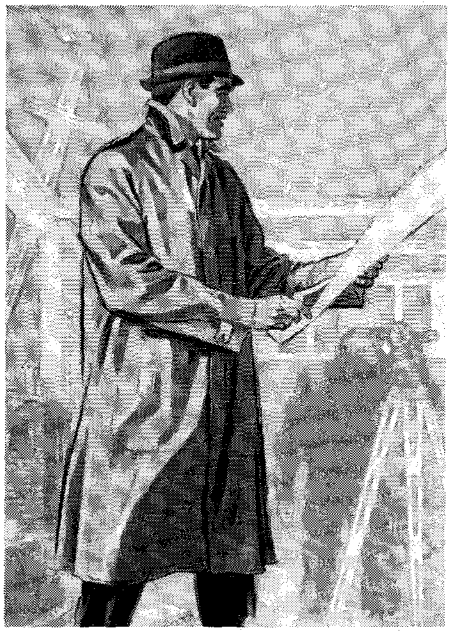

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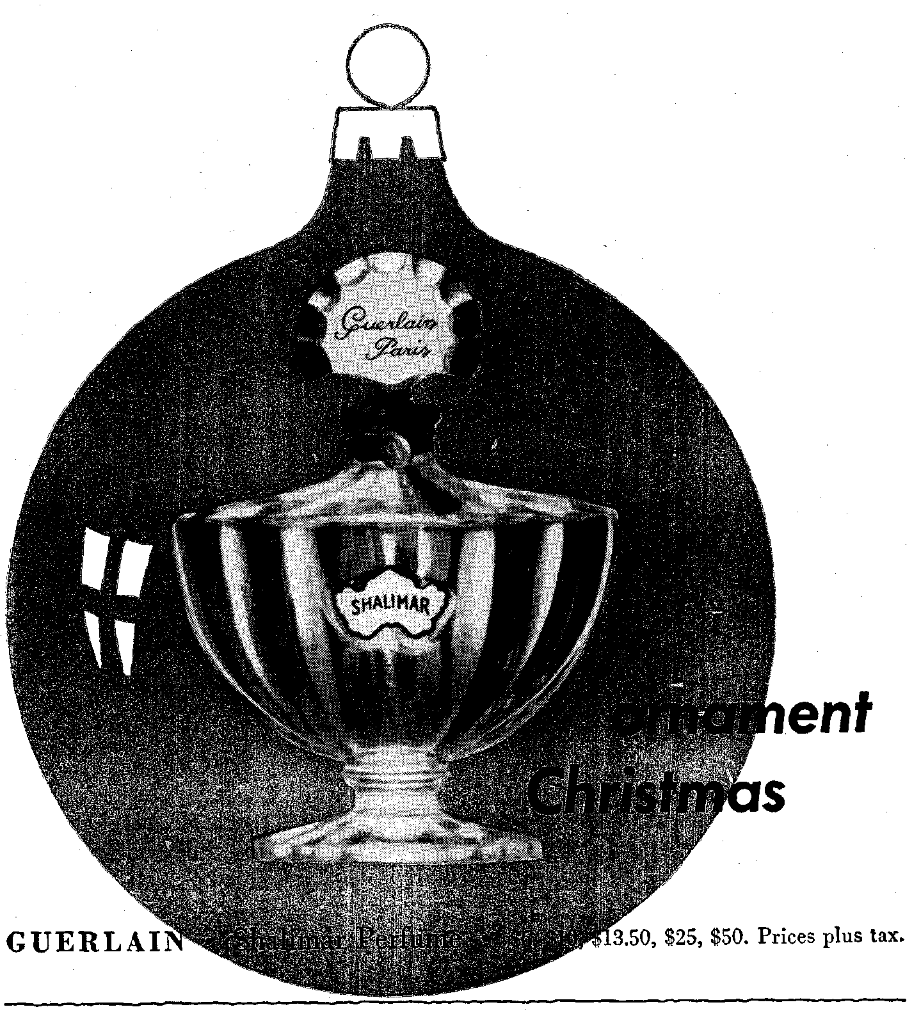

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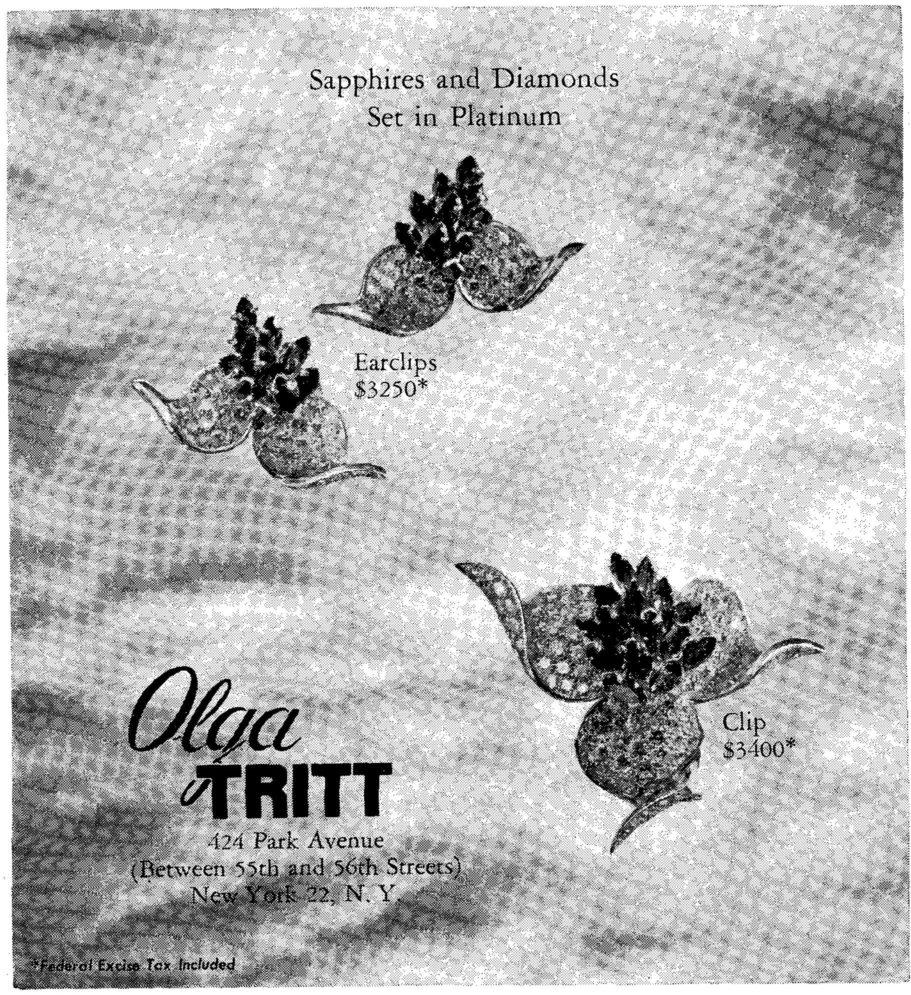
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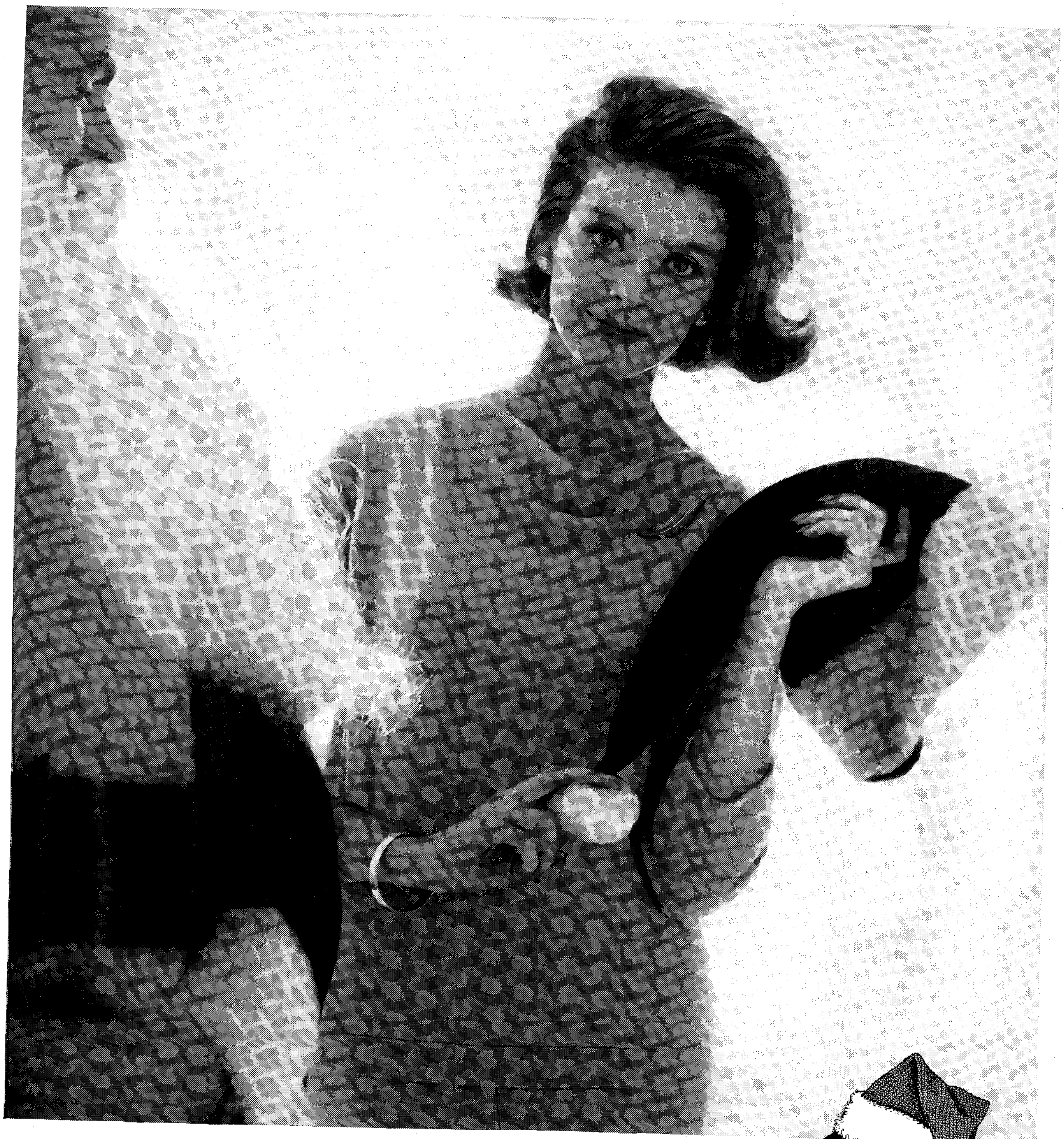
steadily increased even as Harvard's admissions standards had risen. I had told Perry that I was coming, and why.

"It's largely a consequence of the Second World War, and how well the returning veterans did, that so much is now expected here of dropping out and returning," he said when we had sat down at an immense round table, which nearly fills his office. "Although men had dropped out and come back before, the war smashed once and for all the notion of the sacred four years. Parents are the hardest to convince that the notion *is* smashed, and the administration tries to help make them see dropping out as respectable. Year after year, for twelve years before they reach college, these students live like race horses, and are supposed to perform like them. Then they graduate from secondary school, come here, and are supposed to perform like men. Some stop dead, and no wonder."

Perry gave a kind of shrug with his elbows on the arms of his chair, stretched his legs under the table, and peered at some dingy rooftops beyond his window. "Our acceptance of the idea of leaving is based on a knowledge that personal growth and institutional necessity don't always move at the same rate," he continued. "Individual growth goes in waves; you move forward and then you pull back for a while and assimilate. Getting out for a while frees many men of the feeling that they're dependent and paid for. A lot of fellows plan to leave and don't. Perhaps their courage demands they never 'quit,' or maybe they don't see that leaving can itself require courage. But, for some, the planning to leave accomplishes the same thing as actually leaving—namely, a feeling of having their own choice."

After we had talked a while longer, Perry suggested that we get together again during the course of my inquiries, and gave me the names of some of the other college officials who dealt with dropouts—Dean of Freshmen von Stade; John Monro, the Dean of Harvard College; Dr. Dana Farnsworth, the head of the University Medical Services; and several other doctors and deans.

FROM Holyoke, I headed for Eliot House, where I'd lived as an upperclassman, and where I had an appointment with the housemaster, Professor John Finley, but before I'd gone far along Massachusetts Avenue, I met an undergraduate friend I hadn't seen since I left Cambridge. I'd supposed that



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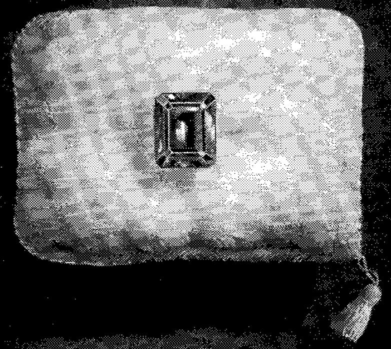

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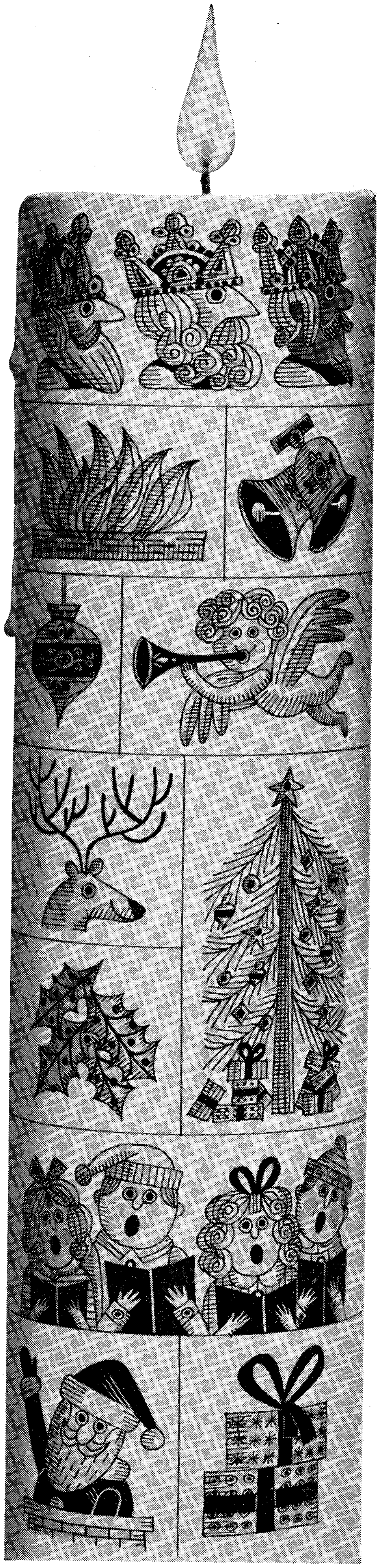
everyone I knew had left by this time, but Cambridge is as full of familiar faces as a small town, and there were many such meetings before the end of my visit. Inevitably, most of the acquaintances I saw were men who had dropped out, and my companion that afternoon, whom I'll call Mike Simpson, was one of them. I asked him to have some coffee with me at Hayes-Bickford's, which is the smallest and plainest of the cafeterias around the Square and yet seems to attract the most students. We got coffee at the counter in the back, settled down at a table, and began to discuss some of the things about Harvard that might influence a man to leave. "The emphasis on the individual around here can be terrifying as well as stimulating," Simpson said. He told me he had dropped out voluntarily in the middle of junior year. "You have to do something pretty bad before anyone speaks to you about it. It's not that no one knows—the deans have an incredible way of knowing everything that everyone does. And they're very happy if you come to them, but you don't realize that. It's so different from Berkeley; I grew up around there. Out there, there are adults who live off campus, in the city, and attend classes as if they were holding down jobs, and there are kids who join fraternities and impose a tight, childish regime on themselves. I don't think many of either type drop out."

Simpson had worked on some plays with my theatrical roommate. "The trouble with the theatre here," he went on, "is one that goes all through Harvard—the fear of being less than grown up. In the theatre it's worse, because the new Loeb Drama Center is so fine that it mercilessly shows up anything amateurish. Before it was built, the *Crimson* would report solemnly in the spring that Harvard had had more openings than Broadway. That was because people with nothing more than enthusiasm could produce a show in a house dining room and make it look pretty good. Now there's nothing but false professionalism. Plays are regarded as either hits or flops, and the actors subscribe to this attitude, just as the rest of the college does, instead of being really interested in what they're doing and in profiting by the experience. People who produce something that can be valued outside of school are the ones who are most admired here. But even an artist is not recognized solely for exercising his talent; he must come up with something 'successful.' Most of what is done here and admired is bad beyond belief."

On such a note, many a man departs



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The Wizard of Oz
The MGM movie starring Judy Garland.
Sunday, December 9 (6-8 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Cartoon version of the Dickens classic.
Tuesday, December 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Triptych
The Nativity in music and dance.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 AM)

The Rag Tent
The Christmas story in modern terms.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2:30 PM)

The Holiday Spirit
A Hanukkah drama.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Annual presentation of Menotti's opera.
Sunday, December 23 (3:30-4:30 PM)

Bing Crosby Show
Mary Martin joins Bing for a Christmas celebration.
Monday, December 24 (10-11 PM)

Latvian and Polish Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:00-11:15 PM)

Catholic Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:15 PM-Mid.)

Christmas Eve Services from New York and Washington, D.C.
(11:15 PM and Midnight):
Cathedral of St. John the Divine
St. Patrick's Cathedral
Christ Church (Methodist)
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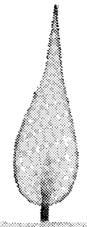

Other Programs of Interest in December

The Creative Performer
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Monday, December 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Cyrano de Bergerac
Christopher Plummer in the Rostand play.
Thursday, December 6 (9:30-11 PM)

109 Days to Venus
An account of Mariner II's probe of Venus.
Wednesday, December 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Here's Edie
Edie Adams' special.
Thursday, December 13 (9:30-10 PM)

As Caesar Sees it
A Sid Caesar special.
Saturday, December 15 (8:30-9 PM)

The Thread of Life
New discoveries in genetics.
Sunday, December 16 (5-6 PM)

What Is a Melody?
A Young People's Concert, with Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, December 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Year-End News Special
Sunday, December 23 (9:30-10 PM)

Telephone Hour
Jane Wyatt, Florence Henderson, Earl Wrightson.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 PM)

Years of Crisis
Wednesday, December 26 (7:30-9 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM COLLEGE OF THE AIR TODAY CALENDAR DISCOVERY '62
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	READING ROOM EXPLORING WATCH MR. WIZARD NCAA FOOTBALL GAME
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE MEET THE PROFESSOR ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS THIS IS NBC NEWS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS WINSTON CHURCHILL— THE VALIANT YEARS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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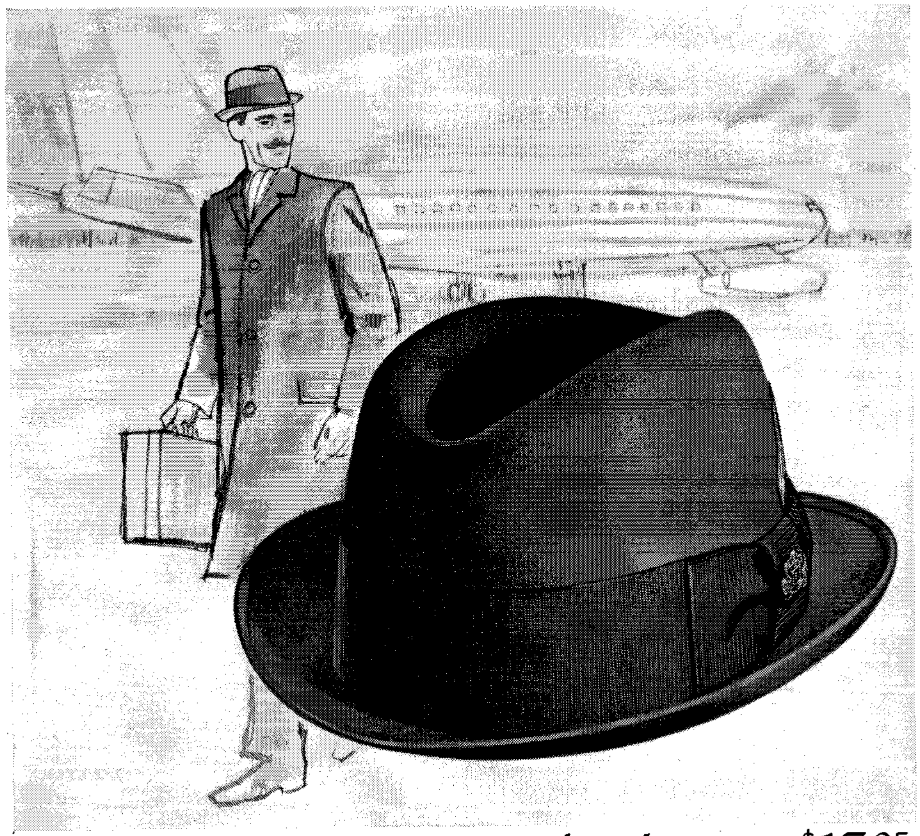

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Hayes-Bickford's for Paris, France. Having thus been exposed to the atmosphere of undergraduate protest, I walked down to Eliot House, a red brick Georgian structure, with a tower and a courtyard, that faces on the Charles and has suites for about four hundred men. John Finley, the master of Eliot House, is a restless, intense, brilliant professor of classics, who is given to philosophizing, to conversing in Homeric similes, and to twirling his half-rim glasses in reflective moments. He knew why I was in Cambridge, and when we had settled down, over drinks, in the dark-panelled library of the master's lodgings, he began to talk of student flunkings and leaves of absence. "I sometimes think that the better American education gets, the worse it gets," he began, looking down at his right shoe, which rested on his left knee, and twirling his glasses. "One has this awful vision of ineluctability, of education on an assembly line, everybody going to school—high school, college, graduate school, the Army, the First National Bank, and the suburbs. No wonder people drink at thirty-five." His voice had become dramatically gloomy.

Mr. Finley's head bent down more deeply, then he looked up quickly. "This is the opposite of Lincoln reading Plutarch by firelight," he said.

Just then, a dark, youngish-looking man whom I took to be an undergraduate came in. To my embarrassment, Finley introduced him as the senior tutor of the house, Barry Karl. When Karl had been supplied with a drink, Finley went on, "In the past, the young lived surrounded by pictures of what the future might hold; a small town was full of men, including their own fathers, doing different jobs, whom they might wish to emulate. Now one is brought up in some suburb, and the only grown men in town are the doctor, the parson, and the druggist. Father leaves for work on the eight-three, and moves up from the Third to the Second National Bank, and Mother doesn't even know what he does there. So one finds young men at college having to solve the problem of how work can be a man's function."

"For me," Karl put in, "the question is whether they can get through here on the parental image of Harvard, and what it's for, or develop one of their own quick enough. It seems a little like being on one of those Constellation airliners when they turn the superchargers on. There's a moment when you're sure the engines have stopped, which can terrify you even though you have been thoroughly warned ahead of time. Some people enjoy this sensation, and others, like me, grab the seat and try to hold the plane up by main force. These kids may be like this. Parents and prep schools have moved them to Harvard. Then, for the first time, they have to develop a motion of their own."

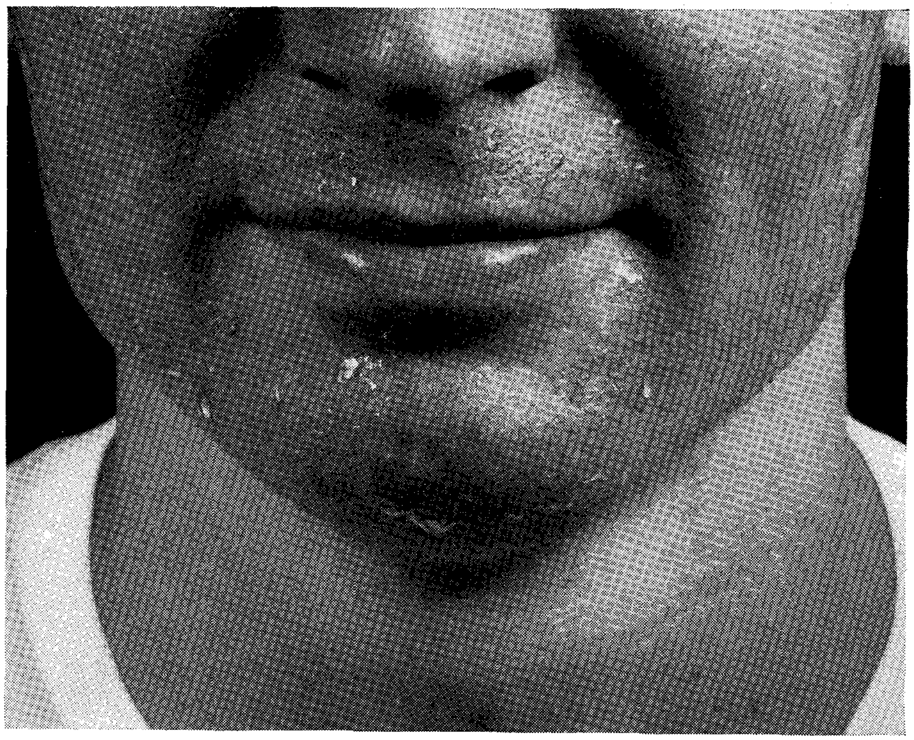
Finley said, "One also has the problem of youth in geographical terms. That is, a young man is first in his class in a high school of twelve hundred in California. In his application, he writes a brilliant essay about his disappointment at failing by twenty votes to be elected president of his class. He leaves California, lured by Harvard's propaganda, and five hours later, lulled by the plane trip, he arrives in Cambridge, where nobody has ever heard of his school. But the soul, which is like a beagle, is still back in California, and it has to run all the way. Two years later, it arrives, with its tongue hanging out."

"If it's faithful," Karl added, capping the analogy with some of the pleasure of a child who puts a new ending on "Sleeping Beauty."

Finley went on, "This man reaches his junior year, leaves to work on a Swedish freighter, and comes back with a new identity as a future E. E. Cummings. As a senior, he plays the guitar and paints, and leads a slightly beat existence with two roommates who also dropped out." The housemaster went to freshen our drinks at a table in front of heavily curtained windows, through which came faint sounds of rushing traffic on Memorial Drive, beside the river. He began to expatiate on the theme of identity. "One great thing about getting to be middle-aged, like me, is that when you get out of bed in the morning you're as if surrounded by mirrors that reflect your identity back to you. When I get up, I know that on that day I'm going to do *x*, *y*, and *z*: lecture on Thucydides, meet a tutee, talk with Karl, here, about house business. My wife talks to me, and I haven't the slightest doubt who I am. But our identity is like a sketch on tissue paper, and the wind would rip it to shreds if it were not pasted on cardboard, which is wife *cum* job. I sometimes wonder, when I'm passing through one of those ghastly little towns in Indiana on a train, what would happen if I were just to get out, with only five dollars in my pocket."

"Parents do try to create identities for their children," Karl said. "To dress them in a suit of which college is one sleeve and medical school the other. Then the boy says, 'Well, I don't want to wear your clothes.' "

Mr. Finley switched to another as-



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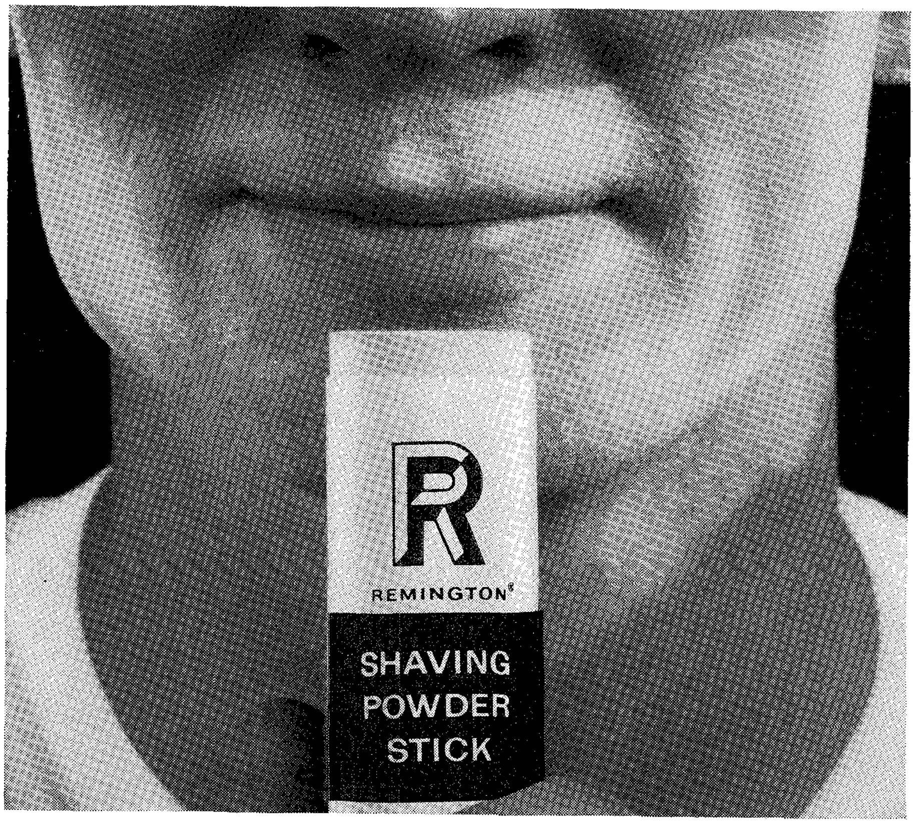

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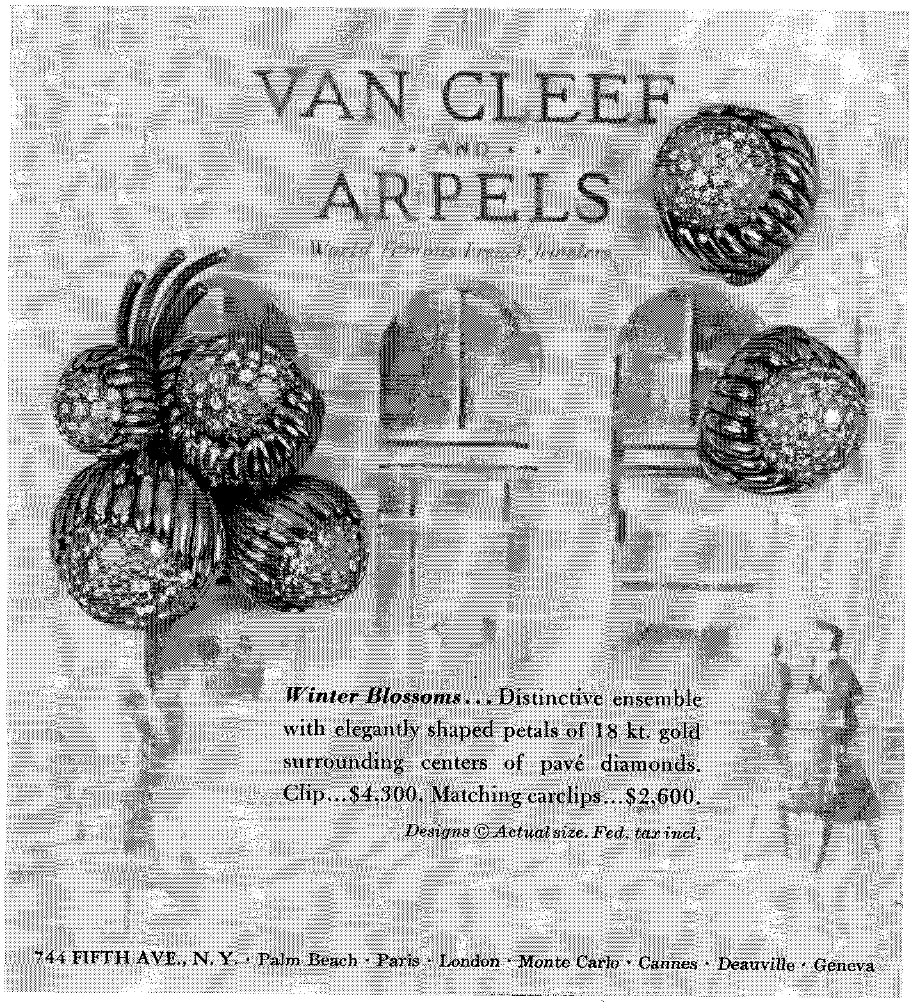
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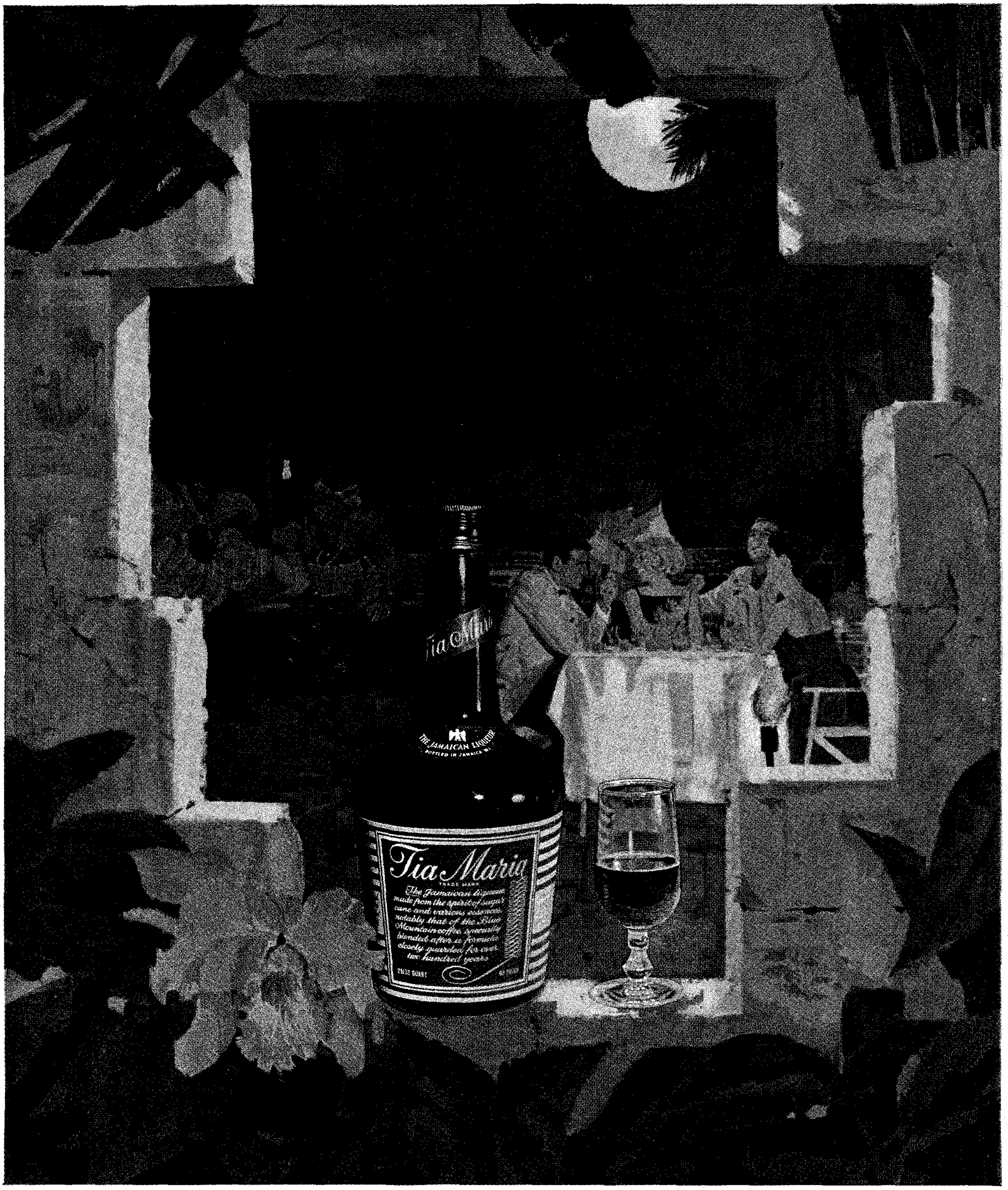
pect of the problem. "In England, there is the tradition of Oxford and Cambridge turning out the rulers. That tradition was carried to this country. Harvard supplied the Adamses. But around the turn of the century two men, President Eliot, of Harvard, and President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, decided that Continental higher learning should be brought here. The result was to superimpose on the British model of the college fostering the ruler the Germanic model of the graduate school fostering the expert. Harvard wants to produce both its Kennedys and its Oppenheimers, is interested in adapting its means to both of the kinds of men it houses: those for whom the curriculum is what we call 'functional'—immediately useful—and those for whom it isn't. The latter are less clear about what they are doing here, and the means they rely on to give them satisfaction are teams, clubs, plays, the *Crimson*. Happy the fellow who has something that lulls him and keeps him calm! We have an oarsman who just crashed through the ceiling of the law exams with a 740, where 700 has been tops. Rowing kept him steady."

Finley got up and went over to a desk, where he began looking through the house roster and jotting down the names of some returned dropouts with whom I might like to get in touch. It was now dinnertime, and Karl escorted me to the house dining hall and signed me in, so that I could get a meal. As he was doing so, he saw two of the men on Mr. Finley's list, and introduced me to them.

ELIOT's dining room is about a hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet wide, with high ceilings and dark panelling, and is dimly lit by two feeble chandeliers. (Some brilliant crystal ones destined for the house were mistakenly delivered to Lowell House, which hung on to them.) The food is served on heavy, round plastic trays that are partitioned into six sections, with a depression in the center to accommodate a glass. I sat down with the two former dropouts, whom I will call Jeff Neale and Bob Hawley, and learned that they were now both juniors, and that after their return they had drastically changed their fields of study to follow new interests they'd discovered while they were away. Neale, the more talkative of the two, was a thin, quick fellow, with clear, deep-set gray eyes, and a shock of light hair that fell over his forehead. We talked about Finley, whom Neale admired and liked, and whom he quoted as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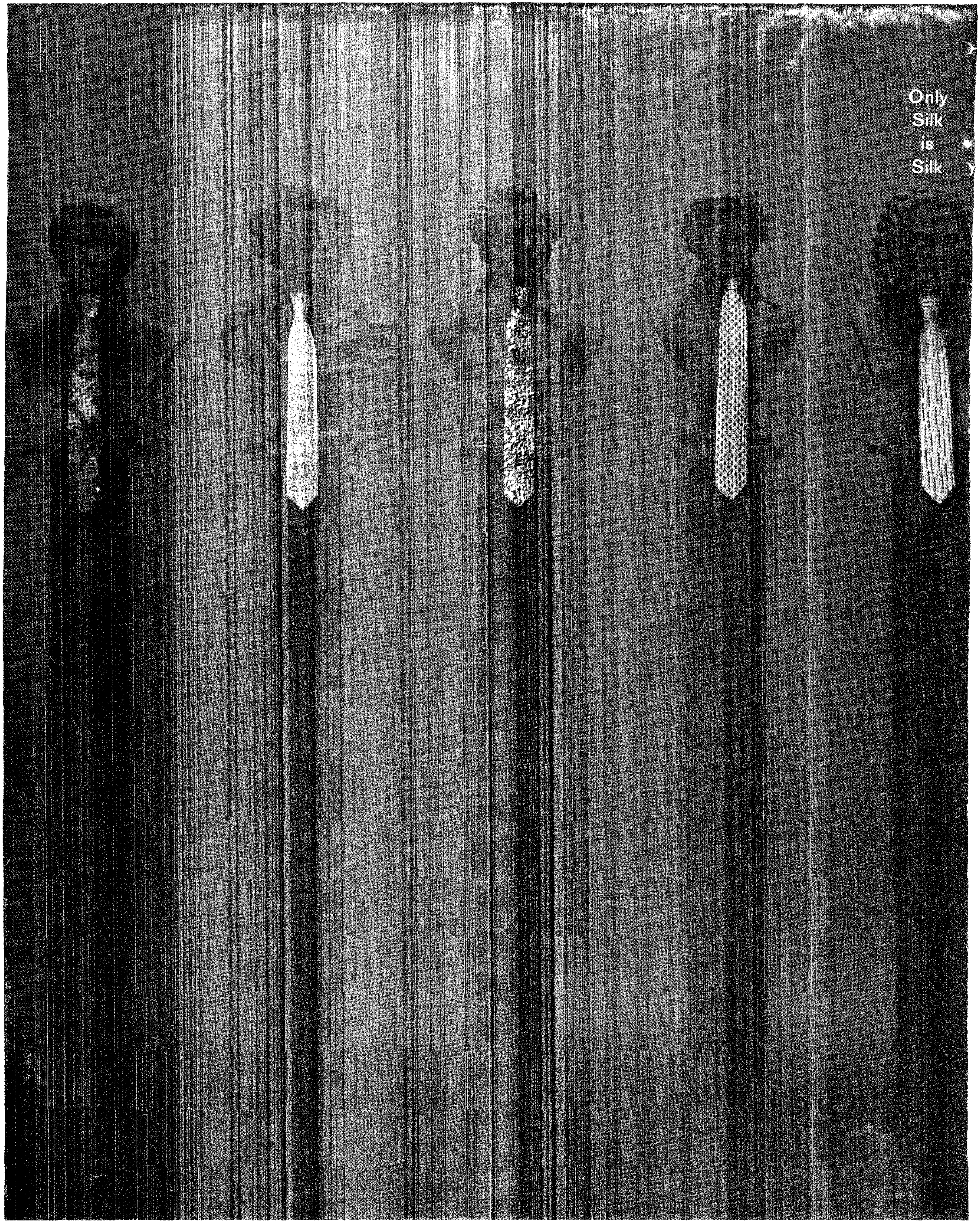

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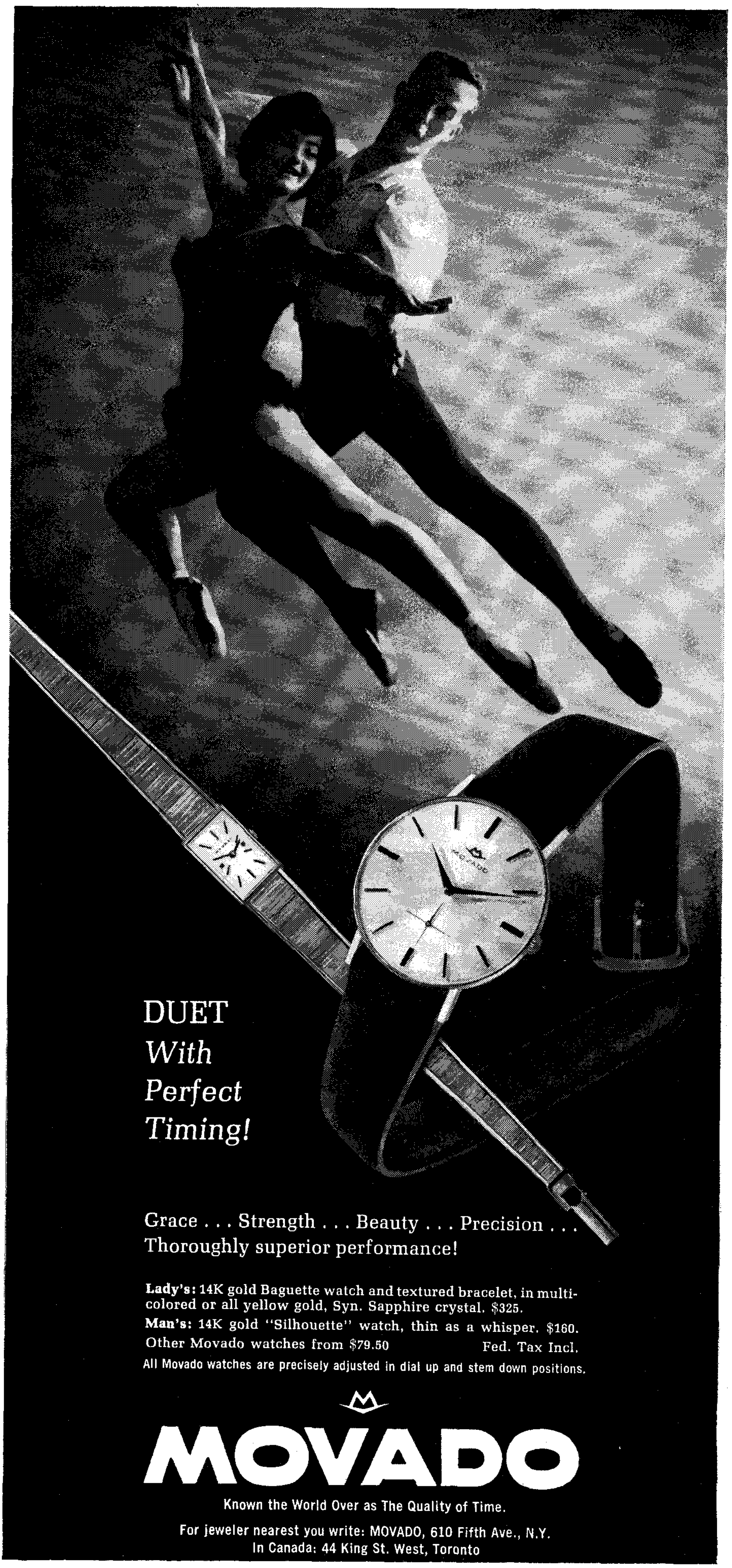
saying, "Harvard is rather like the Charles River subway bridge—one comes out of the tunnel into bright sunlight and then is dashed back into the underground of medical school." Neale was now majoring in sociology, having shifted from English. Hawley, a tall, blond fellow, was the son of a famous scientist, and had come to Harvard eager to pursue chemistry. By his second year, though, he was finding it less and less satisfying. He left Harvard and spent a year studying philosophy at a Swiss university, and though he was still interested in chemistry, he was now majoring in French literature. Both men were sad that so many of their friends would be graduating a year ahead of them, but otherwise were satisfied with what they'd done. Neale took a strong interest in the whole subject of dropping out. During dinner, he talked about his studies, a little about himself, and a good deal about a friend he planned to room with the following year. As we were finishing our meal, he caught sight of this friend leaving the dining room and summoned him over. This was a stocky, red-haired boy named (I'll say) George Cooper. Neale explained that Cooper, in the tradition of Richard Henry Dana, class of 1837 (dropped out '35-6), had done his time before the mast—though not Dana's classic two years—and while in the merchant marine had become interested in labor unionism, having been elected a ship's delegate in the Seafarers International Union. Cooper confirmed this but said he couldn't talk now, because he had a paper to write for the next day. This apparently reminded Neale he had a paper of his own to do, and he invited me to come up to his room later in the evening, when he would have more time to talk. We agreed to meet shortly before midnight at Elsie's, a college hangout on Mt. Auburn Street where the sandwiches are big and cheap and the Harvard men, at that hour, are four deep around the counter.

When we had got out with our sandwiches, we walked back to Neale's room, where there was beer. He'd flunked out, he told me on the way, because of his troubles with an intensive, double-credit course in elementary Russian. At the time, he recalled, he had also been taking a course with the theologian Paul Tillich, which had made college seem rather inconsequential. He had, however, been bewildered by his performance in the Russian course, knowing that he could do the work if he set his mind to it. In a talk with the senior tutor, he had argued that he could easily



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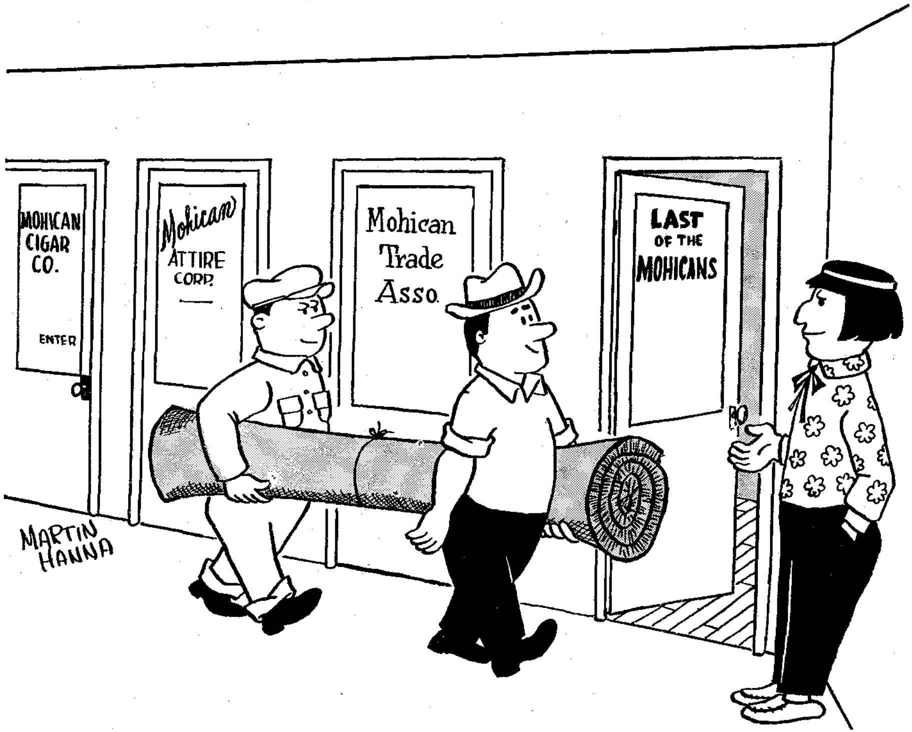

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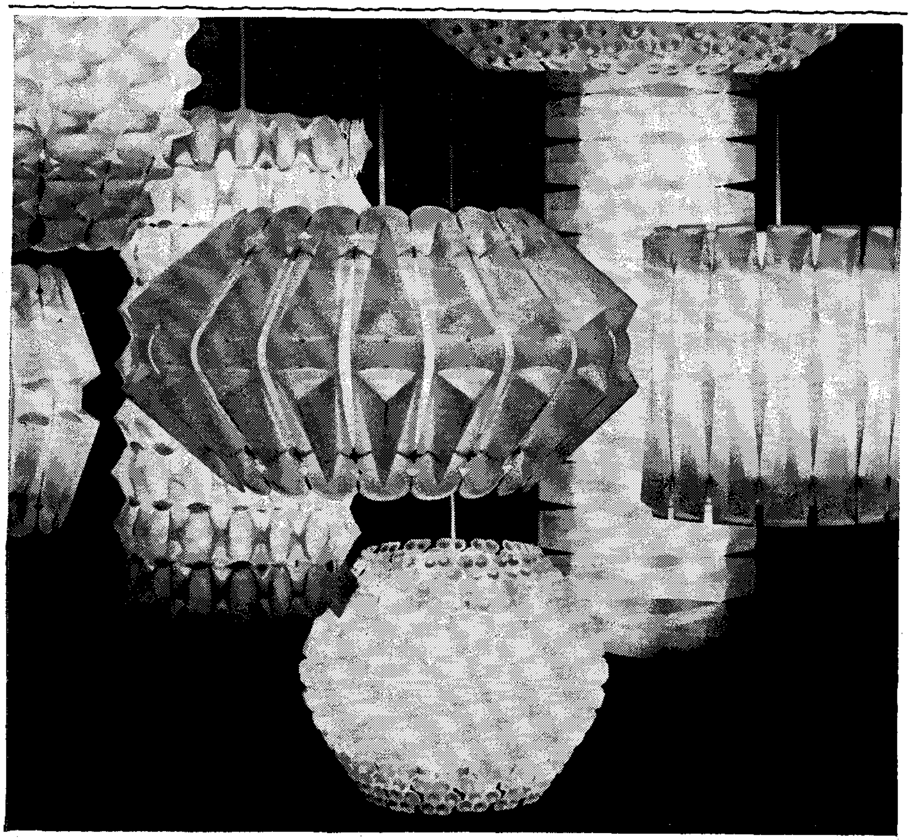

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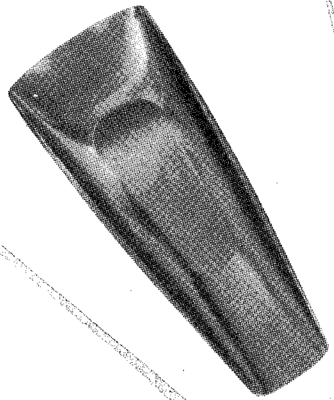
pass the Russian if he was allowed to repeat it. It was an unpleasant surprise when he failed it a second time, in June, and his probation was closed. After his year off, he took the course a third time and got an A.

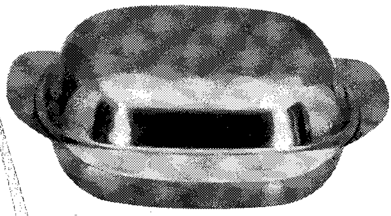
Neale and two roommates had three rooms on the fifth floor of Eliot House, under the eaves. He and I sat on a sofa below the sloping ceiling, and through dormer windows on either side we could see the lights along the Charles. Neale showed me a letter that Finley had written his mother in Duluth when he had to leave. One passage read:

> Wherever one grows up, one's youth passes in a kind of village made up of familiar streets and scenes. In former ages, most people passed their lives in such familiar scenes, but education now brings, so to speak, a transition from village to metropolis. . . . Many small colleges postpone decisive changes to a later stage of life; not so Harvard, which throws one at once into a larger and more exciting, but more confused and uncertain world. This desire to pause for a year of manual work shows the need to withdraw briefly from the complexity before tackling it again. It illustrates the fable of Antaeus touching earth. There are no doubt other reasons still, of a more inward sort, relating to the need of living with oneself and for a while standing aside from the rush. In simpler periods of history *everyone* had such times, but they are harder to come by now. Growth is mysterious, and we must all find it at our own pace. . . . I fear that I have seen so many young people that I have lost surprise at much that continues to surprise parents. . . .

"I like it," Neale said. "But it didn't do any good. I was an embarrassment to her. We talked it over several times, but she couldn't face her friends, really. To them I was just like my high-school classmates who had been dropping out of the state university and getting jobs and getting married. I guess she couldn't *really* stop thinking that way herself, either. I thought I had made it clear to her, but I guess she was still afraid she'd look as if she were just apologizing for me."

Neale decided that he couldn't stay home under such conditions, and he started bumming his way around the country. He got as far as Houston, where he saw an ad in the paper asking for men to go on a cruise around the world in a sailing ship. "It was the kind of Conrad-like thing I'd wanted to do all my life. All I had to do was say I wanted to go. But the man who owned the ship—he was a photographer—wanted five years out of my life." What Neale did do was to go home again and get a job in the city government, which ultimately qualified him for


Serving Bowl, 3 sizes . . . $6.95 - $15.75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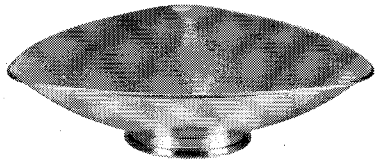
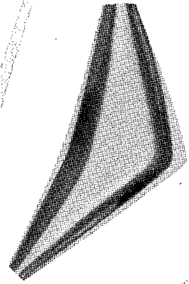

Large Tricorn Bowl . . . $35.00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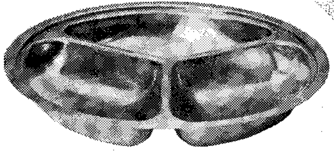
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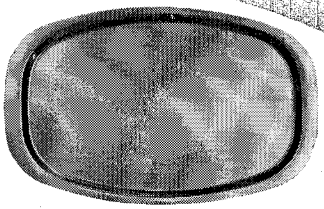
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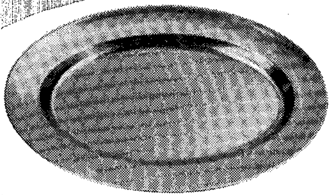
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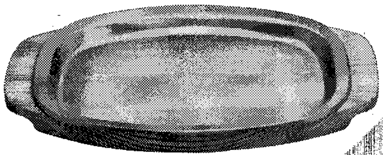
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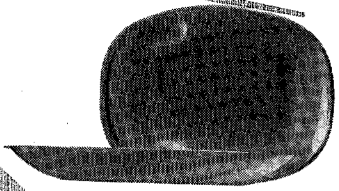
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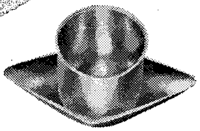
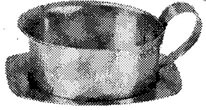

Gravy Bowl with Tray . . . $9.50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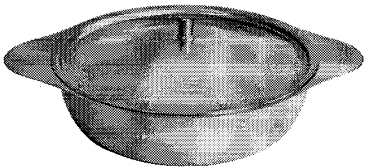
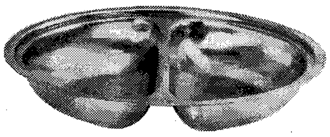

Round Casserole, 6 sizes . . . $7.80 - $16.50


Divided Vegetable Dish, 2 sizes . . . $9.00 - $10.50

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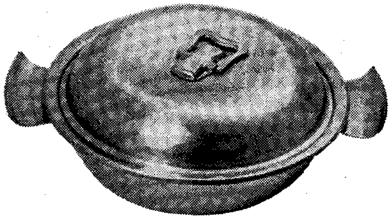
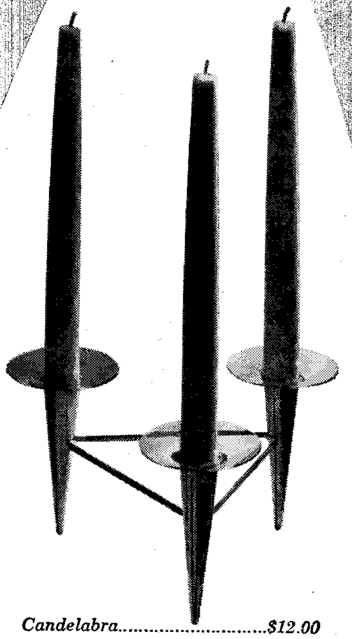
(cover is vegetable dish)


Round Casserole . . . $22.00
(cover is vegetable dish)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readmission to Harvard, and also whetted his interest in his present field of study, sociology.

He was now taking a course with David Riesman, and he showed me a book of student essays written for the course the year before and published for use in future years. One essay contained this passage:

> The college student tends to feel that his work does not contribute in any way to the community. He cannot express his worth to anyone through his work. He cannot feel that he is an integral part of the world at large, fulfilling a necessary or useful role. The role of the student seems worthless.
>
> He finds that his work has no immediate exchange value. He has created nothing for the consumer in his paper on James Joyce. The paper has little weight and it wields no power. Few people see his work or his grade. There may be in fact a feeling of real embarrassment when an individual considers his elation upon getting an "A," or depression upon getting a "C." "How foolish and stupid my life is," he thinks, "that such a small, meaningless letter could be of such importance."

When I left Neale's room, at about two o'clock, most of the windows in Eliot's courtyard were ablaze with light. I walked home through the Square and the Yard, where the dormitories seemed to be even more brightly illuminated. The residential street where I was staying was dark and quiet. I wondered whether I could now form any hypothesis about dropouts that I could test against what I would learn in the next few days. I remembered, from my undergraduate days, that tutors in Eliot House had complained about how few students used their minds as instruments, rather than as sponges, and by now I had got a definite impression that it was just short of impossible for a man to go through Harvard without treating it as a professional school, despite the importance that Harvard attaches—and the country professes to attach—to a "liberal," or general, education. The group of Harvard men apparently least susceptible to becoming dropouts were those for whom, in Mr. Finley's phrase, the curriculum was functional. And of those who dropped out—refusing, perhaps, to be a specialty called a college student—many who returned happily apparently were those who, like Neale and his friend Cooper, had found during their year away a potential career toward which they could work in college.

THE next morning, I headed for University Hall, which is at the center of the Yard, is Harvard's one Bulfinch building, and contains deans. A

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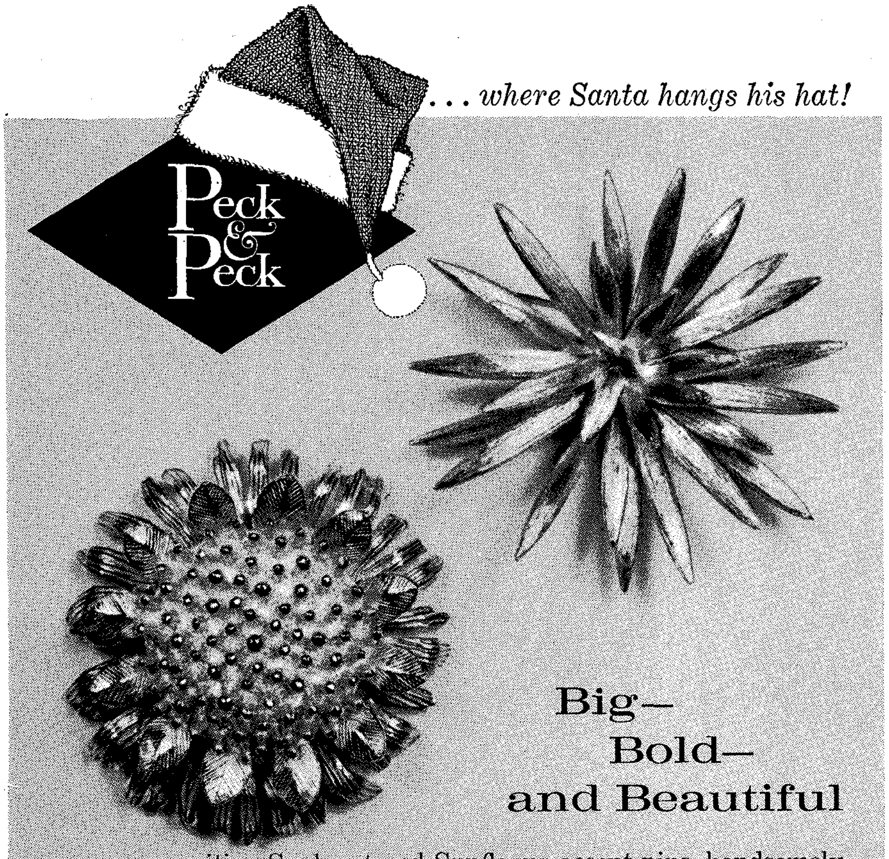
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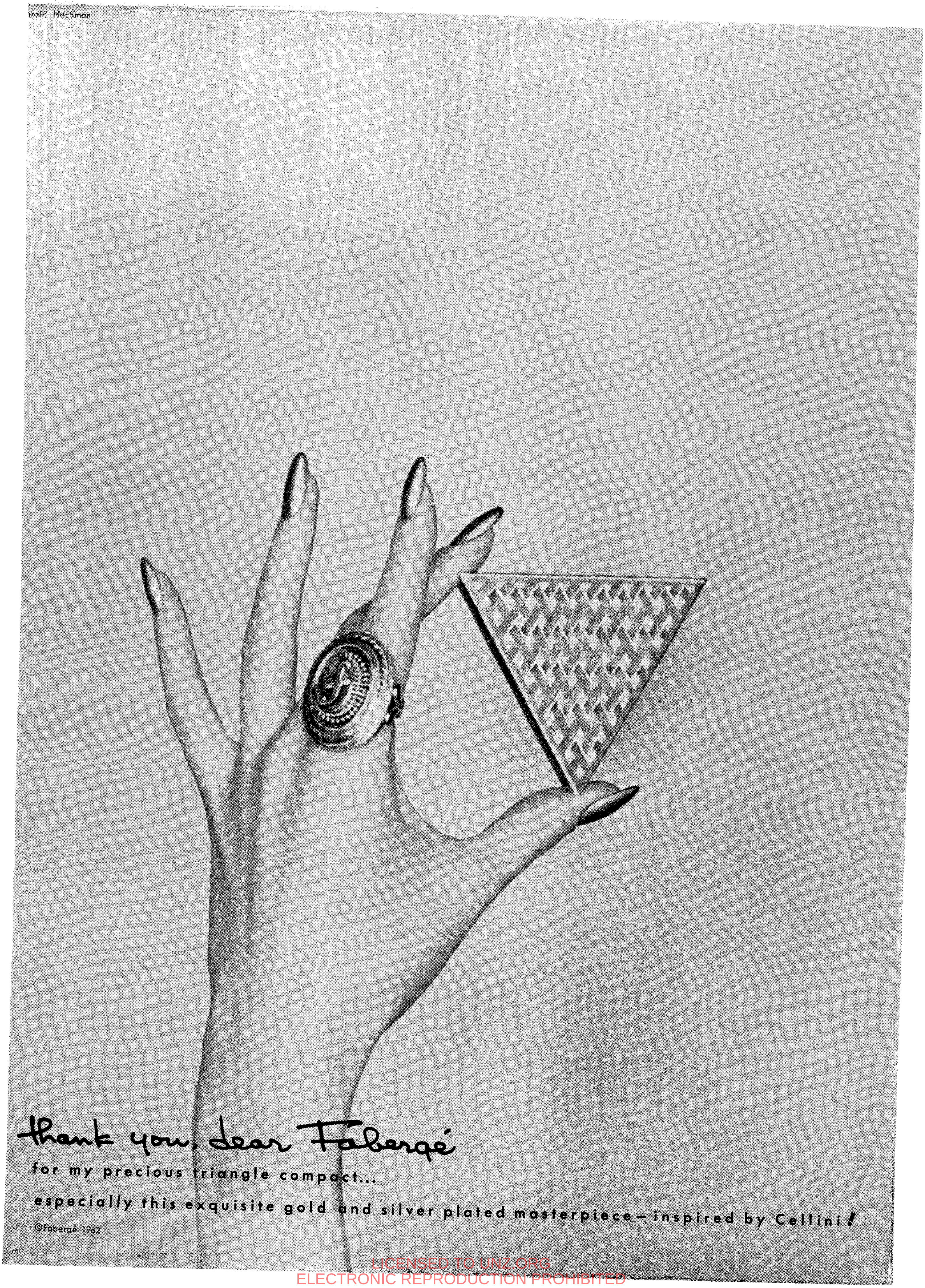
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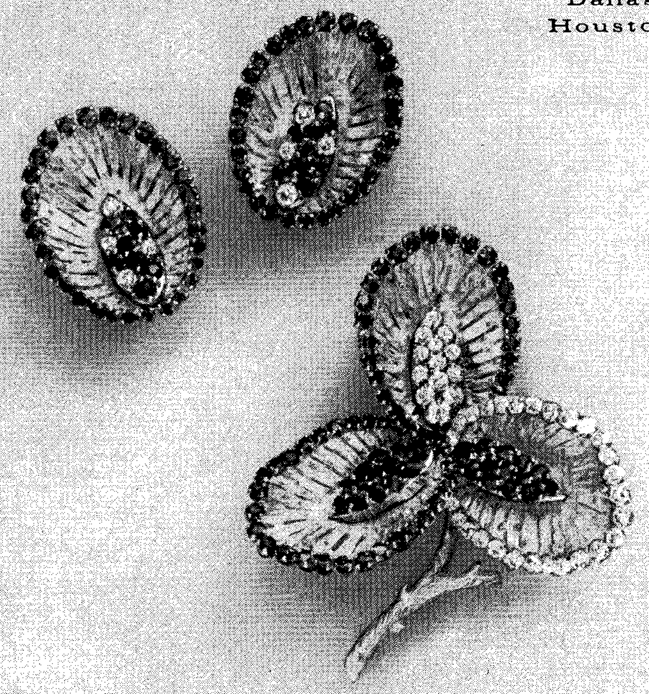
seated bronze figure of an improbably handsome young man in front of it is a nineteenth-century artist's conception of the seventeenth-century John Harvard (of whom there are no authentic portraits). First, I climbed to the third-floor offices of the Dean of Freshmen, F. Skiddy von Stade, who, with the help of five assistants, known around the Yard as "baby deans," and about a hundred proctors and freshman advisers, keeps an eye on the fortunes of the twelve hundred or so first-year men. I was welcomed by Dean von Stade, a tall, hearty Long Islander (*Deanus harvardiensis* is typically a fine specimen) in his forties, with blond, somewhat Teutonic good looks. (It passed through my mind that a monocle would become him.) He beamed and immediately recalled our last meeting, which had taken place in the freshman dining hall seven years before, and which I had forgotten. The memories of Harvard's deans and housemasters are all admirably comprehensive, and they seem doubly impressive to those who are remembered. Dean von Stade's inner office looks out on one half of the Yard—past Massachusetts Hall, built in 1720, where the offices of the President of the University occupy the ground floor and freshmen occupy the other floors—and over the west end of the Square, toward Christ Church (built in 1761) and the old Cambridge burial ground, and toward Radcliffe. The Dean talked first about voluntary withdrawals. He told me that there had been a considerable increase in such dropouts in the college as a whole since he had become Dean of Freshmen, in 1952, but that the increase among freshmen had been slight. In fact, the latest figures, he said, had shown a decrease. "But then, an awful lot of sophomores pull out," he went on. "Why they leave when they do, whether in freshman year or after, you can only guess. One troubling factor may be what I call the valedictorian syndrome. With over six hundred schools represented in the average class, we've got hundreds of men who are used to being top scholar, and they run head on into each other. They've never had less than an A, and they hit November hour exams and pull down a bunch of C's. Some of them worry themselves into a state of believing they shouldn't be here—and the folks back home don't understand, either. Then, a lot of fellows are here because their families thought this was *the* place to go. I'll never forget one guy, who came from one of the old Boston families. He told me, 'I can't stand it here; all I am is



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another—' I won't tell you his name. 'My family's here, not me!' He went away, and spent the better part of a year out West, where no one had heard of his family. When he came back, he said to me, 'I'm myself—it's that simple.' "

I asked whether there seemed to be any relationship between a man's academic record before he entered Harvard and his ability to stay there. Dean von Stade said that some men in the medical center had compared the pre-college records of a random sample of dropouts with those of a random sample of men who had stayed in college, and could not find any appreciable difference.

After we had talked a while longer, our conversation was interrupted by the big bell of Memorial Church, on the east side of University Hall. The bell—a fine reminder to lingering visitors—seemed uncomfortably close, even though I had lived even closer to it as a freshman and thought I had stopped minding its noise. I went downstairs, where I had an appointment with the Dean of Harvard College, John Monro, whose office is a big, square, high-ceilinged room, bright with light from two tall windows. Monro, who has been Dean of the College since 1957, is a tall man in his forties, with a boyish grin, bushy black eyebrows, and a shock of unruly hair.

"If I find a fellow with an instinct to leave but tied up tight and not sure what he wants to do, I tend to encourage him to leave, and tell the parents not to worry," he said. "We have pretty good luck. When they get back, they find the sun still comes up, Harvard Square is the same, and their freshman friends didn't even know they were gone."

I inquired about the ratio between men who left voluntarily and men who were asked to leave.

"In 1957-8, my predecessor, Dean Delmar Leighton, got worried about the increase in dropouts and made a study, and that year there were three hundred and forty-three, of which a hundred and ninety-nine were voluntary," Monro said. "But the next year the voluntaries were down to a hundred and sixty-seven out of three hundred and fifteen—a lower ratio than in '57-8—and since then the rise has been gradual. Last year, there were a hundred and seventy-nine voluntaries out of three hundred and thirty-nine. That total of between three hundred and three hundred and fifty dropouts a year is very consistent. So far this year, we seem to be severing fewer connec-

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tions, and more men are leaving voluntarily. Back during the Korean War, of course, the number of those leaving voluntarily was still larger, and we were also averaging thirty, forty, fifty withdrawals a year for financial reasons. Last year, that number was down to four. We have enough funds these days so that any boy with passing grades can get financial assistance. I've learned not to be surprised at the boys' surprise when we tell them they can go. 'I can leave? That's great!' I explain that we have a swinging door here—that a student always has a choice."

My third, and last, appointment that morning was with Dr. Dana Farnsworth, the director of the University Health Services, whose office was in the brand-new Holyoke Center—a large, modern structure decorated in vivid hues, which my friend Simpson had called the Executive's Coloring Building. Here Harvard operates, among other things, a psychiatric service, which, in collaboration with the Bureau of Study Counsel, deals with many dropouts and potential dropouts. Dr. Farnsworth, a man of about fifty who is extremely placid and easygoing in appearance and manner, occupies a special place in Cambridge—as a nationally known expert on mental health, as a Harvard man, and as a medical man.

"There haven't been any good riots around here lately," the Doctor began, giving me a friendly grin. "They're always a sign of men with initiative. The Pogo-for-President riot ten years ago, just after I got here, was the last good one." (On that occasion, which Cambridge friends had described to me, about five thousand students championing the candidacy of the cartoon character had become involved in a battle with police, and twenty-seven students had been arrested.) "The tolerance that Harvard is supposed to have for the person who makes a fool of himself isn't the same thing as approval. The tolerance hides a very deep intolerance of mediocrity. Here we're trying to foster an environment in which help is available but is not forced down anyone's throat, an atmosphere in which the student can experiment with anything without destroying himself. If he makes a fool of himself, we try to see to it that the experience is instructive. If a student comes to Harvard and does not find a niche for himself, and feels the place is cold—the students supercilious, the faculty stupid, unfeeling, and standoffish—the chief value of a leave of absence may be that it deprives him of Har-

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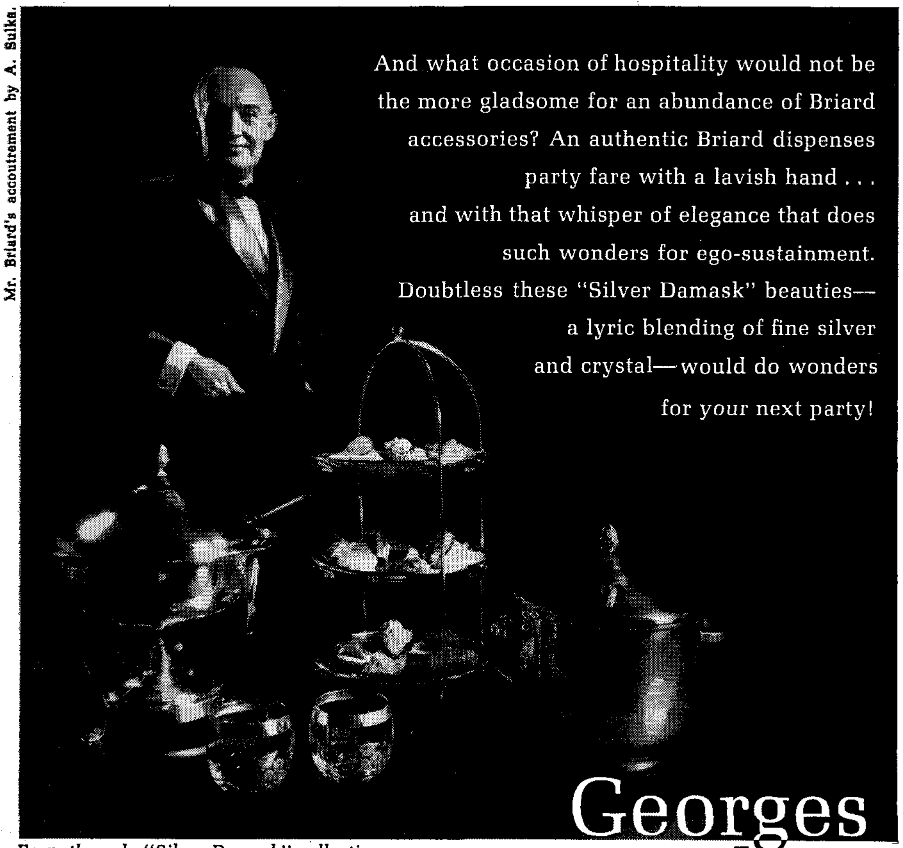

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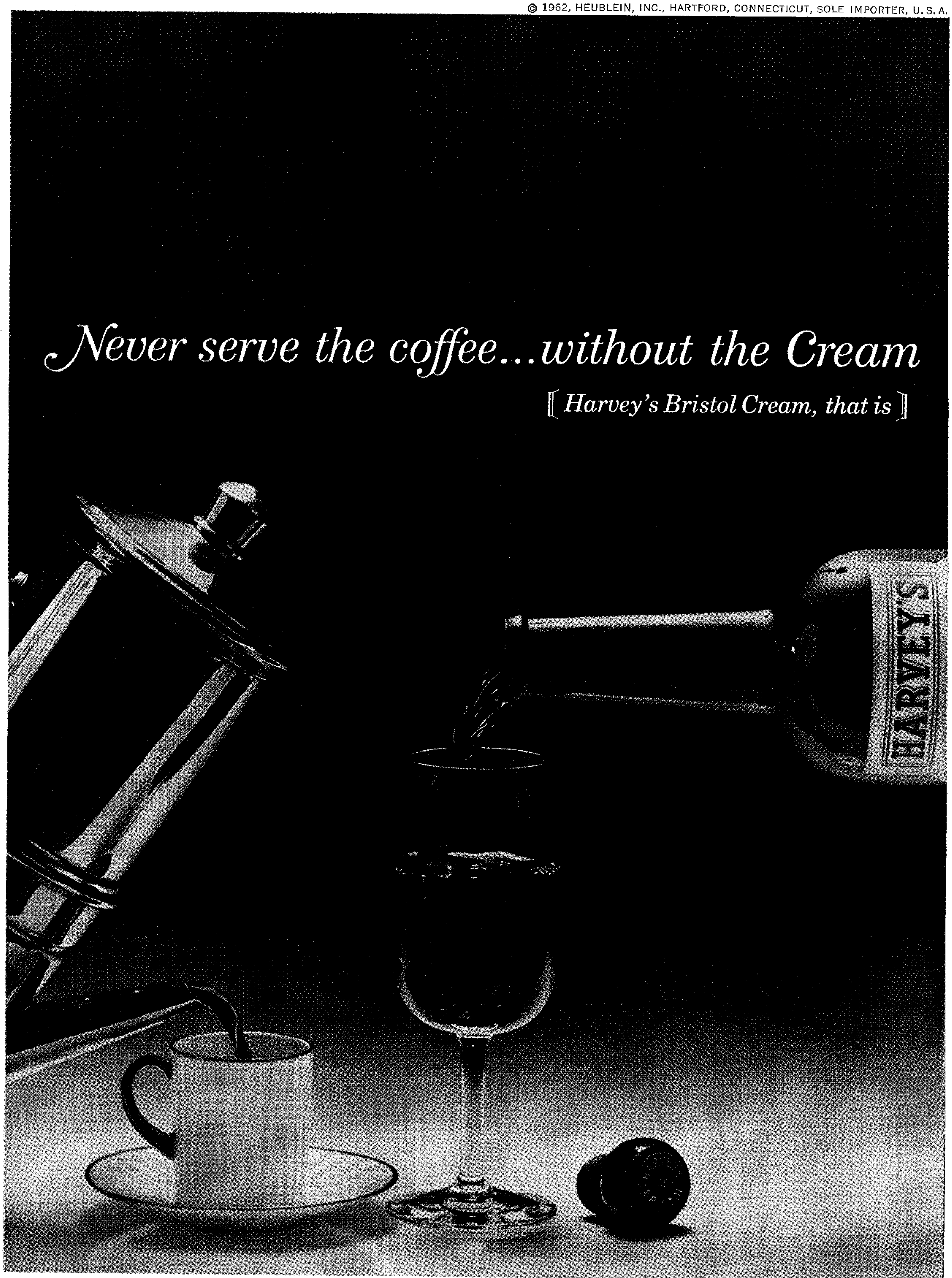
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vard's intellectual stimulation. He discovers that he likes being out even less than he liked being in. There was a funny drawing in the M.I.T. humor magazine of two students coming out of a class. One says, 'What a lousy teacher!,' and the other says, 'Yes, and the worst of it is he's the best man in his field.'

"There are actually a vast number of undesirable elements here—smart sets and all that. That is, undesirable in themselves, but insofar as they are a cross-section of life, they contribute to ultimate maturity. If there were no beatniks, atheists, cynics, Harvard might lose some of its richness. Can a person be developed into one who is able to cope with things later if he has nothing to cope with at college? In our nation, there is more pressure to be well rounded than to be excellent. Many men can't tolerate the freedom here. Harvard, by *not* demanding well-rounded citizens, makes a community that *is* balanced and well rounded."

Dr. Farnsworth suggested I might be interested in sitting in on a meeting the next day at which members of his psychiatric staff were to discuss the problems of students who were having trouble adjusting to Harvard. I thanked him and said I would return then.

BACK out on Holyoke Street, I saw a familiar-looking man hurrying toward the Yard, and I hailed him. He was a short, dark, curly-haired fellow, now sporting a very studious pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, who had been on the board of the *Advocate*, the fiction and poetry magazine, when I was. I'll give him the name of Dave Peterson. He told me he was just completing his final year, because he'd failed a course and spent several years away. He invited me to accompany him to his next class, a lecture on modern fiction, and said we could talk afterward, when he would have some free time. When we arrived at the auditorium—in Harvard Hall, one of the oldest college buildings—the lecture had begun. The young lecturer was talking about pretentiousness in Ernest Hemingway's writing. Hemingway, he said, was full of nostalgia for an ideal life in a past that had actually never existed, and in his writings contemporary life was held up for judgment against this imaginary pastoral life, or else against the version of it that Hemingway thought he found in Spain. The lecturer read several passages. One ended, " 'I think I ought to go to pray at the tomb of my grandfather.' " The students seemed to get the instructor's point, and

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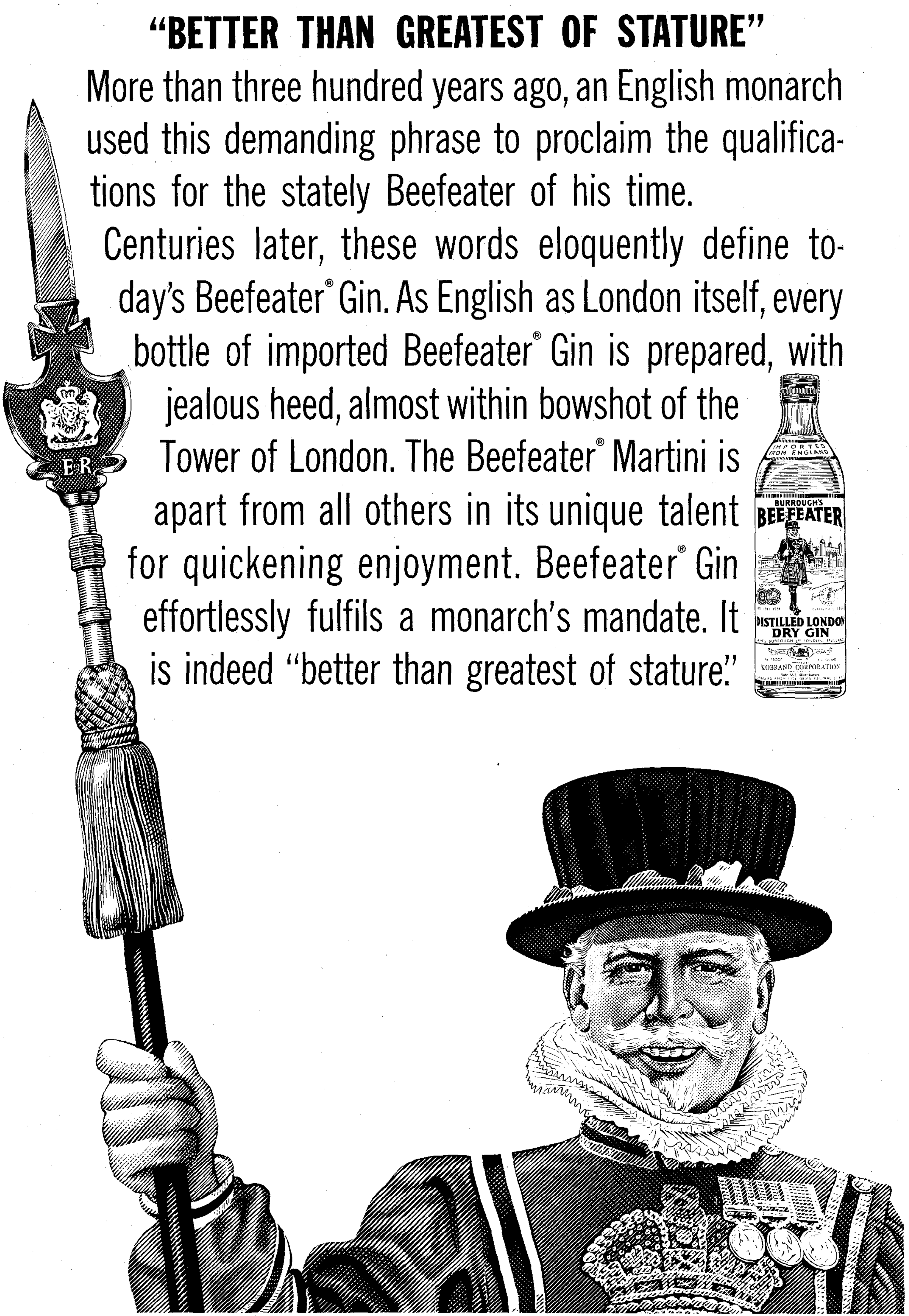
they laughed. "Whenever Hemingway wants to say something simple and profound, he puts it in phony Spanish," the lecturer continued. When he finished, he was roundly applauded.

I suggested to Peterson that we walk down to the river. The Square was crowded with boys and girls, some from Harvard and Radcliffe and some from a nearby public high school. They were alone, in pairs, and in groups. A few students on scooters were cavorting among the autos like dolphins. A loudspeaker above a corner police booth barked orders at the foot and motor traffic, which converged from a dozen directions, alternately ignoring the orders and unexpectedly obeying them. Now the students streaming from the Yard mercilessly held up traffic until they had all crossed the Square.

The riverbank, when we reached it, was littered with students, some dozing, some necking, some talking earnestly to girls or casually to friends, some reading, and many just looking out across the river. Motorboats were passing up and down it, and I noticed a police boat; a few freshmen were rowing wherries for physical-training credit. The view on the far bank was partly industrial suburb, partly Harvard School of Business Administration brick Colonial.

Peterson told me he had failed a spring-term course and had withdrawn the following summer. He had first worked backstage in a theatrical company and then gone into the Army, where he had ended up in an Intelligence unit, teaching French, although he had studied no French since high school. He had also married. "When I returned to Cambridge, my wife assumed I was going to be a crack student," he told me. "I started work on my first midterm paper at five o'clock on the evening before it was due, just like old times. Then I realized that I'd have to *work* at Harvard—that my supposed new maturity didn't give me any academic advantage. If I'd finished Harvard when I was supposed to, I'd be working for my father now—he has a very successful business in Chicago. But the fact that I'm here when I'm married means that life isn't a wonderful dream in the future, as it used to be, but a reality right now. I can no longer say 'I'm going to be this or that' and expect it to come true later, whenever I decide to do something about it. I used to talk a lot about being a writer. Now I just keep my trap shut. What I was doing before I left was a virtuoso kind of thing. It seemed almost like cheating to really study for something."

I recognized a very familiar, nearly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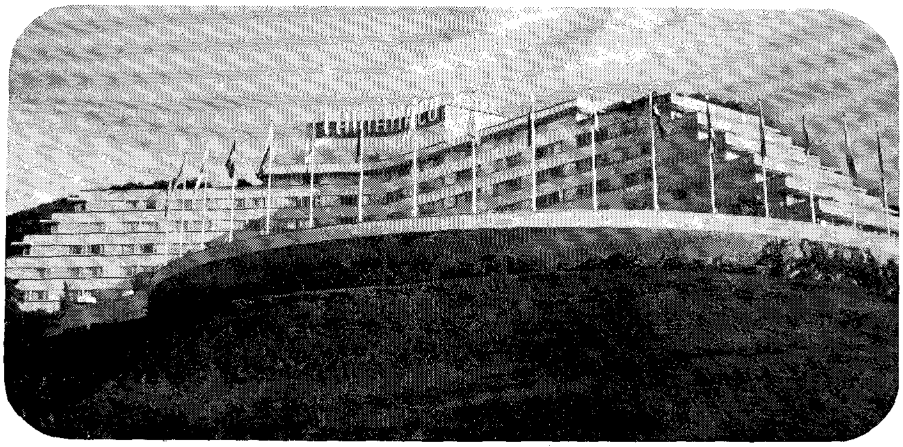

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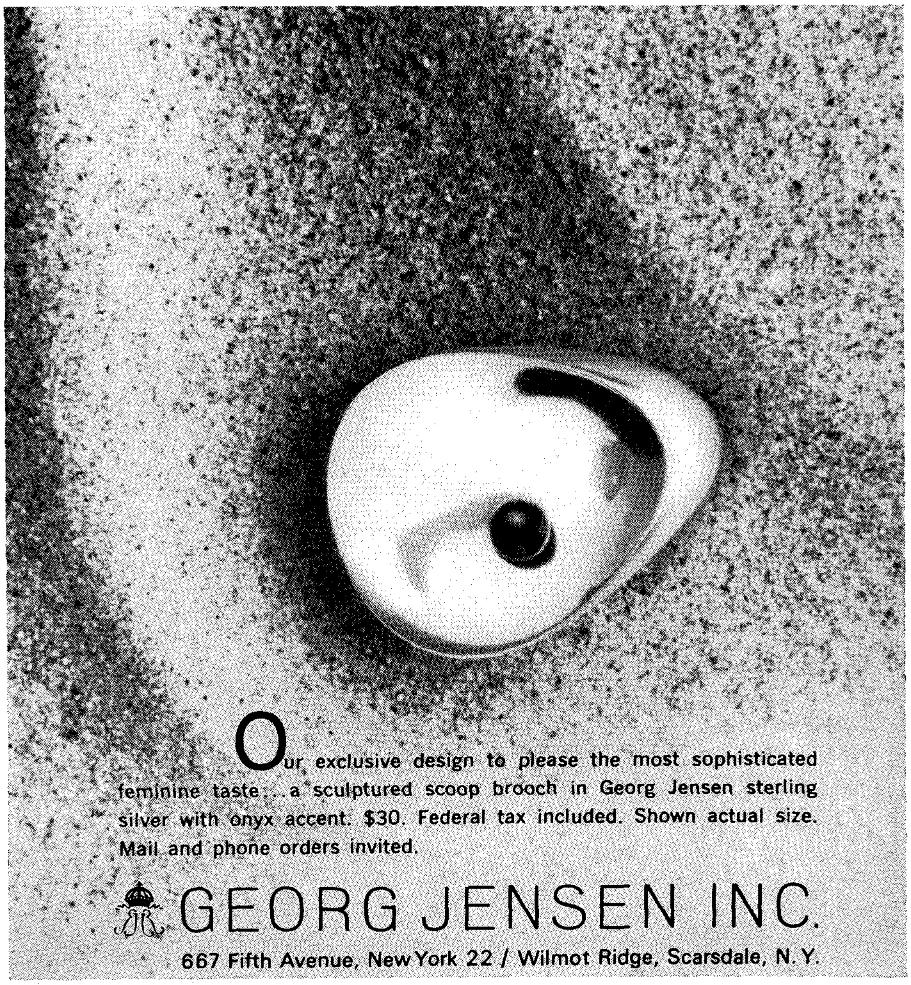

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forgotten feeling. There had been a good many virtuosos.

Peterson continued. "I never questioned the 'sophisticated pro' approach. You look good, but when you sit down in the library to study, you can't concentrate. I was doing half a dozen extracurricular things, and I was so far behind in my work that I'd read a paragraph and then think about how far behind I was. I roomed with two fellows who could sit down with Bartók on and each read four hundred pages in a night. I couldn't possibly do that, but when they'd done their four hundred pages I'd go to the Wursthaus with them and have a beer."

It was getting cool beside the river, and Peterson had to drive to his home, outside Cambridge, so we said goodbye and I went off to get some lunch. Then I returned to Holyoke House to see William Perry again. I asked him about apathy and virtuosity.

He gave me an intent glance, to show that he understood what was on my mind, and then, gazing off into the distance, began, in his loud voice, "I'd like to think for a minute about a guy who has licked the first year here—who did well, if not the best, just as your friend Peterson apparently did. They've paid attention to the academic all their lives, these fellows, but may not have grown as much in other areas, like dealing with girls, or even—and maybe most of all—dealing with their friends. They haven't proved to themselves that they can survive on their own. The most important next area of growth may be that. The big challenge in their lives has been 'Can I make it to college, and, furthermore, good God, can I make it to *Harvard*? Can I not only get in but prove I can stay in?' It takes most of a year for these fellows to realize that they're not in imminent danger of flunking out, and in the middle of every year a rumor goes around the Yard that I don't know how many men—hundreds—have been fired and more have been put on probation. So they get through that first year. What next? There's nothing in our educational system to provide any other challenge, so what happens is that completely different areas of challenge take precedence, even though the man may not be aware of what's happening. He begins to think, 'After I go out for a year and deal with those new challenges—the urge for independence, proving that I can handle a job in this big world, and so on—maybe I can come back and find other challenges in college work, from a man's position.' This is sensible, because education

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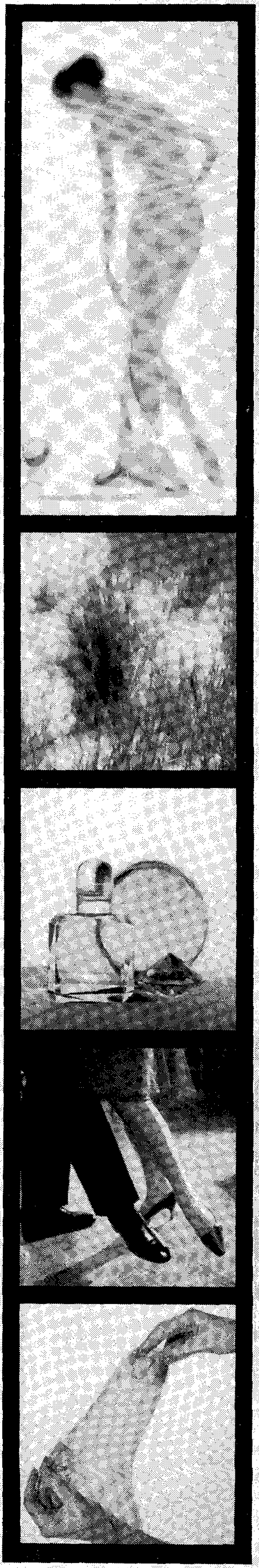

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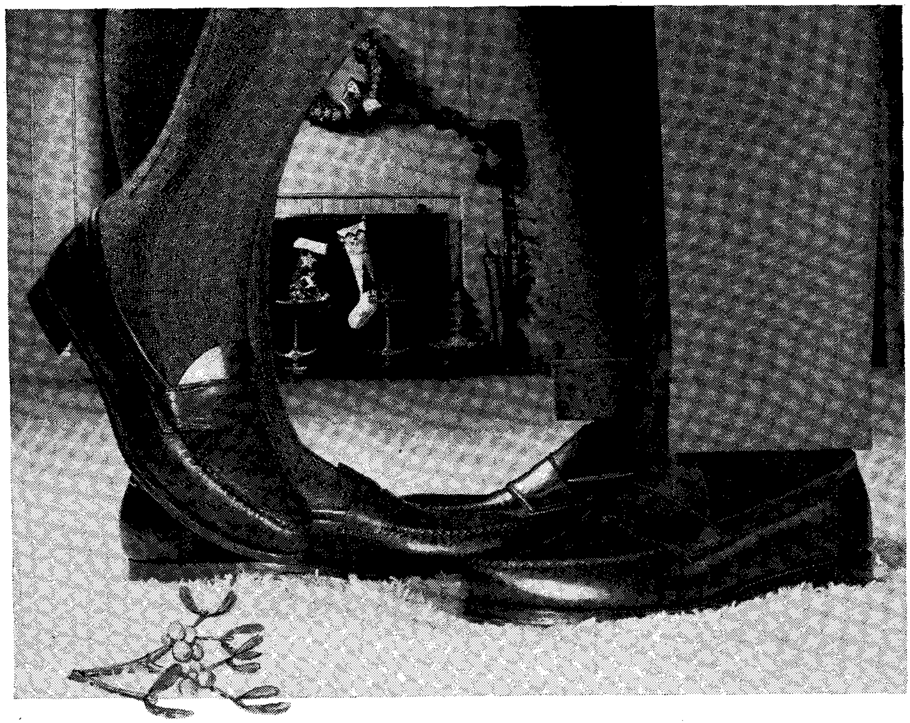

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now delays the challenge of independence and earning a living for so long, and that's a sort of psychological and biological need that a person in our culture experiences with real vigor in the late teens. What you call the virtuoso performance—doing it all at the last moment—may seem necessary because the man knows he has the routine job licked and has to rely almost on magic for a challenge."

Perry then asked if I'd seen David Riesman, who had, Perry said, some very definite ideas about Harvard. I told him I hadn't but would like to, and Perry called Riesman up, asked whether he had some time, and told me I could go over right then. As I left, Perry said that on the following day he would like to show me a transcript of his counselling sessions with a student who had dropped out.

Outside, it was cold and already almost dark. Crossing Massachusetts Avenue and entering the Yard, I went into Emerson Hall. On its third floor, amid a dusty warren of small rooms piled with papers, was Riesman's office. He turned out to be a bespectacled man who seemed at first a little like a family doctor, with a friendly smile and eyes that were keen and serious. When we were settled, and I had asked him about dropouts, he leaned back in his chair and looked over his hands, which were clasped before him, at the floor.

"I would expect dropouts wherever there is a spirit of probing intellectualism in addition to a traditional academic outlook, if you follow me. Places like Antioch and Bennington, with their outside work programs, build leaving into the college program. Still, Harvard's policy is quite benign. The administration—the deans, the tutors, your friend Perry—fight a running rear-guard action for the boys against the professors. As the academic pressure rises, the need to maintain a feeling of adequacy as a boy or girl becomes more insistent, demands more outlets—music, drama, a love affair. But the girls don't drop out as much. Why? Well, for one thing, the Radcliffe girl seems never, in spite of Harvard academic pressure, to be made to feel she's not a woman. The boys establish for her that she's a woman. Boys, though, have to go out into the world to establish their manhood."

I asked whether he thought that many Harvard undergraduates retained their traditional gentleman's indifference to academic attainments.

"Before the war, Harvard gave a student a choice of being either a hacker—a straight-C man—or a grind," he said.

"The prep-school boys were on top, and the high-school boys were supposed to conform to their setup. Since then, Harvard has been tipped to the academic. 'Tipped' is a real-estate word adapted to sociology. Say a few Negroes move into a white neighborhood, and then a few more. There comes a point, while their numbers are still comparatively small, when nevertheless the whole neighborhood shifts over in just a short time and becomes a Negro neighborhood. Well, Harvard has been tipped, and now the prep-school boys are supposed to adapt, too."

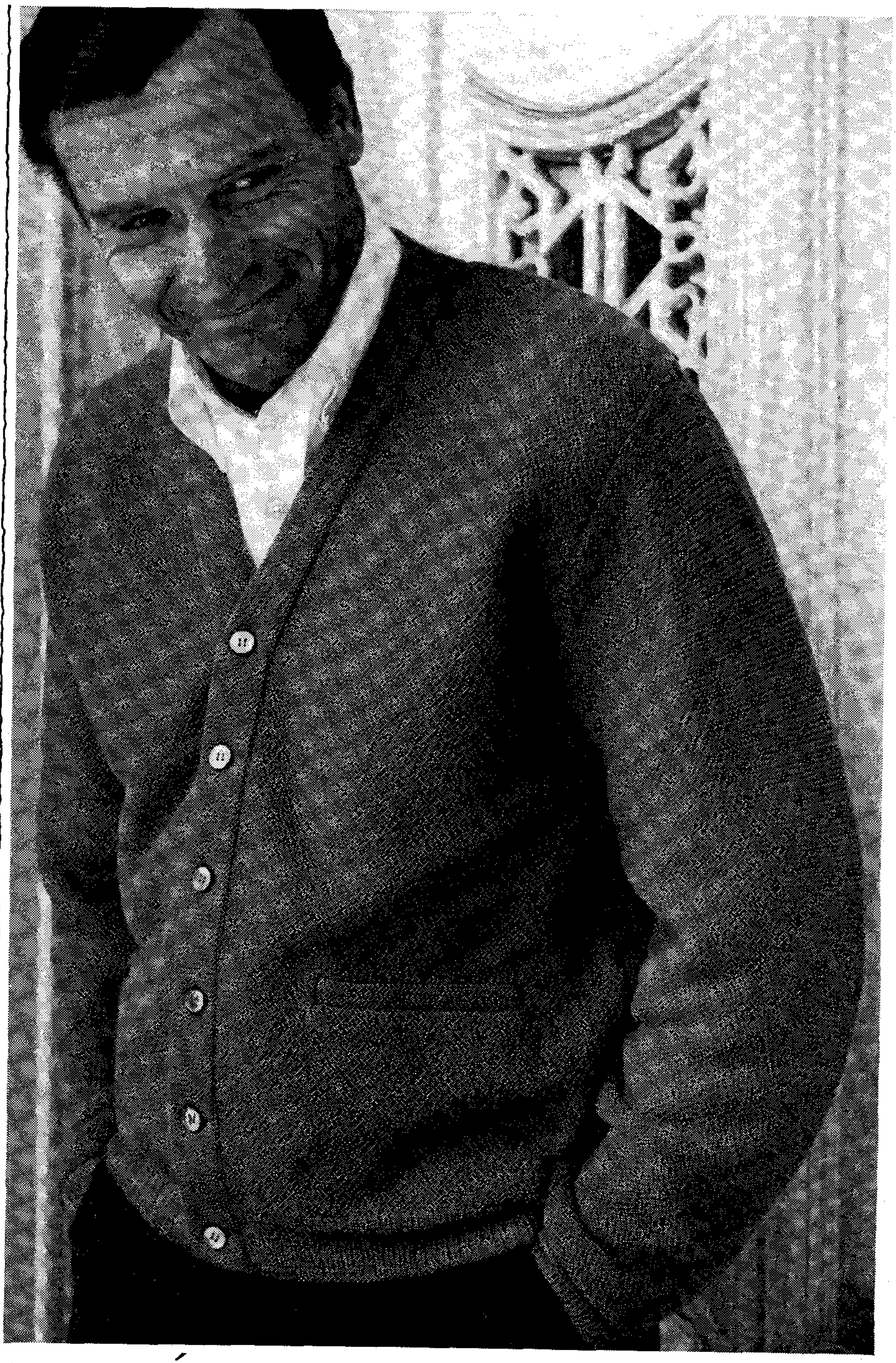
After we had talked some more, I thanked Mr. Riesman, hurried downstairs, and started for Brattle Street, where I was to have dinner with a friend, an older woman who had lived in Cambridge for quite a few years and had always known a great deal more of what was going on on the faculty side than I ever had. When I told her about my research into dropouts, she was much interested, and, like everyone else I had talked with in Cambridge, seemed to feel that she had a particular stake in the subject. She said she was furious at the two sons of some very close friends of hers, who had dropped out of good colleges and were having a wonderful time doing nothing, and worrying their parents almost to death. The parents, who were well off, had, she said, "given them every advantage, and now they're acting like a couple of spoiled brats."

I said that, to judge by my own observations, a lot of dropouts might be boys whose parents had "given them every advantage" whether the children liked it or not.

She replied that there might be something to that, but that she didn't think extreme permissiveness worked, either. She mentioned some other friends, who had never forced anything on their son, and had let him go to Dartmouth in spite of the fact that they had very much wanted him to go to Harvard. But recently, when he had announced his intention of marrying a woman a number of years his senior, who was divorced and the mother of a child, they had objected, even though she was a friend of the family. He had thereupon turned on them and said, "You've never given me any *direction*."

I made a mental note to find out what Perry had to say about spoiling and permissiveness.

I walked back to my lodgings down Brattle Street, a quiet, leafy thoroughfare lined with immense old elms, through which the street lights now shone, and with large old houses, in



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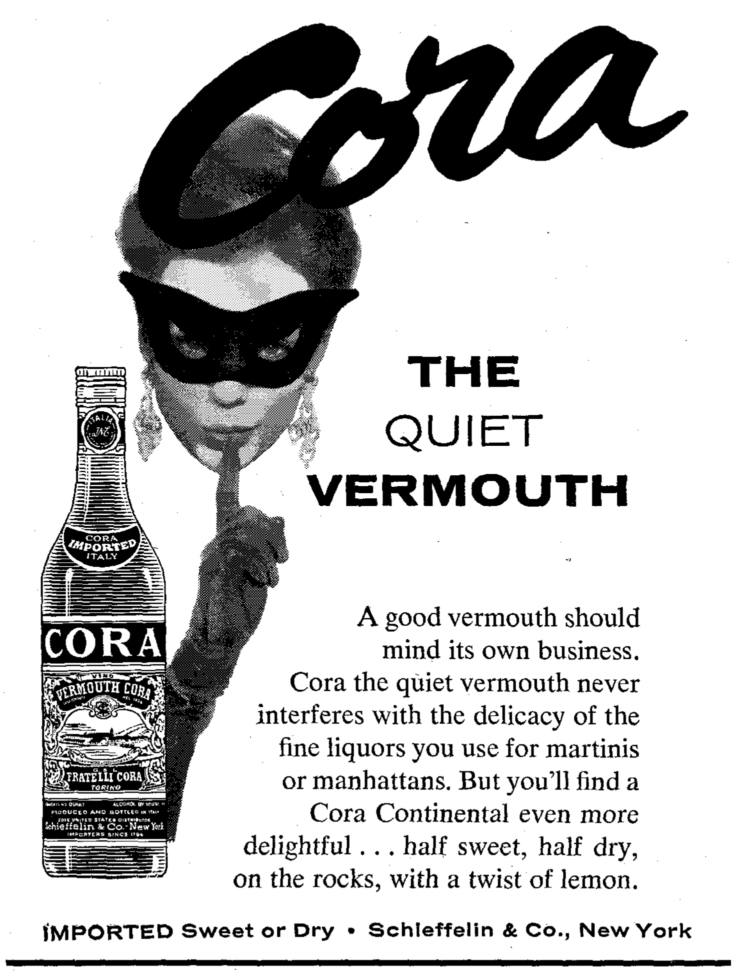
many of which live faculty members and their families. Now, at ten o'clock, it was almost totally dark and quiet as I passed by the Armenian church, Longfellow's house, and the new Harvard theatre, into the Square.

THE following morning, I was accompanied to the psychiatric seminar at the Health Center by Roderic Hodgins, one of Perry's assistants at the Bureau of Study Counsel, which regularly sends representatives to such meetings. Although, in characteristic Harvard fashion, relations among the Bureau of Study Counsel, the Health Center, and the deans' offices are kept on a fairly informal plane, the chief of the Health Center's psychiatric staff, Dr. Gaylord Coon, serves as consultant to the Bureau of Study Counsel and regularly attends its meetings, and both William Perry and Dr. Coon often sit in on Administrative Board meetings. Doctors, deans, tutors, and study counsellors refer students among each other as they think befits the students' needs. The faculty is still reluctant to pass all of its advice-giving function over to professionals in psychology and psychiatry. "Medical men who set out to tell the professors what's what miss the educational point every time," one faculty member had told me.

Across the hall from Dr. Farnsworth's office, we entered a room containing a long, oval conference table; the outer wall was one big window, curtained off against the glare. At one end of the table stood an easel bearing a sheet of paper with three headings written large across the top of it: "Predisposition," "Diagnosis," "Rx." Several men were already in the room, and more continued to come in, until there were twenty or more and some had to stand against the walls. After there had been some discussion of the difficulty of predicting who would drop out and who wouldn't, Dr. Graham Blaine, Jr., a psychiatrist who was to present a case history that day, asked the opinion of a colleague named Dr. Armand Nicholi, who was evidently making a comprehensive study of dropouts.

Dr. Nicholi said, "There were fourteen hundred dropouts in the five years 1955 through 1960; broadly, they could be defined more as people suffering from character disorders—who handle conflicts by trying to manipulate the people or situations around them—than as psychotic or neurotic people, who feel that the fault is in themselves and that they must change."

While I was trying to grasp this,



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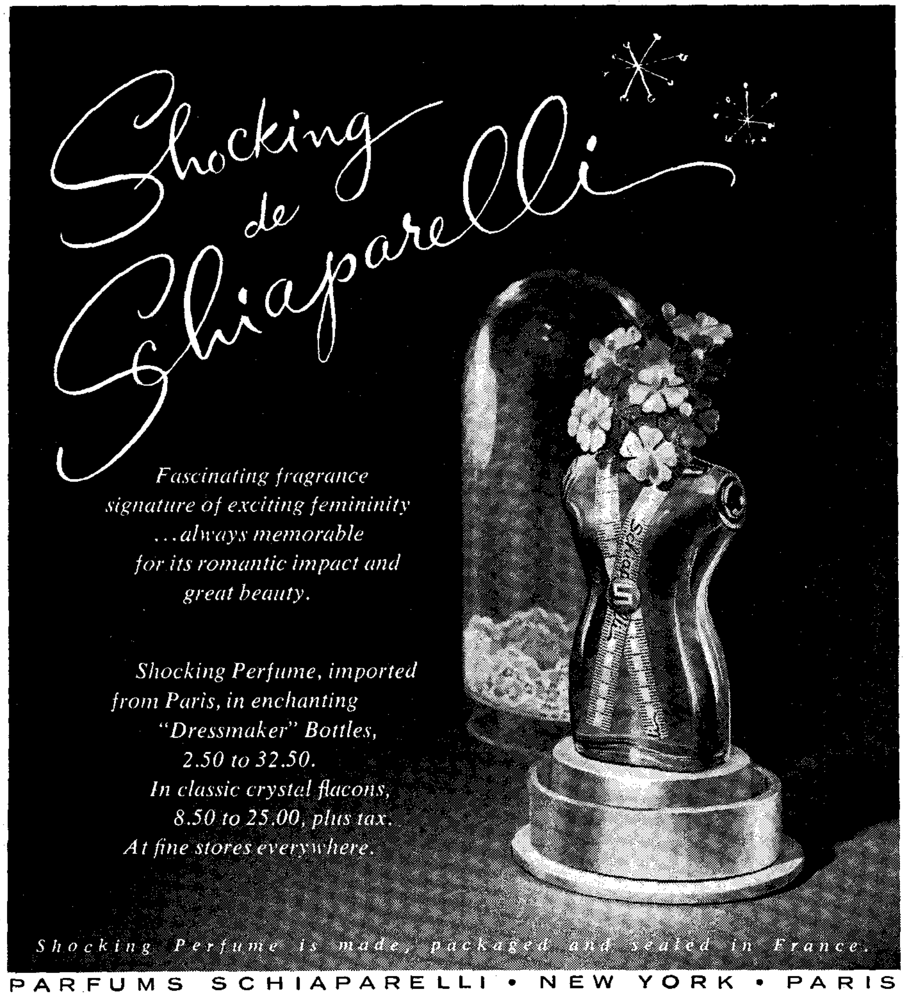

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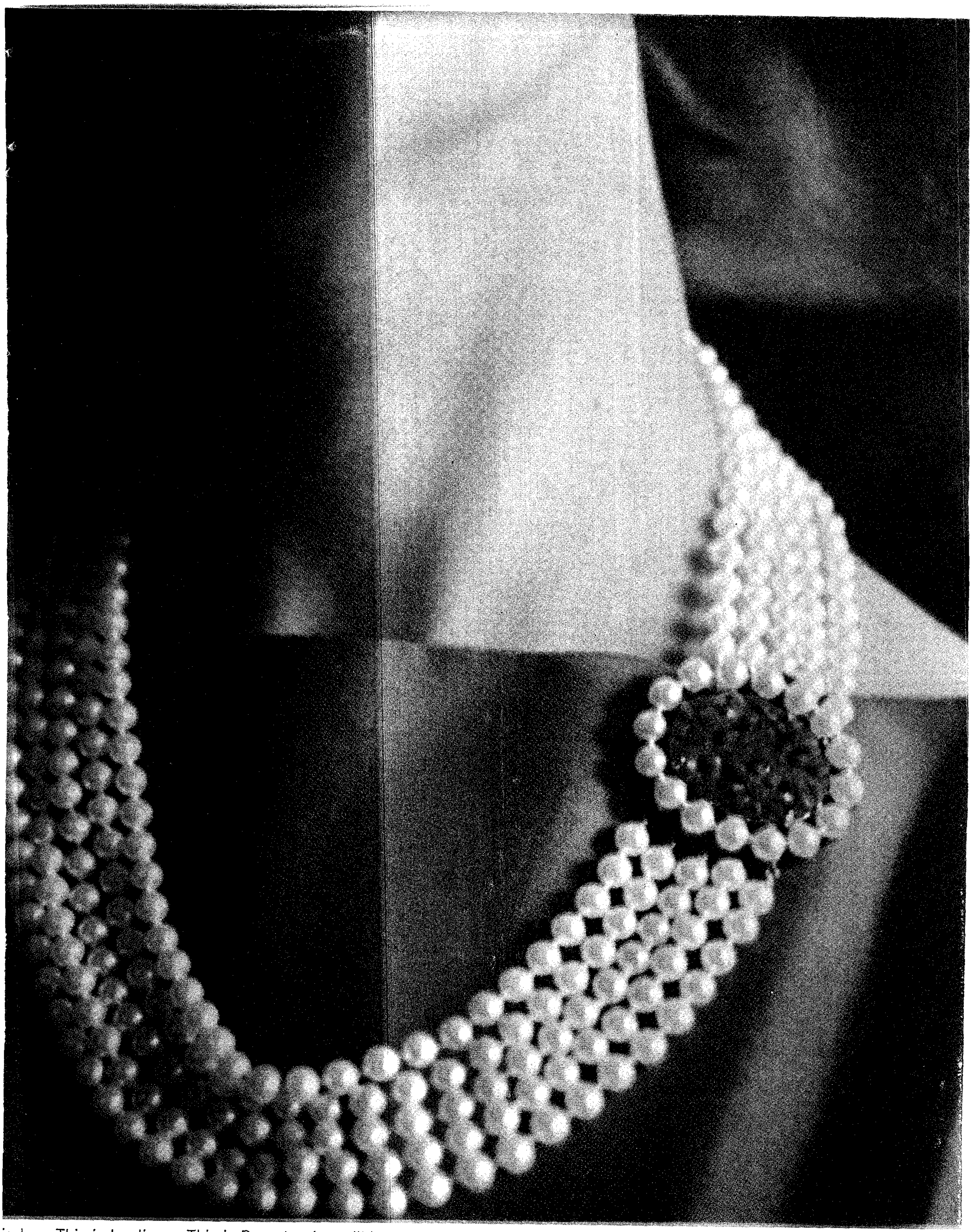

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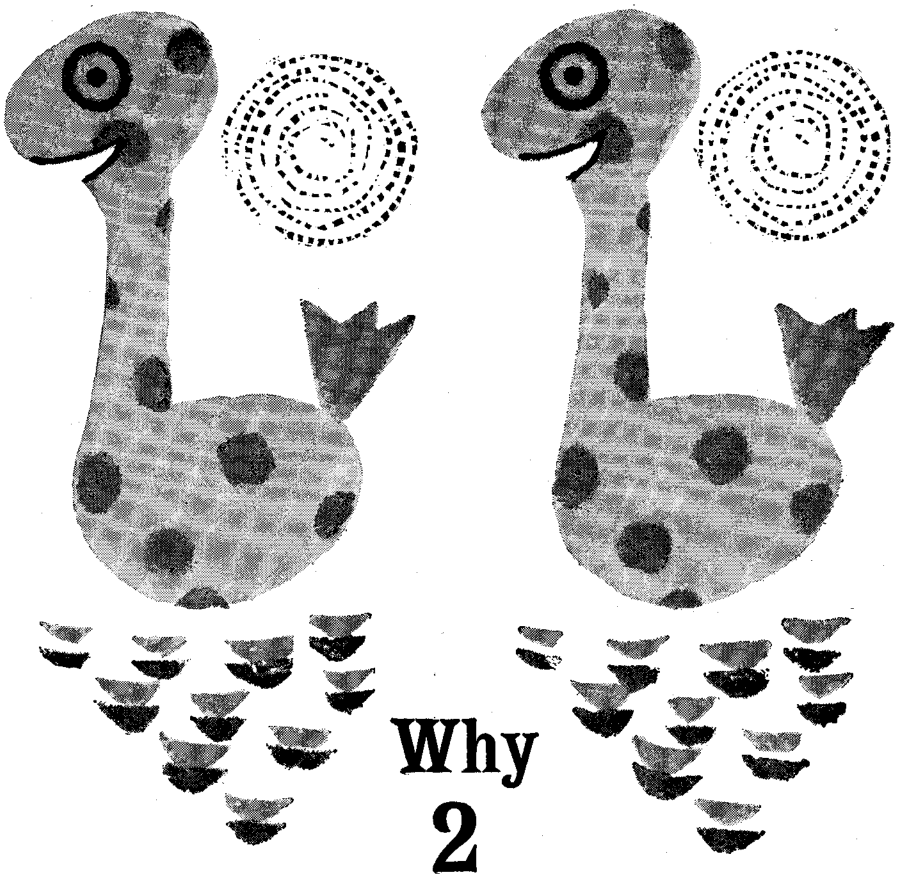
Dr. Blaine began presenting his case history, which concerned an average student who had dropped out when he felt he was getting no benefit from his courses, had gone to work on a dude ranch, then had returned to Harvard, and had later become a Rhodes Scholar.

When the presentation was completed, a young doctor remarked, "The dropouts like this fellow, who get away from home and do something in a fairly regular and professional way, fare best. I don't think the Army can be an effective vehicle for rehabilitating college students, though. Those two years are pretty dull."

"Many of these fellows are hit with a sudden reduction of interest," said Dr. Coon, a short man with streaky gray hair. "They quit going to classes and start spending their time on trivial things. A lot of them will describe a certain wistfulness and loneliness; they seek out companions and keep *them* from studying, and eventually demolish themselves in this unspectacular way. Usually, only the coming of exams routs them out, and they run and tell someone. They don't run worried—or they're worried because they're not worried. If they're angry, it's so deeply buried there's not a ripple on the surface; you can't get a rise out of them. One wonders if they're not just fed up with having everybody cheer them on—with working hard to please others rather than themselves. When they come back, after a year or two, they do all right, because they're back on their own terms."

"I have a general theory I'd like to propose," a man who had been identified for me as Dr. Charles McArthur, a psychologist, said slowly. "If we had the kind of information we'd like to get on a boy before college, we'd be able to answer the question 'What business is this boy transacting with life *now?*' Is he someone who acts as though he thought, 'If I behave badly enough, maybe my family will love me at last?' The opposite kind of person—who thinks, 'If I wag my tail enough, someone will love me'—probably would not drop out. We'd have a different set of predictions if the theme in a man's life was being served at Harvard from what we would if it was not being served. Only rarely does Harvard help *develop* anyone's world view—that's one reason for dropping out. Harvard doesn't give you a platform to stand on."

"This is a real failure," a colleague said. "People are saying how important commitment is, and a boy majors in phi-



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losophy and gets fooled. '*Weltanschauung*' is a cliché here."

"Well, what would they do with a world view if they found it?" an older doctor asked, a little impatiently. "One goes through lots of them in a lifetime."

The seminar ended a few minutes later, and I crossed Holyoke Street to Elsie's for a sandwich. As I left the counter, I heard my name being called, and I saw a fellow I'd met in New York while he was taking a year off—a tall, blond boy, who was now a junior. I asked how his leave had gone, and he said not very well, because he hadn't been able to go whole hog and get entirely off on his own. For a while, he lived with relatives on Gramercy Park and looked for an apartment on the lower East Side, but he had never found the apartment, and parents and other relatives had kept descending on him. "Now that I'm back, I think I'm getting more involved in the work than I used to," he said. "But I had a great dream the other night. I was playing the saxophone in the Village and going to night school."

After lunch, I walked over to Dudley House to see Delmar Leighton, the retired Dean of the College, who is now housemaster of Dudley. He is white-haired and bespectacled, with a friendly, avuncular smile and an air of kindness. His office, which has something of the atmosphere of a Victorian men's club, with heavy leather chairs and dark curtains, carpets, and panelling, looks across to the Health Center.

"When the people at University Hall told me you were coming, I went over there and spent an afternoon looking up some reports I made when I was Dean," Mr. Leighton said, producing a batch of notes he'd taken. "We'd go over applications for readmission and, in our wisdom, decide if the men we'd fired were ready to come back. I wondered how these fellows turned out, and I made this study. More statistics to put in the files for no one to read. The study covered the men readmitted in four different Septembers, and on the basis of it I concluded that around seventy per cent of readmissions were successful, whether they were post-Second World War, post-Korean War, or whatever. As for the unsuccessful thirty per cent, it's my firm conviction that it's silly for some fellows to come back. I understand from my friends who ride horses that if you're thrown from a horse you're under some kind of *moral* obligation to get back on. That may be fine for horseback riding. But I'm not persuaded of the universality of it as a principle for guiding a person in

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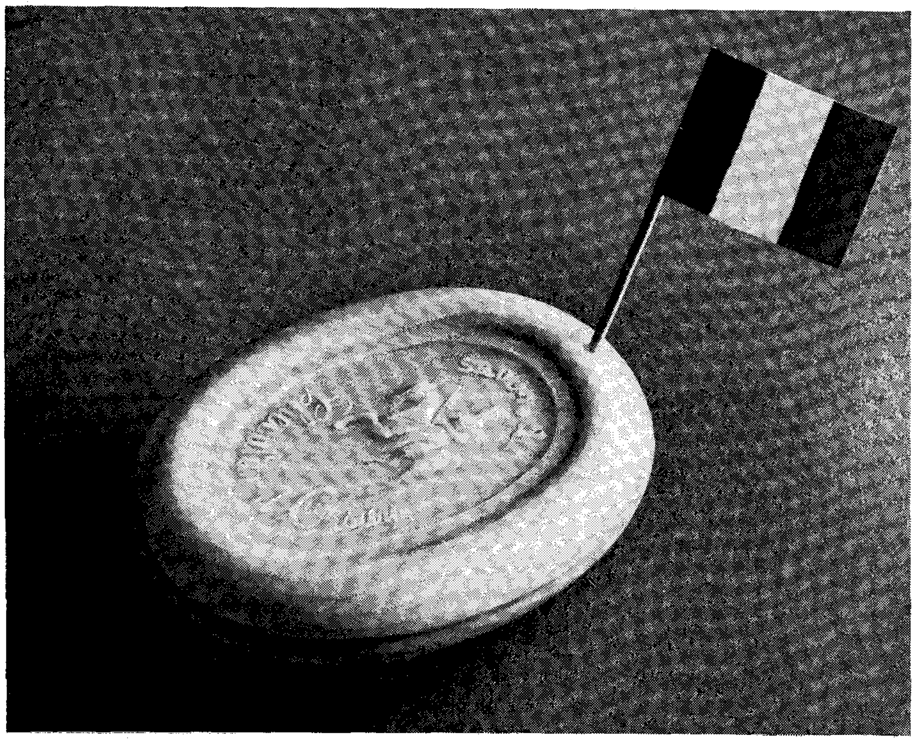

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life. By the way, were you ever fired?"

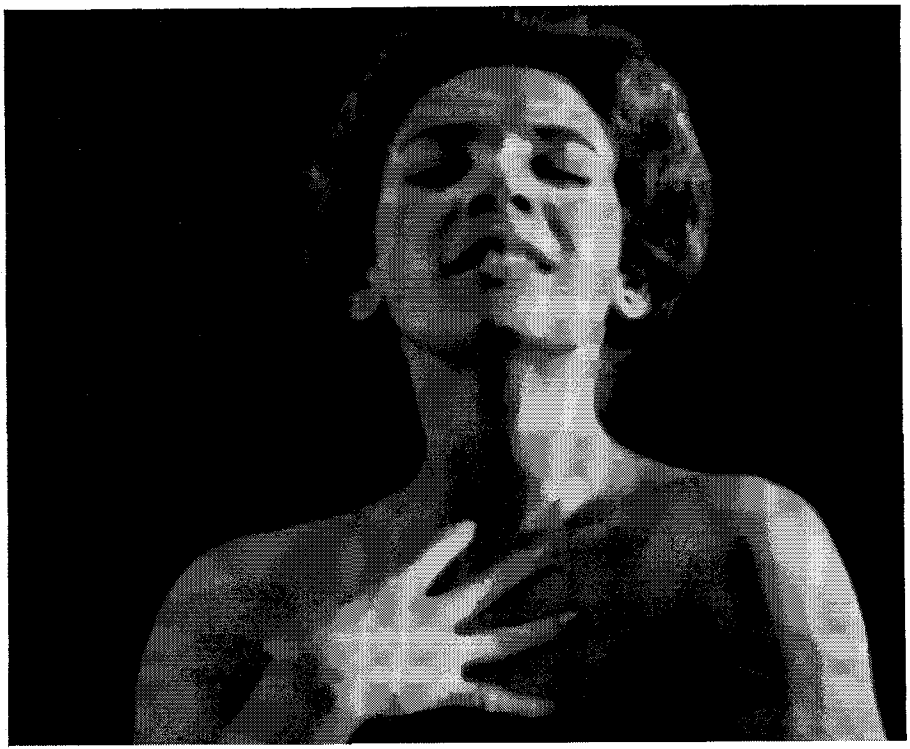
I said no.

"Well, that's too bad. I maintain a college education doesn't begin until you have been."

THE next morning, I had a final appointment with Perry. First I told him about my conversation with my Brattle Street hostess. Quite a few people I'd met outside of college seemed to think that dropouts were spoiled kids, and I suggested to Perry that dropping out might be the spoiled kid's way of doing something on his own.

"Spoiling," Perry said slowly, "is not giving a child too many things he wants. Spoiling is giving a child too many things *we* want, and not letting him have something he very desperately wants, which is challenge. I had a young woman in here this year who was doing graduate work in education and as part of her curriculum was also teaching French in a secondary school, where she was having one hell of a time. She didn't want her students to study vocabulary purely out of a fear that she would quiz them, so she gave no quizzes and tried to make the lessons interesting and to show how important they were to what came later. She wanted everyone to *like* French. She got nowhere, and the class was as unhappy as she was. But then she got fed up and became what she considered very strict, and the grades *and* the morale improved. Because, you see, saying 'Do this whether you like it or not' is really being permissive about feelings, though not about actions. You don't have to like it, but you're not feeling guilty about not feeling what you're supposed to feel. Now, about your friend's boy who married the older girl. What he was saying to his parents really was 'You always hid from me. You never let me know what you felt.' *That's* not permissive. Spoiling doesn't worry me much. Courage and competence and the ability to meet a challenge are the matters that concern us here. Psychology has too much neglected these areas, and looked too narrowly at fear and frustration and the need for security. When a student comes in to see me in what seems to him pretty shameful trouble, he may feel that the mere fact of his coming in is a failure of strength and courage. What we try to do is help him discover his strength and realize that the trouble may come not from lack of courage but from its misdirection or from its being split into two allegiances and fighting itself."

Perry opened a drawer of his desk and drew out a folder. "Now, here's this



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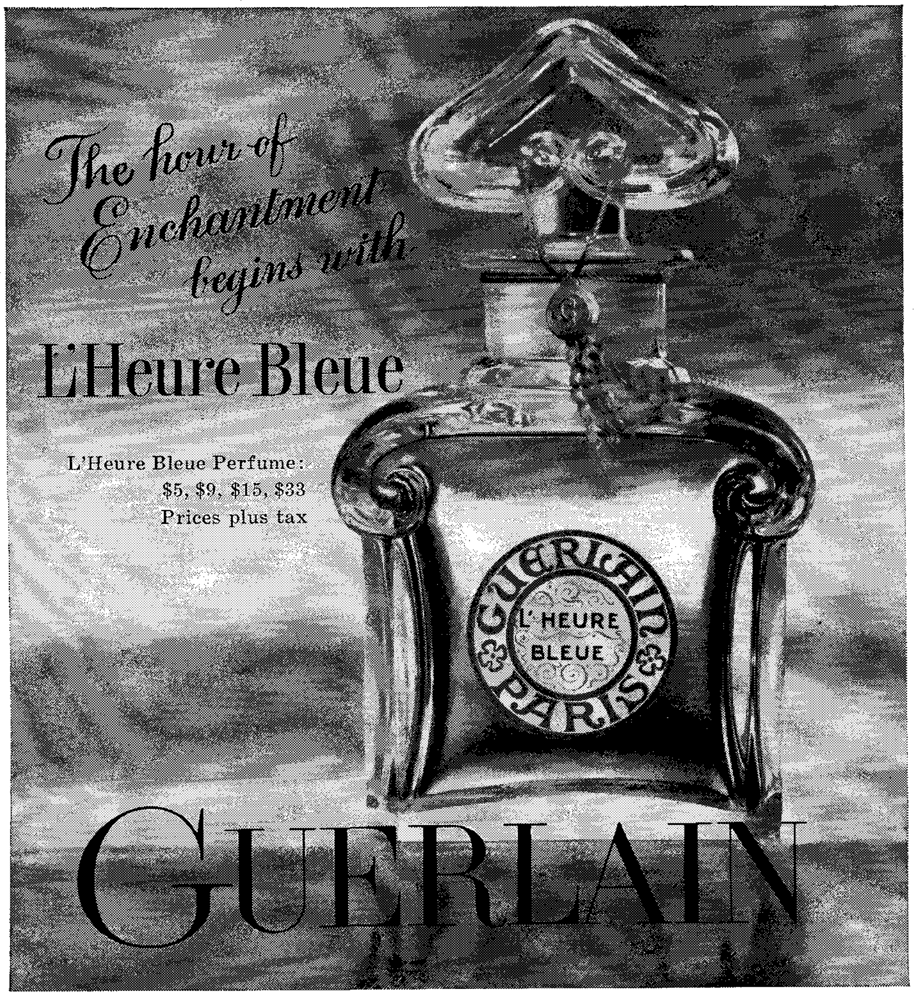
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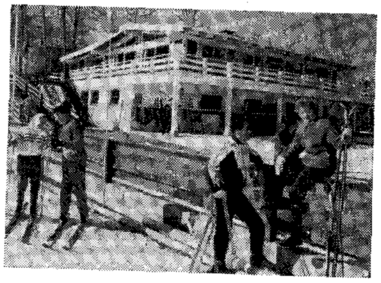

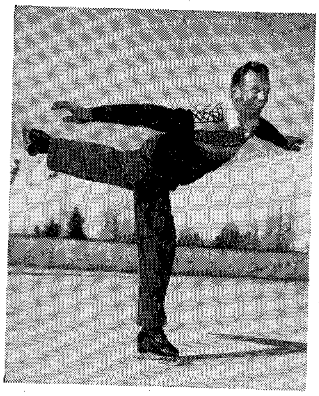

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record I promised to show you of my talks with a student. It may help to illustrate what I mean. I'll read it to you, and perhaps throw in a few additional comments of my own. Of course, I'm always uncomfortable about such things. Not for the student—I have his permission, and heaven knows I've disguised him beyond anyone's recognition—but just because when you've worked with someone hard, any 'summary' seems to rob him of so much particularity. Anyway, I couldn't make him 'typical,' whatever that may be, so here you are:

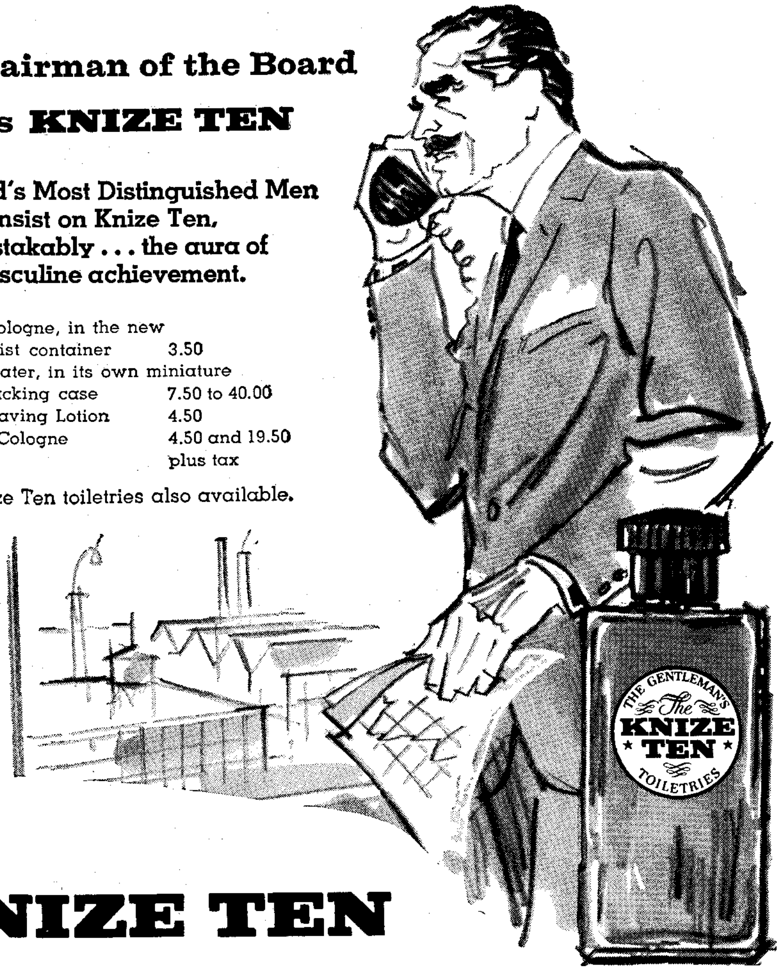
"Carl Engstrom made an appointment to talk with me in late March of his sophomore year. Our secretary noted, 'Says coming is his own idea, "with the relieved concurrence of the senior tutor." Concern: "Why I'm not really going to Harvard." Pleasant grin. Unshaven, humorous, looks tired. Seems very mature and very young at same time.' His record card told me that he was born in New York City, was nearing his nineteenth birthday, and had stood second in his class of two hundred and eighty-three at a Philadelphia high school, where his grades were all in the 90s. College Board scores around 700. Father's college, Harvard. Father deceased. Scholarship, eight hundred dollars. Probable field of concentration, government. Predicted grades, A's and B's. He had taken courses in both physics and mathematics in his freshman year and had ranked in Group II—two A's and two B's. His midyear record in his sophomore year contained one B, two C-minuses, and a D-plus.

"When I met Carl in the waiting room next day, he was still unshaven but erect and businesslike. When we had settled down in my office, he said, 'Well, I thought I'd come and see what you people thought about this year-out business. Do you find that it does any good?'

"I experienced the quandary usual to me when I am asked this sensible question. The inquiry is reasonable, and it is the polite address of the young man to the experienced adviser. But it's a long way from the job at hand—it's even the enemy of it. If I gave a speech about dropping out, we'd be stuck in the wrong forms, and besides, he'd have heard it before.

" 'It's O.K.,' I said. 'But how are *you*?'

"He grinned at me and slumped in his chair, looking relieved. 'Not so hot, I guess. I seem to have substituted bridge for Harvard. You've seen my record, I guess.' He paused. 'Somehow I wasn't



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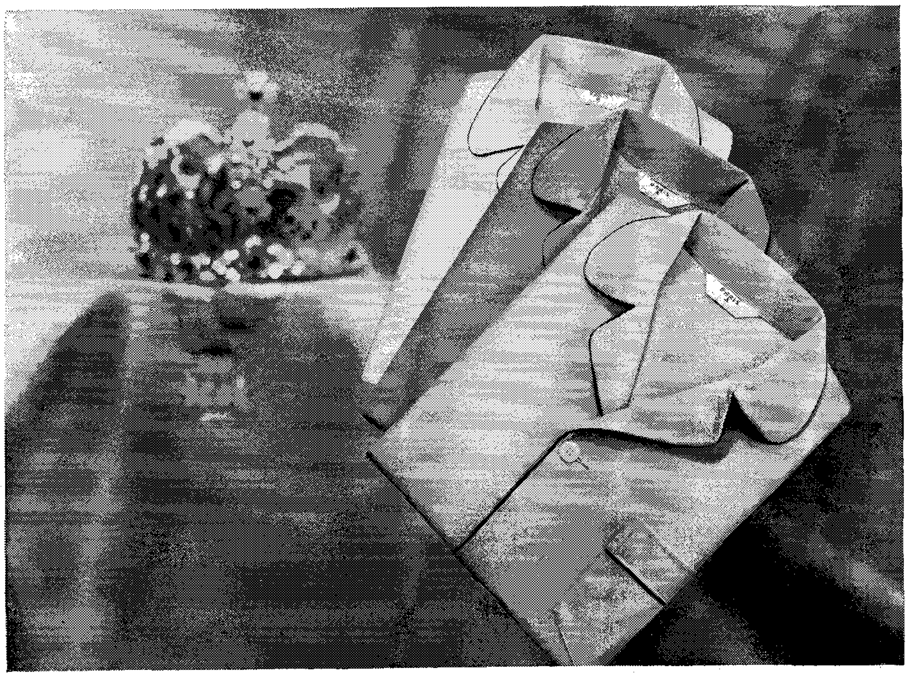

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very keen about coming back this fall, but I started out O.K., studied hard. But I didn't seem to be learning much. I got a C on an hour exam, and that did it. I guess I just quit, somehow. Didn't go to classes for a week and then was too embarrassed to go back. Stayed up nights for a week cramming for midyears—got miserable grades, despite a miracle of a B in Math 105. I promised myself I'd reform, make a schedule—didn't keep it, same old stuff. Here I am. I sack out until two in the afternoons, go to my dorm-crew job, take in a movie, and play bridge until 4 A.M. Pretty crummy. I hold a scholarship. My mother works to educate us. I've a younger brother coming on who looks to me for everything, and I can't even get myself to worry about it.' He looked out the window and then looked me straight in the eye. 'Contemptible, really.'

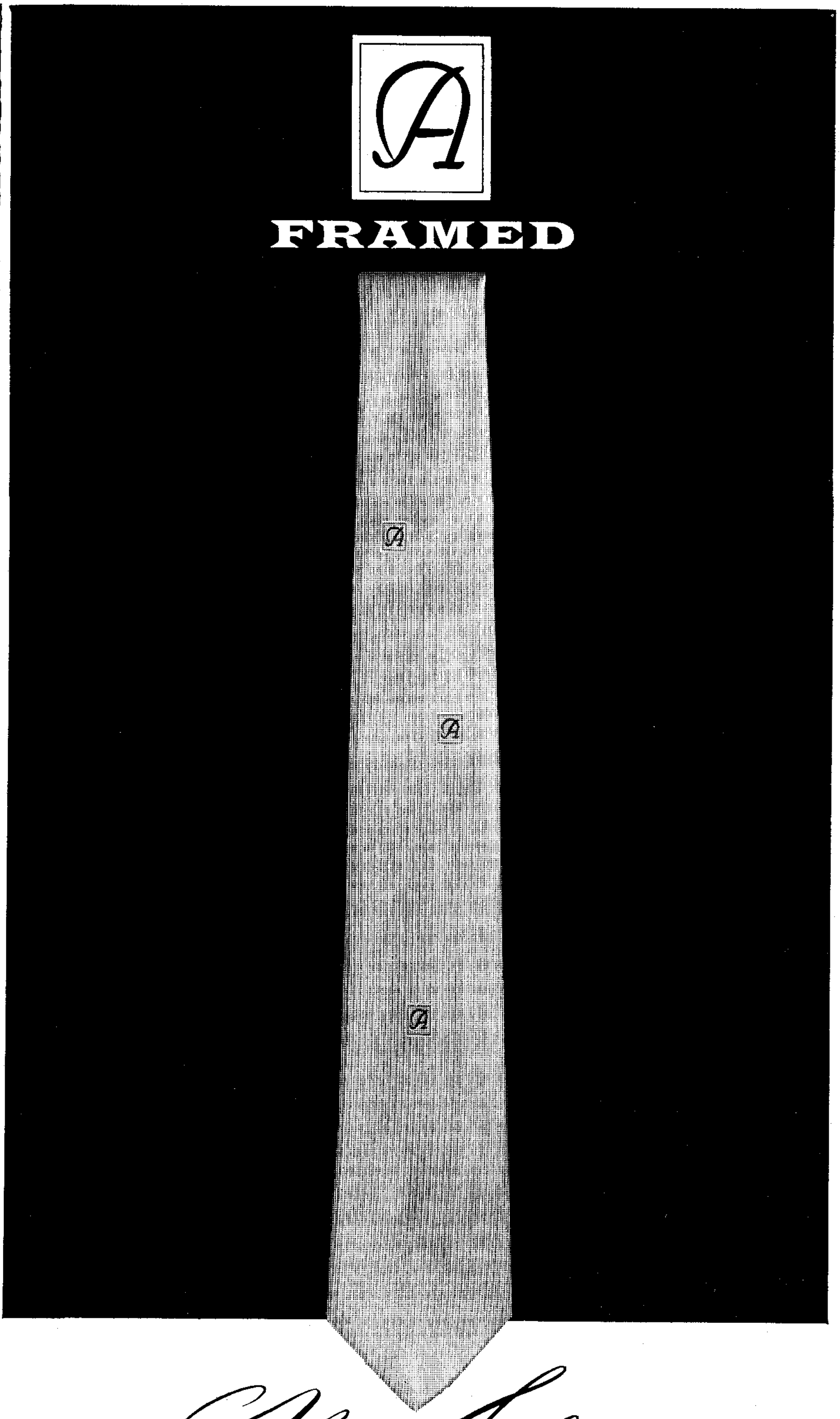
"He went on. 'I don't know why I'm saying all this to you. What are you supposed to do? It must be up to me, after all. It's a simple matter of will power, isn't it? Or character or something?'

"I tried to catch his feeling about what he was saying, to imagine myself in his place for a moment. 'You look at yourself now,' I said, 'and I take it that, to put it mildly, you don't like what you see. You feel appalled, and hopeless about it, almost.'

"'I sure ought to be disgusted,' Carl said, and grimaced. 'I don't know. I was never like this before. Even my clothes—' He gestured at his dirty jeans. 'Beatnik yet—the pillar of my high-school class.' He looked out the window, and I was glad he did not bother to smile. 'I've been a model for six years, and thought I liked it and was settled into it. Head of the family and all. Hell, I did like it, or at least I liked all the honor and respect I got, from the school, from Mother and Jim. Boy, if they knew I gamble every night—and *win!*' He glanced at me with a grin, and color showed under his stubble. 'Pretty reprehensible! Well, it is, really, that's the trouble—and the worst of it is that though I pretend not to, I suspect I feel proud of it . . . somewhere . . .'

"That he could move from self-contempt to a suspicion of pride in ten minutes gave me heart. Carl might have a lot of hard work to do, and it might not all go this fast. As it was, we didn't get far in that first talk—only far enough so that Carl felt that it might be worthwhile to come back and talk some more.

"He came back regularly in the next few weeks, finding a new expression for



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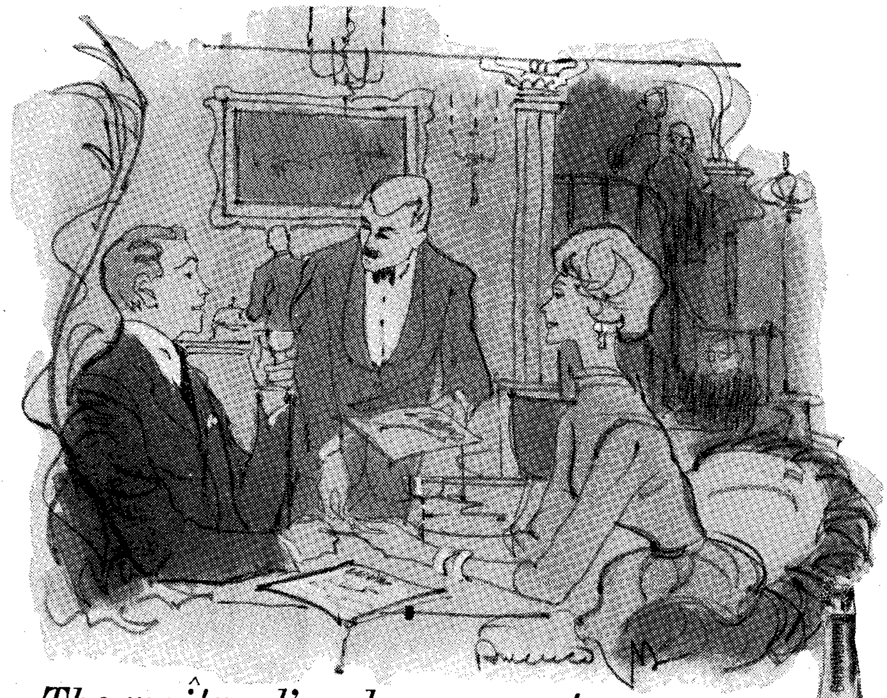
his courage in daring to learn the truth about himself. Not that he would ever learn the whole truth; no one does. And, of course, the truth started changing as he learned it. All he wanted, he said, was enough to let him feel in charge and responsible to himself, whoever he turned out to be.

"From his sudden assumption of maturity at the time of his father's death—he'd worn his father's suits to school—he traced the development of what he called 'my official self.' Capable, sensitive, and engaging, he had even made his peers like him while he became in spirit a member of the adult world, a part of the administration of the school. He left play and revolt to others—especially to his younger brother, whose adolescent shenanigans he indulged. For his one recreation, he wrestled, and he always fought savagely to pin—never to win by the slow accumulation of points. In his freshman year at Harvard, he had continued to play his formal role, but the rewards were gone. No faculty made him one of them, no community made him its leader, no mother relied on him, no brother adored. After his return as a sophomore, he could no longer concentrate, and sat for hours before his books, remembering nothing. The C on the hour exam coincided with a sudden defeat in wrestling, and he never went back to classes or to the mat.

"At first, he saw his turning to bridge and gambling as pure revolt. Then, gradually, he saw that even here he was playing a role, a model of 'the cool' in a different society. He affected ease, but played carefully, insisting that the stakes be kept low so as not to kill the source of golden eggs. He had preserved the image of his imperturbability even in regard to studies, and had carefully hidden from everyone his desperate efforts before exams.

"The discovery—and rejection—of this new false identity brought despair. He felt he was no one now, really—just empty and trapped. From this emptiness, he rose gradually on a wave of anger. He was all fury—toward the world, toward the college, toward school, toward me; toward himself for wasting six years of boyhood, toward his brother for having all the fun, toward his mother for praising his earlier self-betrayal, and toward his girl for counting on his success. He was daily on the verge of leaving college abruptly to join a gang of hoodlums he knew in Philadelphia and make up in one year for six years of overresponsibility. He prowled the streets at night hoping that



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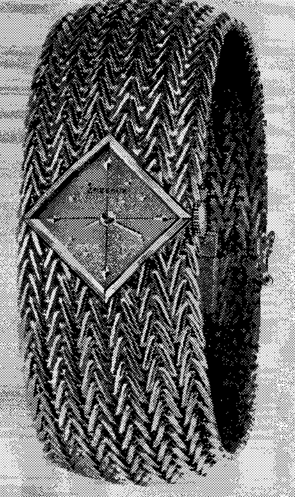

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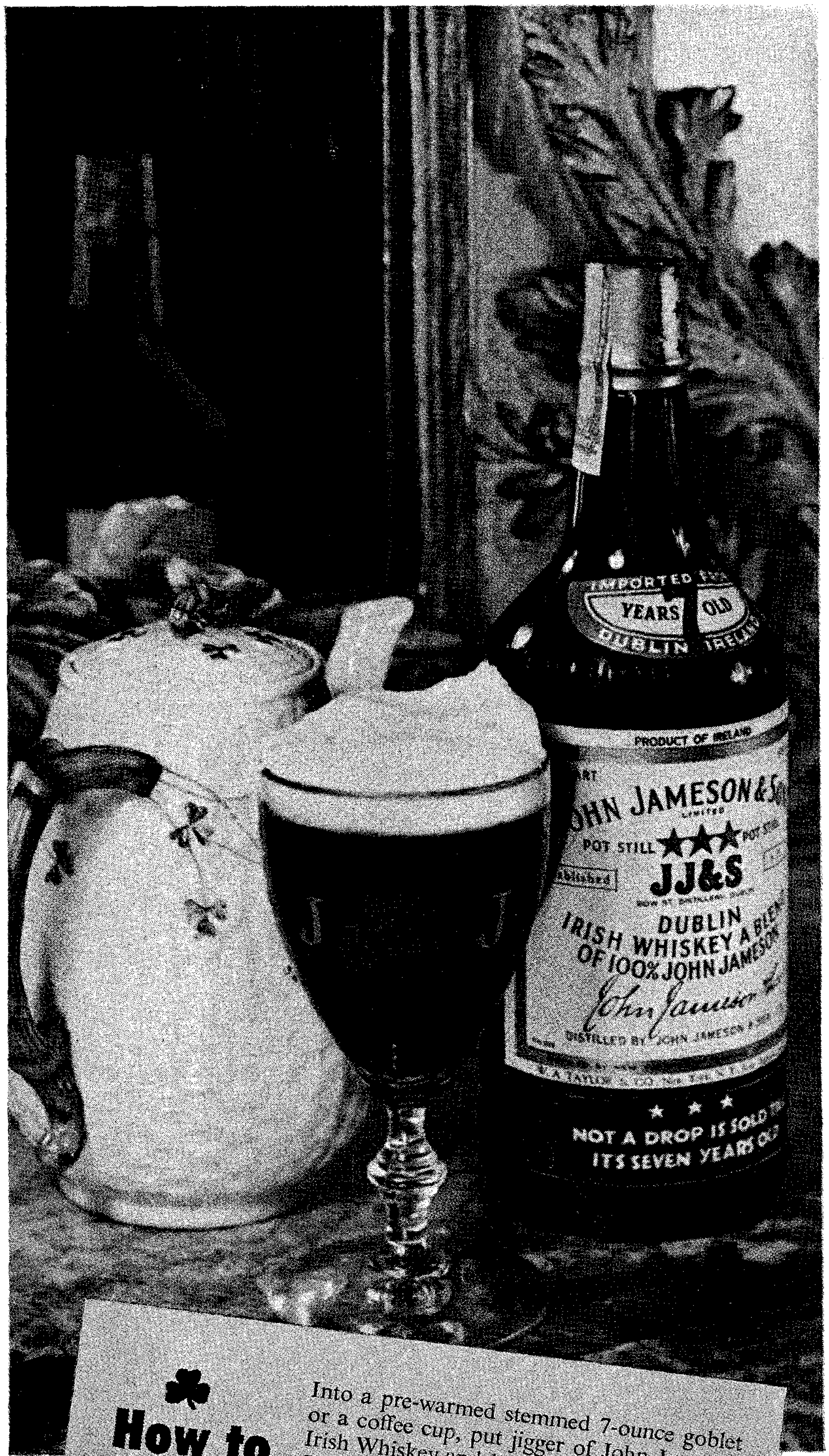
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How to make IRISH COFFEE

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toughs would pick a fight with him.

"Then, one day, in sheer weariness, he let himself—and me—know that he was furious, too, with his father, for having died on him, for having deserted him. His rage fell to pieces in what seemed like guilt and grief. He could hardly speak.

" 'You've been saying'—I tried to put it together—'that here you've been feeling so right and so angry these days, and now even your anger seems wrong, and you're guilty even in that?'

" 'Yeah,' he said. He was looking at the floor, and I knew by his voice that I had missed the point, or caught only a minor part of it, and that he felt utterly alone. We sat in silence. He had been twisting a metal ball-point pen, but now it hung listlessly from his hand as his elbows rested on his knees. His head was down. Then, without moving a muscle in the rest of his body, he broke the pen like a match and let it fall to the floor. Finally, in a voice I could hardly hear, he said slowly, 'It's worse than guilt. Or *I'm* worse than guilt, or something. I've been guilty before. That's nothing. . . . This is black . . .' Then, with a terrible bitterness, 'How're things where *you* live?'

"At least part of him knew I was within reach. It was a connection, and together we groped until we found a word for his purgatory. No one word could do it, but one did help: 'shame.' All his schoolboy conformity seemed to him like an empty pretense that he could belong in a decent world. After all, he had no way of knowing that anyone else had ever felt a parent's death as an abandonment—that such a feeling was human. When he found at last that he could put into words his deep sense of isolation in his shame, he began day by day to discover his strength and to feel his right to it. He found he could forgive himself, his father ('As if *he* needed forgiveness!'), and the world. He could accept the fact that the prior six years were irrevocable, that they even held some good. 'Maybe that young kid I was put on a good show. After all, he was mighty scared.' He went back to his classes and finished the year, if not single-mindedly, at least creditably in his own eyes.

"The thought came to him in May that he should enlist in the Army and get his service out of the way—a prospect of which he had long been secretly afraid. His humor returned with the thought that as a G.I. he could indeed be irresponsible, gripe, and buck the system awhile, instead of being part of it. And join he did.

"He was back two years later, look-

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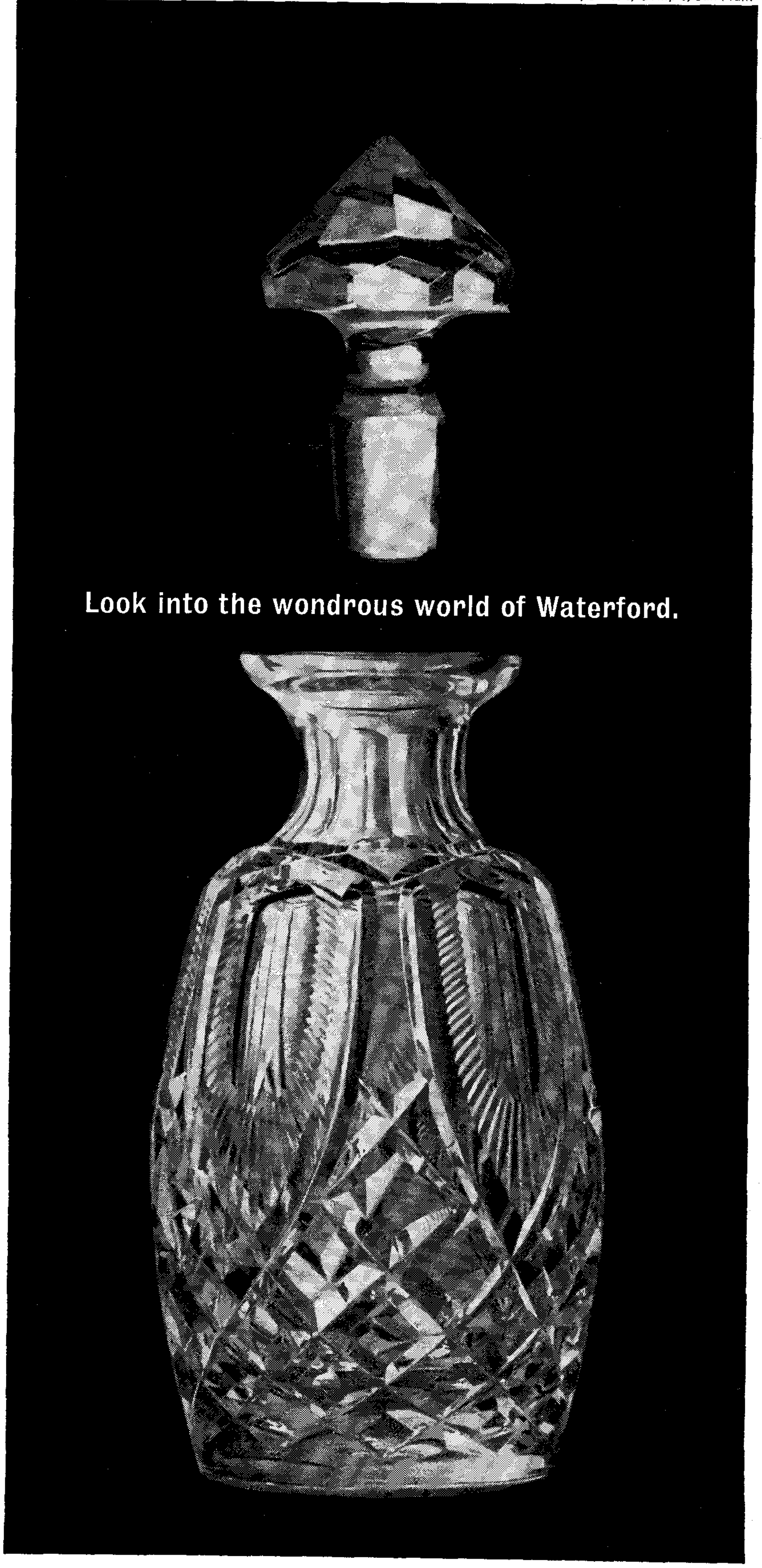

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ing just fine. He had griped to his heart's content and found himself to be, he said, not a bad person—no angel, but with some fundamental commitment to decency. He could live with himself. What he wanted now was his college education. We congratulated each other. After one month back in Cambridge, he was totally bogged down.

"He chanced to meet me on the street, told me the news, and said, in some embarrassment, that he would come to see me. But when he arrived, next day, he was unaccountably cheerful. He wryly told me how, after our encounter, he had decided that it was ridiculous for him to have been embarrassed, and how this had led him to wonder just who he was trying to be now, anyway. Excitedly, he realized that he had fallen right into the same old pattern. Now that he had had his fling, now that he was, in fact, a man, he had felt he must become a model again—a model college student—if not to others, at least to himself. Almost his boyhood memory of his father again. As a consequence, he had been holding himself to the letter of every assignment and to every letter of every word in every book. He had denied himself the use of his own head. That very night, having discovered this, he had done three assignments in the time he had been taking to do one. He was on his way again. 'I'm getting pretty sharp at the counselling game myself,' he said, 'but I'll be back if I need another ear.'

"Carl graduated with honors in English. He dropped in the other day with a wife, looking just fine. I shan't tell you what he's doing now, since I'm running out of disguises."

Perry put his folder of notes down on his desk. "You might say that Carl's was a special case. That's what makes him typical, if you see what I mean. They all are. Not every student has lost a parent, but most have felt as strongly about something by the time they're twelve, let alone eighteen. What's most important to me is seeing them learn to make decisions from the inside rather than the outside. It's not important whether they leave or not. The very decision to leave, if it's really their own decision, may remove the reason for leaving. I have to remind myself that I really do not know whether one or the other is better, or even whether the student 'should' make a decision. The man's own discovery that all the pros and cons and reasons in the world won't completely justify a decision to stay or to leave is a real shock to him. For the first time, perhaps, he sees that there can be a road not taken, and it's an appalling thing, because when we're young and looking only ahead, we are the person who *can* be doctor, lawyer—all those things. The realization that we're *not* going to be all of them is terribly important, and we can't relieve ourselves of the responsibility for such decisions by pretending that only one decision can be 'right.'

"Until very recently, the young could find safety in the social system or strength in fighting it. But after the last thirty years it should be clear to an adult that he usually has no firm basis for telling a young man what is best. How can we tell a man now whether to take his military training early or late? The one support an older man can give a younger man nowadays is recognition of him as a man facing his own world in his own time. And he finally does this when he dares to see that it's equally irrelevant to follow advice or to fight it, when he dares to see that his real choice is not, say, whether or not to take a leave but whether to rely, after all the talk, on someone's advice or on his own well-considered instinct. Then the counsellor says, 'Yes, you're this much on your own.' "

Outside the damp coolness of the old building in which we sat there was bright sunshine. I felt that the problem that had become so complex as I pursued it was simple once more.

—William Wertenbaker

•

Closter—Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson of 16 Prospect Avenue, Haworth, was the top prize offered at last week's Chamber of Commerce Dollar Days.—*Closter (N. J.) Bergen Review.*

A very pleasant little woman she is, too.

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But to the debutantes who arrived too late for the last flaring skyrocket, it was thrilling enough just to see the familiar surroundings transformed into exotic old Vienna, with painted gondolas afloat on mock canals.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

They were late because they'd been drinking.

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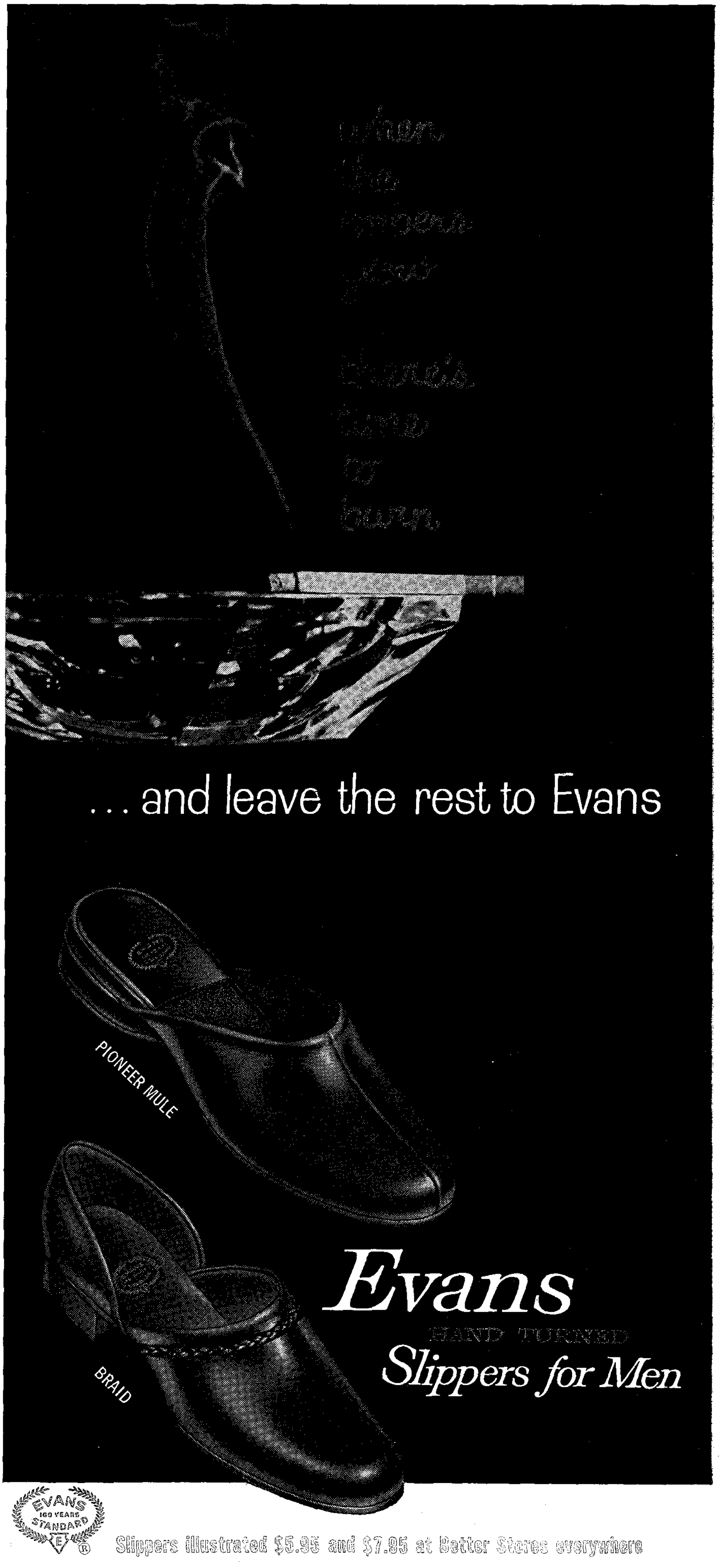
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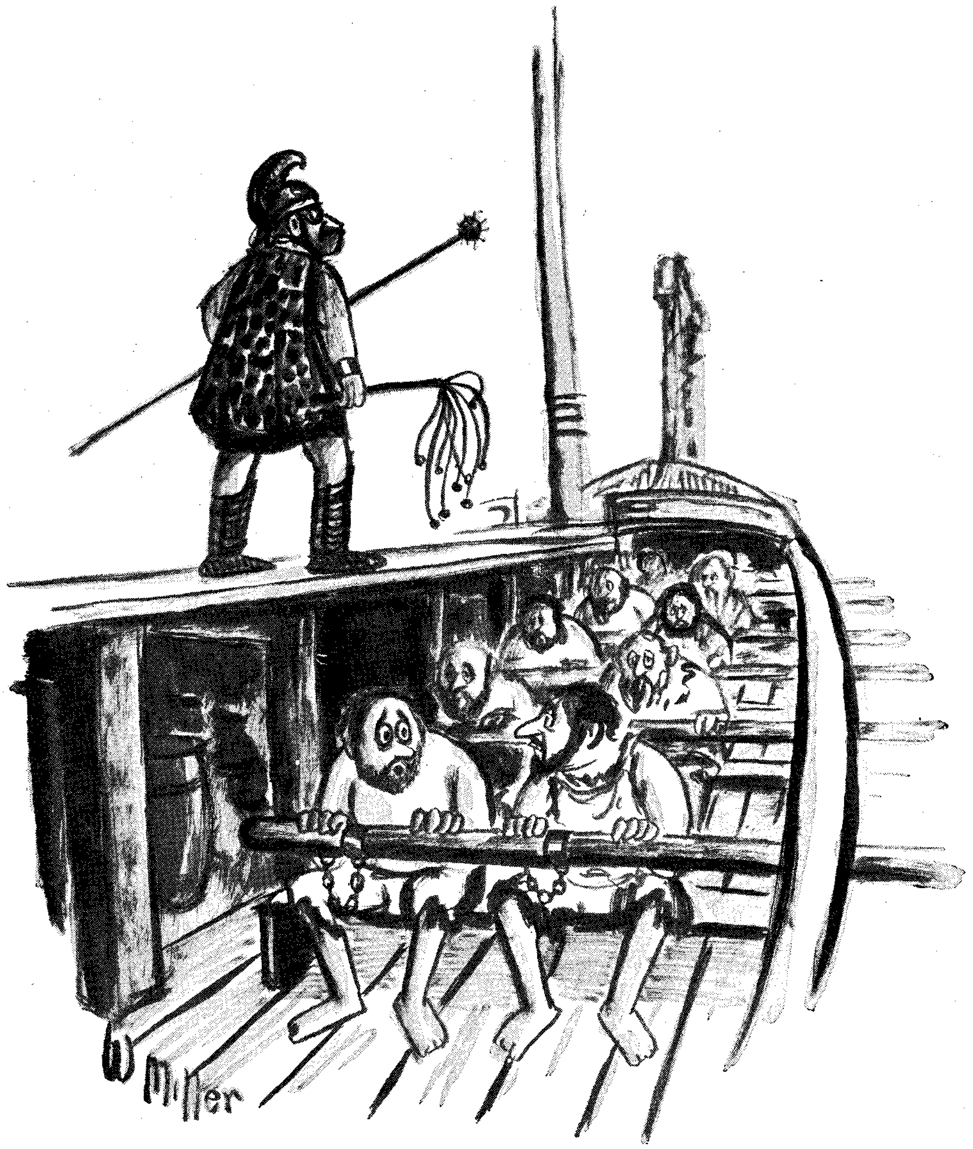
THE THEATRE

SWEET PERSONALITY, FULL OF RASCALITY

S. N. Behrman's "Lord Pengo," at the Royale, is a witty, affectionate, and perceptive account of the life and times of a highflying art dealer of the thirties who had an uncanny knack for convincing plutocratic merchants and industrialists that they could immortalize their names by investing in Old Masters. In a playful program note, Mr. Behrman insists that the Lord Pengo presented here is not an avatar of Lord Duveen, whom he portrayed in this magazine some years ago. Pengo may not be more than a kissing cousin of Duveen, but the customers who wander in and out of Pengo's gallery on Fifth Avenue—handsomely rendered by Oliver Smith—might be mistaken for Andrew Mellon, Collis P. Huntington, Henry Clay Frick, Samuel Kress, and other moneybags who learned about art the hard-cash way under Duveen's guidance. Perhaps Mr. Behrman hasn't managed to introduce much suspense or conflict into this comedy, but as it goes along he does succeed in interesting us in Pengo's unsuccessful efforts to make his son a worthy heir to the business, his meddling in the private lives of his clients, his determination to convince his clients that the masterpieces he has sold them should be assembled in a National Gallery in Washington, and his struggle to establish the fact that "The Adoration of the Shepherds" is a Giorgione, even though the eminent Bernard Berenson has pronounced it an early Titian. "Lord Pengo" is a loquacious comedy, but the talk, for the most part, is worth listening to, and if the crises in the career of the hero aren't exactly spellbinding, the author has seen to it that the hero himself is always an attractive sort, even when his delight in salesmanship makes him neglect a loving wife or take advantage of the innocents he deals with.



"Boy, that guy sure knows what to say to make you feel persona non grata!"

The role of Lord Pengo is enacted by Charles Boyer, and seldom has a creator owed so much to an interpreter as Mr. Behrman owes to Mr. Boyer. Mr. Boyer may seem a trifle remote from Pengo's alleged Hungarian origins, but the art dealer's moods are projected with uncanny skill, and whether he is being suave, sardonic, irascible, worried, cavalier, tricky, or sentimental, he is a character who commands attention. As a matter of fact, at the end of the piece Mr. Boyer, presumably facing death, becomes a most moving figure as he bids a rueful but jaunty farewell to his secretary, who loves him. To assist Mr. Boyer in "Lord Pengo," an impeccable cast has been assembled, and among those who deserve our commendation are Brian Bedford, as his son; Ruth White, as the estranged wife of an art collector; Henry Daniell, Edmon Ryan, and Cliff Hall, as millionaires Pengo is interested in exploiting; and Agnes Moorehead, as the faithful secretary. The direction, by Vincent J. Donehue, is slow, but it is also sure, and I hope that you'll find this civilized exercise as diverting as I did.

"Little Me," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is a musical based on a confection by Patrick Dennis that described in arch prose and outlandish pictures the rise of a poor girl to a state of opulence, the rise being effected by the girl's accessibility to any passing male. As in the original, which was adapted to its present purposes by Neil Simon, the heroine, one Belle Poitrine, progresses from Venezuela, Illinois, to Southampton, Long Island, with stopovers in Peoria, Chicago, France, Hollywood, and so on, but in transit, I'm afraid, she doesn't add much to the gaiety of our time, and once the idea of how she is going to get from here to there has been established,

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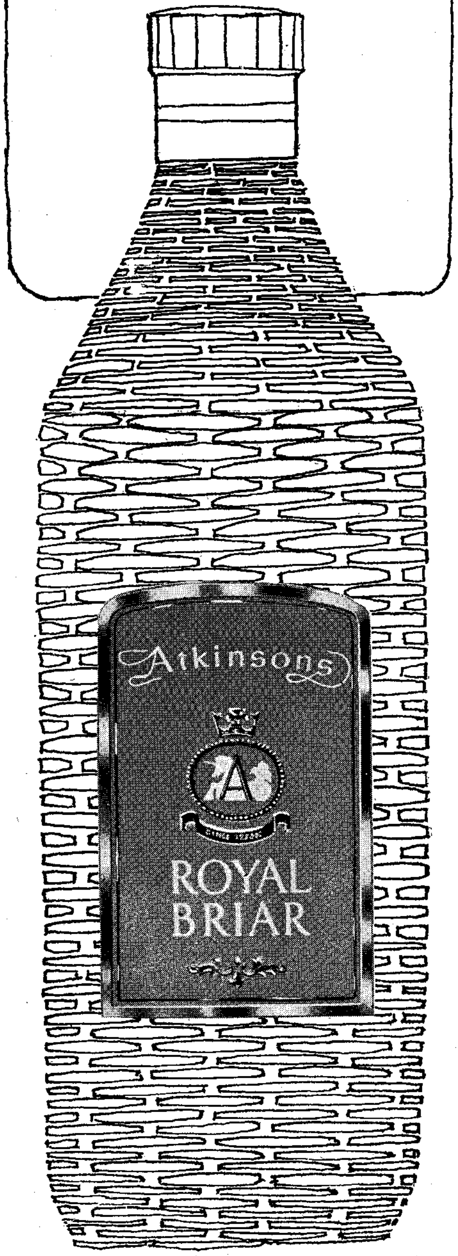

the thing becomes a bit monotonous. It is part of the whimsey of the piece to have Sid Caesar play the assorted lovers of the heroine—characters ranging from a rich home-town boy, innocent as all getout, to a lecherous old banker. Mr. Caesar labors hard in his various roles, but by the end of Act I it has become apparent that his ingenuity is not enough to disguise the absence of any real comic content in the show. The lady in his lives is depicted by two actresses—Nancy Andrews, who represents Miss Poitrine in Southampton, and Virginia Martin, who reënacts Miss Poitrine's past as Miss Andrews discusses it with an interviewer. Miss Andrews looks appropriately hardboiled, and Miss Martin sings very loudly whenever the opportunity presents itself. The score, by Cy Coleman, isn't much more than serviceable, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, aren't long on originality. However, a song called "I've Got Your Number," admirably staged by Bob Fosse, gives Miss Martin and a dancer named Swen Swenson a chance to do a fine turn. Mr. Fosse, who is responsible for all the dances, also directed the enterprise, together with Cy Feuer, in very slick style.

—John McCarten

•

Cotuit, Nov. 6—A short story by Leo Damore of Main Street appears in this month's Cosmopolitan magazine.

"Glass of Sherry" represents Mr. Damore's first published article in a prominent periodical in 12 years of writing.

News of the acceptance came while Mr. Damore was driving home from New York. During this trip, Mr. Damore had a brush with danger when his car left the turnpike, crossed several lanes of oncoming traffic and plunged down an embankment in a heavy rainstorm.

He continued enroute, heading home to relate his turnpike experience, while his wife waited with some good news of her own.—*Hyannis (Mass.) Cape Cod Standard-Times.*

A three-car collision?

•

TOGETHERNESS REACHES THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From a report on modern Chinese agriculture by Hsu Chi, in United States Department of Commerce Technical Translation No. 61-23579*]

We progressed from two-togetherness (eat together and live together) to three-togetherness (eat together, live together, and labor together) and then to four-togetherness (eat together, live together, labor together, and experiment together) and in this way . . . we learned how much green feed a hog could consume at most during a day.

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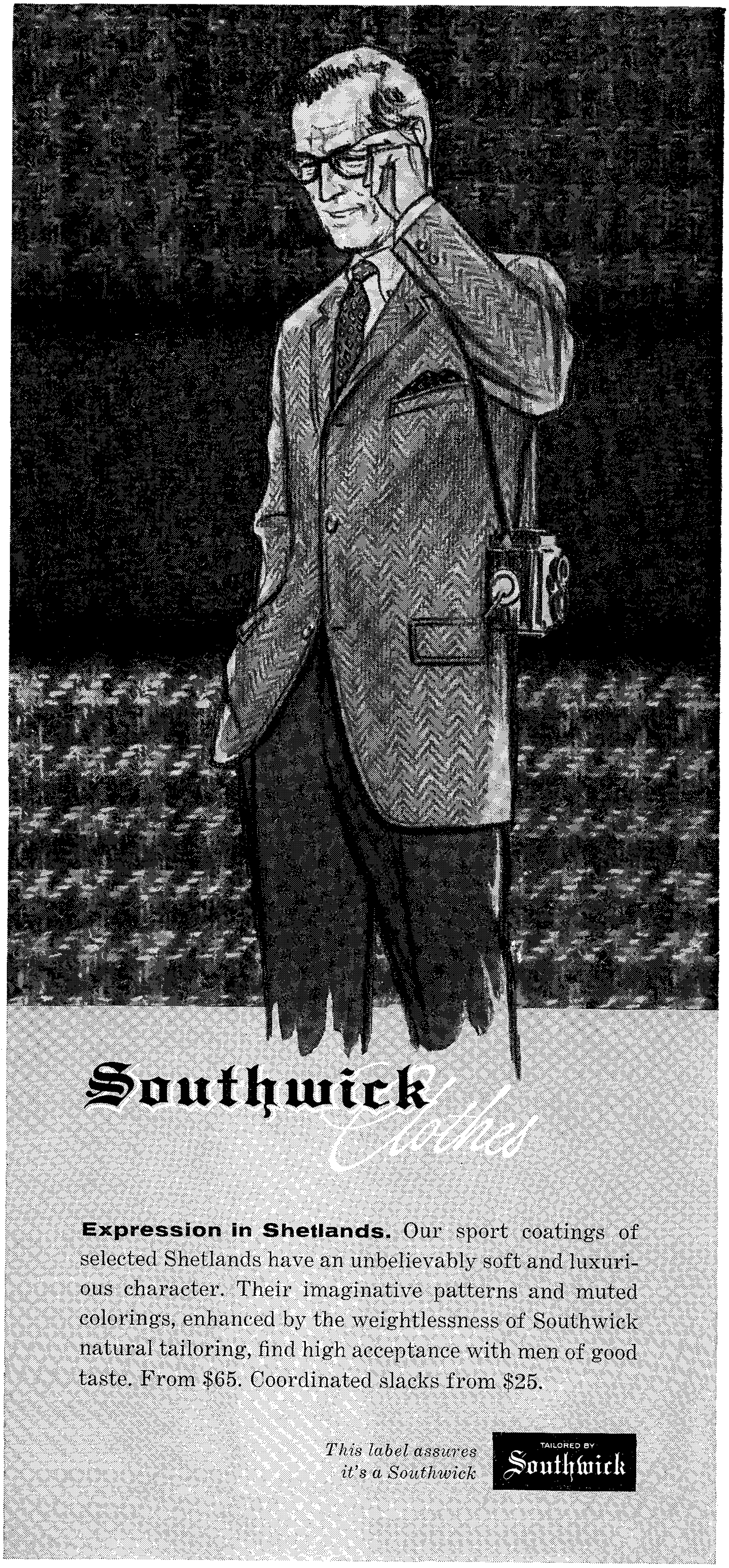
THE RACE TRACK

Pampas Star

ALWAYS, at this time of year, racing gets pretty thin, but I can't remember when it was any thinner than it was at Aqueduct last week, with so many unsatisfactory horses running unsatisfactory races. An exception was Sensitivo, who won the Display Handicap, at two miles, on Saturday. Nickel Boy, winner of the event two years ago, came in second, and Hy-Nat led the half-dozen also-rans home. It wouldn't be stretching a point to say that Sensitivo, a big bay five-year-old from the Argentine, was the star of the waning season on Long Island. The previous Saturday, he won the Gallant Fox Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, coming up on the rail to beat Sunrise Flight, Hellenic Hero, and Polylad, the four finishing heads apart. His victory in the Display was more convincing, especially since he carried higher weight—121 pounds—and gave from six to fourteen pounds to his opposition. Incidentally, his share of the Gallant Fox purse was $57,752 and that of the Display $36,920, which is nice pickings.

Sensitivo was bred at the famous Chapadmalal Stud of the Martinez de Hoz family, and raced two seasons in the Argentine. Last autumn, he was bought at a private sale by Robert F. Bensinger, a Chicagoan, who is chairman of the board of the Brunswick Corporation, manufacturers of bowling equipment. The colt was shipped to Florida and ran a few times there last winter. His form was moderate up to a few weeks ago, but he'll be something to keep an eye on at Hialeah. It was a big weekend for Arnold Winick, Sensitivo's trainer, since in the course of it he learned that Smart Deb, whom he trains for Mrs. Russell L. Reineman, was voted the Best Two-Year-Old Filly in the first of those annual racing polls. Winick, who is in his early thirties, was a professional dog handler not so long ago and took part in the leading shows all over the country. He got into the horse business because a patron ran up a big bill at his kennels in Chicago and persuaded him to take a race horse in payment. (Apparently, the first step toward success as a trainer, owner, or breeder is to take a racer in settlement of a board bill; I can think of a dozen simi-



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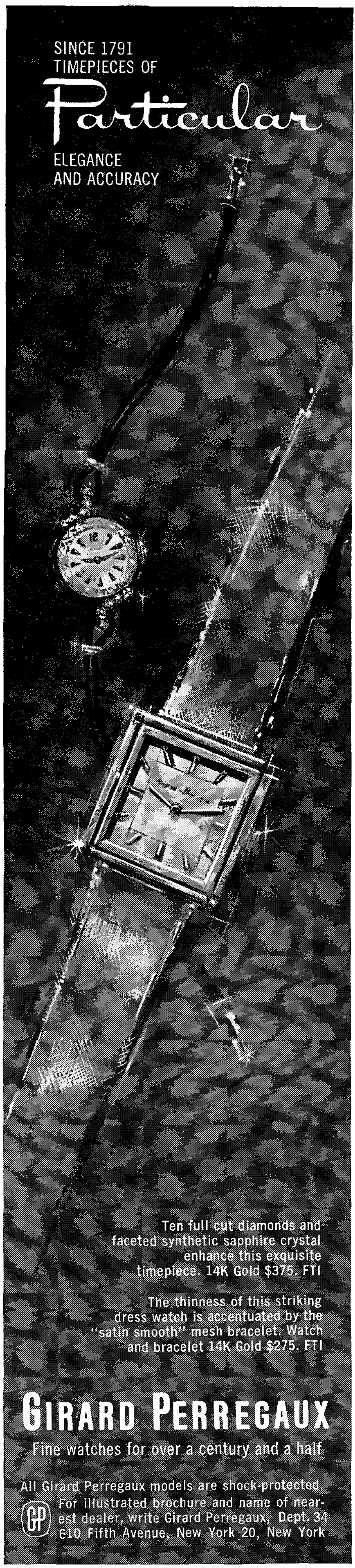
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lar cases.) That was twelve years ago. So far this season, Winick has saddled more than a hundred winners.

As you probably know, Kelso has been chosen Horse of the Year—for the third time—by the writers on the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form*. This seems to me excessive praise for a horse who has won only five of eleven starts. (Maybe picking Kelso has become a habit.) Nevertheless, in my book he's the best handicap horse in the country, on the strength of the way he polished off Beau Purple and Carry Back in the Washington, D.C., International, though both had previously beaten him twice. His International was a smashing performance, even if he did finish second to the French Match II. I wonder if the boys who tapped Smart Deb remembered that Affectionately won more races and more prize money than the Chicago filly. Taking one thing with another, I don't think there should be a Horse of the Year this season; the better ones beat each other too many times. Instead, I'd give a special award for effort to Cicada; she took on older members of her sex, and colts, too, and won eight of her seventeen tries.

COLONEL MARTINGALE has seen many a Pimlico Futurity since Morvich won the first, in 1921, but he can't recollect another in which an entry ran one, two, as Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Right Proud and Delta Judge did at the Baltimore track last weekend. . . . It's always a pleasure to look over a list of the Vanderbilt horses—they're so well named. The two-year-olds of 1963 are no exception: Blow Your Top, a colt by Windy City-At the Summit; Charity Dance, a filly by Native Dancer-Social Worker; Co-efficient, a filly by Cohoes-Mossy Number; Crashing Bore, a gelding by Social Climber-Stumbling Block; Last Leg, a filly by Native Dancer-Home Port; Local Color, a colt by Native Dancer-Rosy Prospect; Month of Sundays, a filly by Our Babu-Red Letter Day; Pinch of Salt, a colt by Crafty Admiral-Teahouse; Seat of Honor, a colt by Citation-Sit This Out; and Soul Searcher, a filly by Turn-to out of Hidden Virtue. I don't know which is Mr. V.'s favorite, but mine is Crashing Bore.

—AUDAX MINOR

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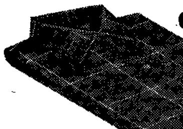
An electric fan valued at $60 was reported stolen from the Helpee-Selfee laundry at Fourth and York Thursday noon.—*Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig.*

And, pray, why not?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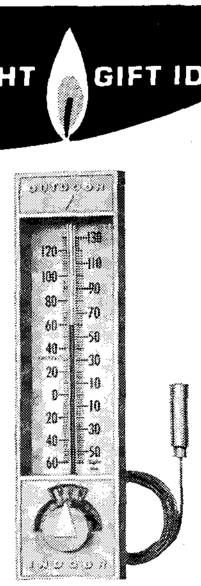

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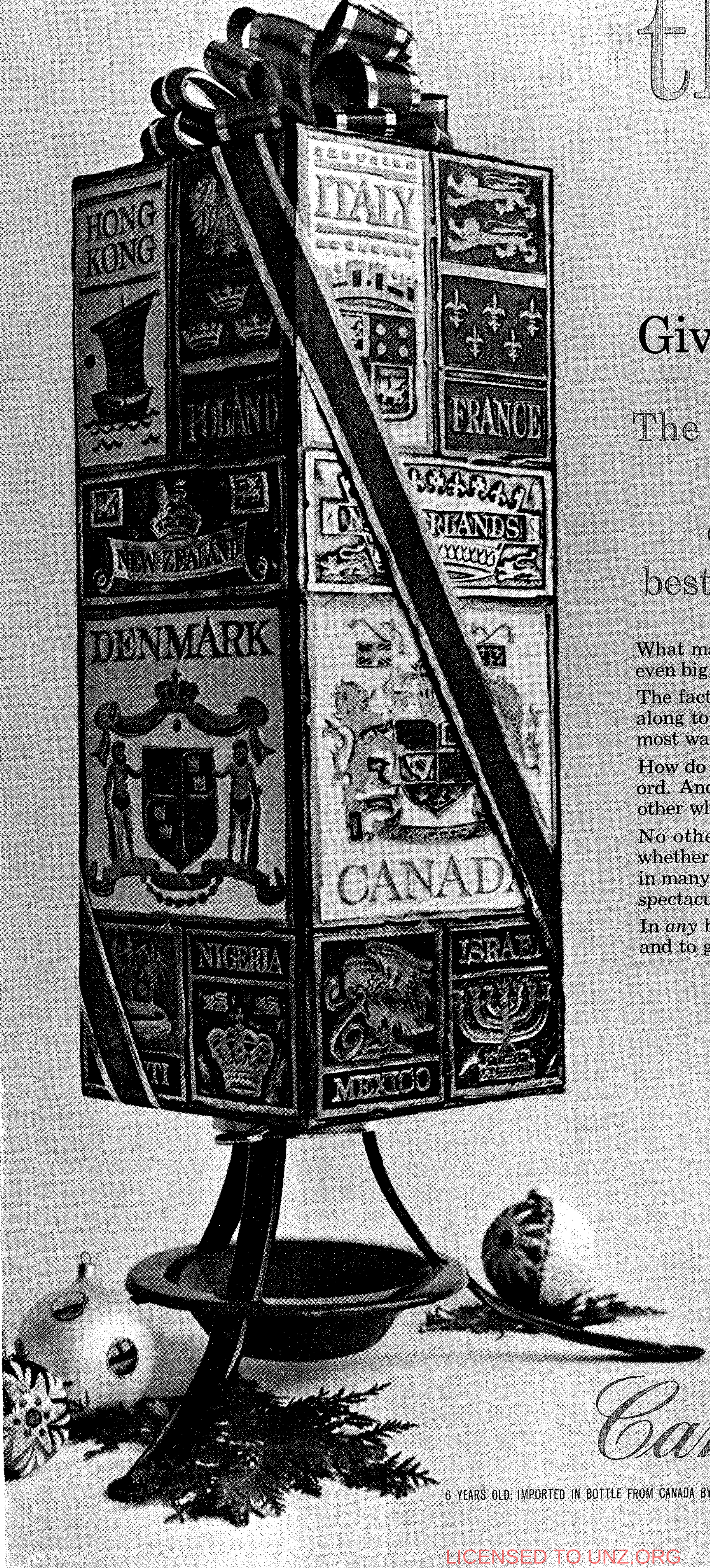
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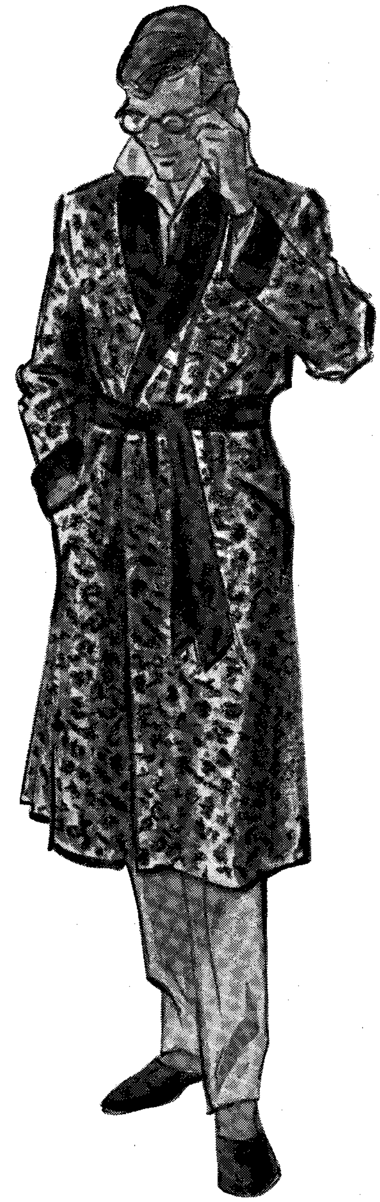
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 21

THE single dominant figure in last Sunday's preliminary parliamentary elections, who was not even a candidate and yet won with a landslide of ballots all over France, was President Charles de Gaulle. Actually, it was, of course, his party, the Union pour la Nouvelle République, which, as the political go-between, received the millions of votes, but since they were meant strictly for him, they made him the utterly unexpected transcendent and spectacular winner. To attain the peak of his often proclaimed high goal of leading or goading France to "progress, prosperity, and grandeur" by clearing out the debris of its *démodé* inherited political institutions, he demanded that the electorate vote in finality against the candidates and parties that disagreed with his personal concept of a strong French President and a weak French Parliament. This was a public invitation to annihilate the traditional old-style "parties of yesterday"—"*les partis de jadis*," as he disdainfully termed them—which meant literally every party (except his own untraditional U.N.R.) recently tenanting the National Assembly. The only combined answer of the sacrificial dozen major and very minor parties was to cry out, like good republicans, to the voters, "Vote no against personal power!" The figure of power personified was, of course, *le grand Charles*, with his effective system, for over four years now, of ever-aggrandized solo government.

Last Sunday was a most unpropitious Sabbath for a successful and historic civic turnout, with rain or sleet or snow, wind, and inclemency in every part of France. But under their umbrellas the French voters damply made their new, bloodless variety of French revolution. Inspired by de Gaulle, they "threw the rascals out"—the good men with the bad. The U.N.R. received five and three-quarters million votes, or almost thirty-two per cent of all those cast—a startlingly high figure for France at any time, and especially now, considering the complexities of the competition. Of all the traditional old-line parties, only the Communists gained, and even the Communists—for a decade called "*le premier parti de France*," because incomparably the most numerous—lost their title to the Union for the New Republic, now become France's first party. They form two monolithic groups, one organically and natively French, the other ideologically foreign and imported, today left facing each other as parliamentary extremes across a suddenly and dangerously empty political space. All the other parties lost strength, especially the party known as the Independents (who are really conservative) and the so-called moderates, such as the Catholic M.R.P. and the anti-Catholic Socialists; as for the extreme Right, it was electorally liquidated. With these parties into a new kind of limbo went the majority of their amalgamated herd of candidates, who had been struggling against one another, against de Gaulle himself and his dicta, and against his not very brilliant U.N.R.—all battling for their chance at the four hundred and sixty-five seats in the coming new Parliament. In this preliminary election, a candidate needed a majority of all votes cast in order to win. Last night was the deadline for realignments and horse trading in the undecided constituencies, in readiness for this coming Sunday's final elections, when a simple plurality will do.

According to the dazed Paris interpretation of all this, de Gaulle's victory can be attributed in part to his intelligent sense of provocation, which made of this election a national crisis, and to his brilliant, classic capacity for aloof, superior planning. Already it seems clear that he did not win the election on his legendary personal popularity alone, today worn thin by the pressures of ingratitude, legitimate criticism, and time. He won, in great part, on the unpopularity of Parliament. There is here a long, unabating antiparliamentarianism, a form of political non-belief held by millions of French citizens of all classes, lodged in their minds by memories of the shambles and national humiliations in governing that were perpetrated by parliamentary politicians during the inefficient, confused Fourth Republic—and the scandalous, wicked Third Republic, if their recollections go back that far. This week's shattering blow against Parliament—at least in its previous, too fa-



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miliar form—was the result of a manifest lack of faith or interest or hope in it as the quasi-sacred political machinery of France. As soon as the election results were published on Monday morning, the Paris Bourse rose four per cent, and Switzerland cancelled its weekend selling orders.

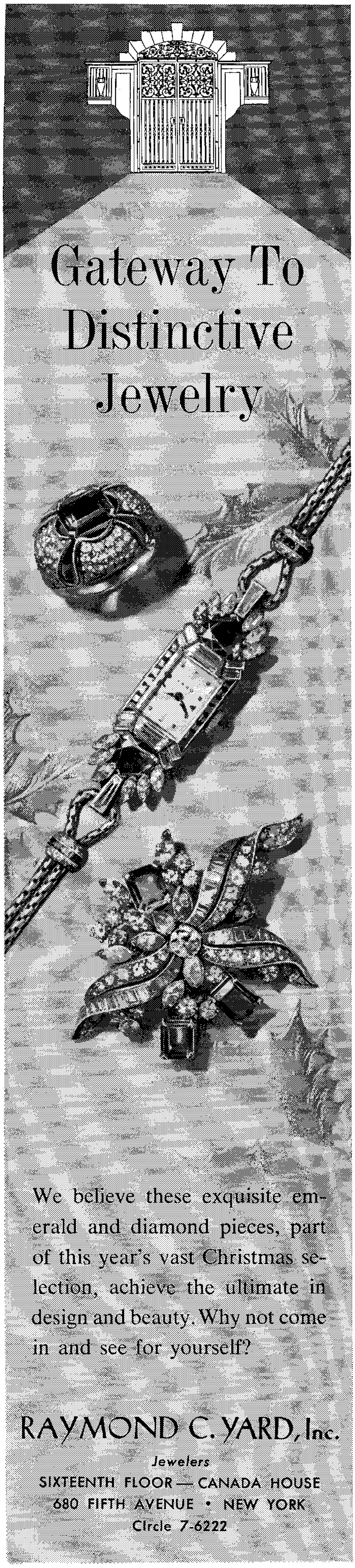
BECAUSE French political parties have always seemed a riddle to all other nations, it might be of value at this moment, when the mystery has just been brutally solved, to have a quick key to the confused puzzle, in a listing that ranges from pro-de Gaulle to virulently anti-de Gaulle.

Party No. 1: The General's Union for the New Republic, called more a claque than a proper party. Talks of building a young, modern France; policies vague except when laid on the line by de Gaulle; has some support in the younger managerial class.

Party No. 2: The Gaullist Democratic Union of Labor, vaguely a left-wing splinter from the U.N.R., since even the General's party has its slips and splits.

Party No. 3: The Independents and Peasants Party. Loosely linked but powerful; represents orthodox big-business interests in cities and agriculture; contained, until the Algerian war ended, a scattering of Algérie Française extremists, first cast out and later reënrolled; is international-minded, pro-NATO, pro-European federation, with shadings. Ten of its deputies refused to vote the recent censure motion against de Gaulle. Its leaders were former Premier Antoine Pinay, now resigned, and former Premier Paul Reynaud, who, at the age of eighty-four, failed on Sunday to be reëlected from his rich northern sugar-beet section. He is no taller than a young boy, a devotee of daily physical culture, and a staunch republican who, after thirty years of friendship with de Gaulle, lately broke with him on the "personal power" issue. The last of the famous, old-style notable personalities in Parliament, where his wit and *expertise* will be missed, he was Premier of France in June, 1940, when his alarmed Ministers resigned, after which both Senate and Chamber of Deputies, in Bordeaux, voted for Pétain and capitulation to the Nazis, leaving Reynaud cruelly nicknamed for the rest of his career "the Premier of defeat."

Party No. 4: Movement of Popular Republicans, or M.R.P. Its former chief was Georges Bidault, now ranked as a traitor to the French state, who is living in hiding somewhere in Europe. The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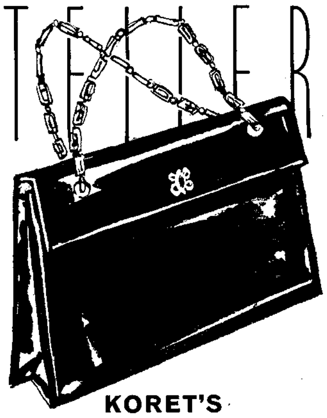
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M.R.P. is the official Catholic party, strong in the traditionally Catholic areas in the east and west. It is now arousing interest among young agricultural and labor leaders; is left of center on social and economic problems; is pro-NATO and strong for European federation and the Common Market; and is piously attached to the idea of state aid for Church schools. Just before the election, de Gaulle's caretaker Premier, Georges Pompidou, proposed a five million New Franc donation to the Episcopacy for the Catholic faculties—the most generous, barefaced electioneering act of the de Gaulle campaign.

Party No. 5: The Radical Socialists and the Radicals, combined. Descendants of the great bourgeois Radical Party, the oldest party in France, founded the day after the Third Republic was established, in 1870, and largely dominant in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties. Tends toward laissez-faire economic liberalism; is pro-NATO, pro-European federation, and unflinchingly anticlerical, in accordance with a plank of its original, nineteenth-century platform, which bitterly opposed giving a centime of state aid to Church schools.

Parties No. 6 and 7: The Entente Démocratique, a splinter of Party No. 5, and the Center Republicans, another splinter, but dissident, with earlier nostalgic leanings toward Algérie Française.

Party No. 8: The European Liberal Party. New; composed of fifteen pariah deputies from other parties; boasts that none of its members has ever held appointive office in either the Fourth or the Fifth Republic (being, in any case, too unimportant to have been asked).

Parties No. 9 and 10: Small left-of-center groups led by René Pleven and Edgar Faure, both eminent political brains.

Party No. 11: The Poujadists, once a lively anti-tax group of shopkeepers. (Poujade himself lost last week.)

Party No. 12: The Socialist Party. It was great under its late leader, Léon Blum; today's far smaller chief is Guy Mollet. Its adherents are white-collar workers, civil servants, schoolteachers, bookshop owners and employees, and such—in short, those generally of persistent social hopes, who are inclined to sign protest manifestoes in favor of a better world. Its policies are Socialistic—in talk, especially—though little has been heard lately, or even for years, of its painful original plank of nationalization. Strong for NATO, and pro-European (like so many of the French parties, and so little like de Gaulle). Mollet

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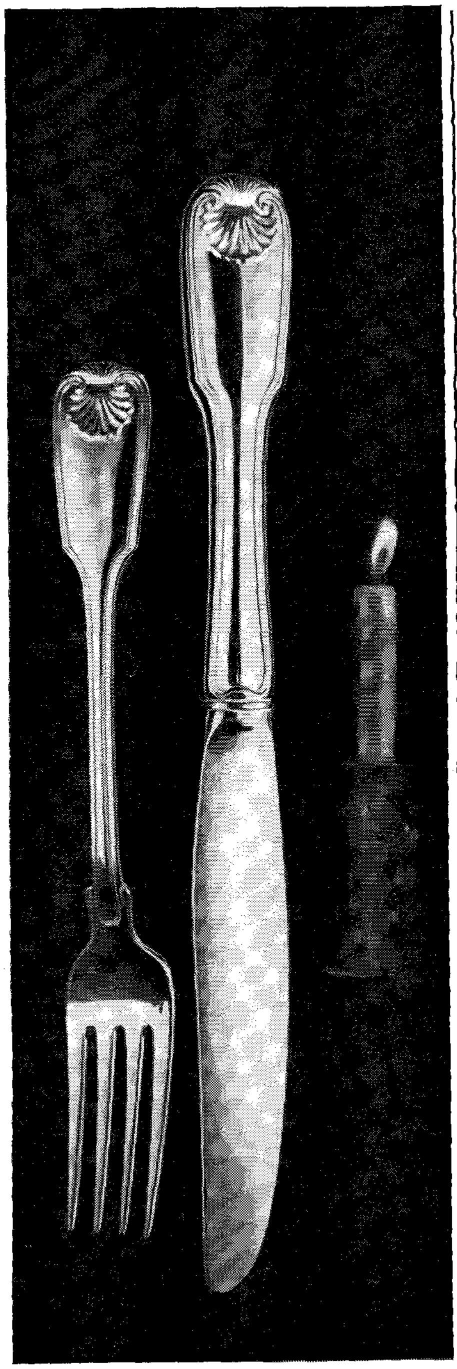

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(who failed to be elected last Sunday but may be next Sunday) was long the enemy of the Communists, whom he called "the Muscovites," but in this campaign he was the unhappy coiner of the inept election admonition "To beat personal power, give your vote to the Communists on the second round if necessary, rather than to de Gaulle at any time." (A political commentator has just suggested that Mollet be pensioned outside the pale of politics and be well paid to keep his mouth closed forever.) Mollet's adjuration created a Front Populaire scare, the Popular Front having been the left-wing grouping of 1936 responsible for bringing in all the social reforms, including the forty-hour week and social insurance, that modernized France and that the owner class still smarts under. Mollet's Front Populaire bugaboo probably aided de Gaulle's victory.

Party No. 13: The Unified Socialist Party. A splinter of the Socialists, supported by and composed of left-wing intellectuals and dissidents, students, and professional men. Its most eminent member is former Premier Mendès-France, unfortunately defeated last Sunday. These special Socialists demand the rebirth of the French Left to take in a full spread of modern French society, so as to create necessary twentieth-century alliances between the favored and the unfavored classes. Mendès-France's remarkable new small book on political economy, "La République Moderne," has already sold a hundred thousand copies here. Its main theme, on the evolution of economic planning, is that "the value of a political and social system depends on the rhythm of growth it is capable of imposing on the economy, and on the use it makes of surpluses in production, guaranteeing a more equitable distribution of material and cultural wealth." It is a book worth reading. His speech last Friday night in the town of Evreux, in the Eure (where two days later he was beaten by a Gaullist Minister of State, Prince Jean de Broglie), provided one of the few stimulating, lively electoral meetings during the oddly deceiving, apathetic campaign in this part of the country.

Party No. 14: The Communist Party. Its long-time leaders are Maurice Thorez, in youth a coal miner, and Jacques Duclos, former pastry cook. For years, Paris has heard the rumor that as soon as Khrushchev could find time to take his eyes off his homework and troubles in Russia, he would supplant both men, or at least the still Stalinist Thorez, with new-type young Moscow-trained Frenchmen. The powerful

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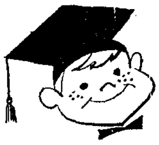

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Communist Party here is anti everything except the Russians, takes its main line from Moscow via its daily paper, *l'Humanité*, but interprets its Marxism locally to apply to a national French Communism increasingly divorced from Russian problems. The Party claims half a million card-carrying members, may have nearly that many, and certainly has five thousand well-trained hard-core fighting militants; is the best disciplined party in France; for years has supplied an average of almost twenty-five per cent of the French voters in any election, and, in parliamentary elections, has invariably cast the most votes for deputies, but no longer gets them all. Since 1958, the electoral system has been arbitrarily rigged against the Communists—at great inconvenience to all the other parties, too—for the preservation of the French Republics. For instance, in the 1958 parliamentary elections the Communists cast the biggest vote of any single party—almost nineteen per cent of the total—but were allotted only ten seats in Parliament, whereas the Gaullist U.N.R., with seventeen and a half per cent of the votes, won a hundred and eighty-eight seats. They are invariably robbed, for the good of democracy, of what would otherwise unquestionably be their lawful majority in Parliament. They no longer complain, having had the Russian system of single-party *da* voting so often thrown in their faces by the French non-Communists as to stifle comment. This time, the hard-pressed Socialists—especially after Mollet's *gaffe* and apparent defeat—will perhaps lend the Muscovites a horse or two in trade.

—GENÊT

•

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A New York university study is responsible for 70 to 80 per cent of industrial accidents.—*Fairbanks (Alaska) Daily News-Miner.*

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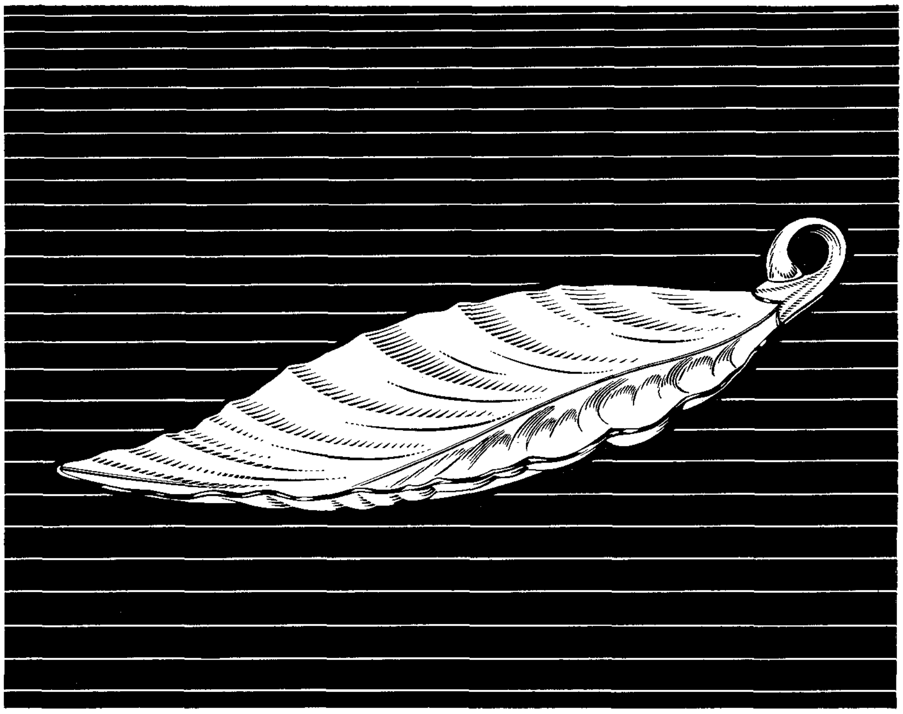

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mother Nature

OUT of Russia has come a superbly photographed thriller of a very old-fashioned sort. It's called "The Letter That Was Never Sent"—I've a feeling that something has been lost in translation; the title is the only sluggish thing about the film—and its theme is, in brief, man against nature. This was a favorite theme of early movie-makers, who must have perceived at once that nature in action, though nearly always an embarrassment when depicted onstage (one thinks of poor Lear pottering about on that blasted heath), can be rendered with perfect, unselfconscious conviction by the camera. It seems to me now that half the movies I sat through in my extreme youth featured blazing desert suns, tidal waves, forest fires, or blizzards, and much of my probably unsound knowledge of how to behave under dire conditions—no matter how thirsty, don't drink sea water; never succumb to the temptation to lie down in the swirling snow, especially if there are hungry wolves about—is drawn from this half-forgotten store of meteorological catastrophes. A gallant man who pits himself not against his fellow-men but against that fierce old harridan Mother Nature makes an ideal movie hero, because the drama he enacts is wholly visual; it consists of his undergoing a series of fearful tests of his physical strength and endurance, and our prompt identification with him in his ordeal springs, I suppose, from some primordial recollection of long, hard, hungry days at Lascaux. Maybe this was how things used to be for all of us as the last Ice Age went downriver.

In the present instance, we silently join forces with four heroes instead of one—a team of young scientists who have been sent out into the trackless forests of Siberia to locate a possible deposit of diamonds. The search is long and difficult, and fear of failure forces them to continue it even into the first threatening weeks of winter. At last, their efforts meet with success, and joyously they set about the return journey. Too late. Nature has set a number of cruel

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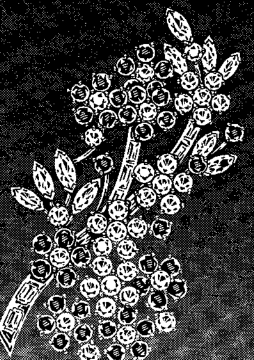

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traps in the wilderness, and one by one the traps are sprung and the victims engulfed. Relentlessly, with fire, snow, cold, and starvation, nature presses her advantage, and up to the final moments of the picture we're left in doubt as to whether even one man will succeed in outwitting her. A harsh and enthralling story, well acted by a small, attractive cast, and turned into an occasion of continuous beauty by its director, Mikhail Kalatosov, who, like the late Robert Flaherty, respects the inhuman and takes pains not to find in it what isn't there. Here are trees, streams, and skies as beautiful as any I've ever seen photographed; I hope to be haunted by them for a long time to come.

"TRIAL AND ERROR" is a pint of mild comedy starring Peter (Ubiquitous) Sellers and Richard Attenborough. It's taken from John Mortimer's little play "The Dock Brief," which could perfectly well have begun life on the B.B.C. wireless. In any event, it's nothing but talk, talk, talk, and one could absorb the entire conversation with one's eyes closed and miss not a single salient point of the plot. Since the pictorial content of "Trial and Error" is so slight, its auditory content should be rich and full, but, alas!, what Mr. Sellers and Mr. Attenborough have to say in their low, fumbling, dusty voices is often wry but rarely witty, and cannot hold our attention. Mr. Attenborough plays a gentle bird fancier who, driven to distraction by his wife's incessant high spirits, murders her; Mr. Sellers plays a no less gentle barrister, who, in late middle age, is still looking for a case that will make his name. The inaction of the picture takes place mostly in the murderer's cell and in an adjoining courtroom, as the two gentle ones attempt to work up a suitable defense. When it comes to farce,

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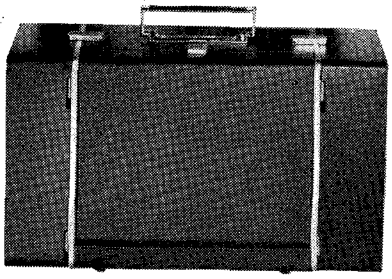

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homicide and gentleness are not enough. Besides, isn't it time Mr. Sellers stopped making a movie every few minutes? One every few months would be plenty.

"THE LONG ABSENCE," a French picture that stars Alida Valli, is based on a script by Marguerite Duras, who wrote the script for "Hiroshima, Mon Amour." One of Mlle. Duras's preoccupations in that script was memory, and memory, or the lack of it, is the sole preoccupation of "The Long Absence." In the suburbs of Paris, a stout, good-looking woman in her late thirties (Miss Valli) is the proprietress of a workingmen's bar. Her husband has been missing since the war, but she refuses to believe that he is dead. A stranger arrives in the neighborhood; a tatterdemalion victim of amnesia, he sets up light housekeeping in a paperboard shack on the banks of the Seine and wanders the streets mumbling snatches of operatic arias. Our heroine convinces herself that this harmless, dotty hermit is her long-lost husband. She invites him in and attempts to restore his memory, and in doing so scares the living daylights out of him. He runs off, but as the picture closes she remains grimly determined to have her way with him: if he isn't her husband, he had better be. An unpleasant woman, a monotonous treatment of a single, not very rewarding theme, and of Paris only glimpses of its gray *banlieues*. —BRENDAN GILL

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[*From a catalogue of the Wilshire Book Company, Hollywood, Calif.*]

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ALL American cities look alike today. Except for a few well-known buildings, a scattering of distinctive historical landmarks, any street in any one of them could be set down—houses, furniture, and inhabitants—in any other city without disturbing either the transplanted or their new neighbors. The television antennas would sprout from the roofs, the big Detroit cars would move briskly in and out of the driveways, the supermarkets and the gas stations and the bowling alleys would all open for business as usual.

Perhaps it was not so different in the twenties, but on summer days in Corioli, the Midwestern city where I lived as a little girl, there were horse-drawn carts still on the streets, with the drivers lazily calling "Rags—ol' irons—ol' stoves" in a chant that I'm sure was unlike the ones you could hear in any other city, and there were little German scissors-grinders perambulating the neighborhoods with their equipment heavy on their backs, and in our suburb there was a peddler we called Crazy Joe—not in derision but in simple, companionable recognition of the fact that he really was mad—whistling his bird whistle down the street.

And there was a soccer game every Sunday afternoon, in the fall season, at a playing field in the little working-class suburb that adjoined ours. I never knew where the teams or the spectators came from (in our city the sport was as exotic as jai alai or lacrosse), but my father went to the games religiously, so the rest of us, knowing nothing of the sport, caring nothing, went along, too—my mother, my older brother Bill, and I. We would sit on the grass, when it was dry enough, or on the fence that surrounded the field, and watch the players, in their jerseys and short pants and unfamiliar padding, moving vigorously about—kicking, running, tipping the ball deftly off the tops of their heads. If I ever heard the names of any of the teams, I do not recall them. I was too young then to inquire about such things, and by the time I was old enough to wonder, the soccer players had disappeared and only small boys in baseball suits or energetic high-school teams playing American football ran and shouted on the grassy field on autumn afternoons.

It was at a soccer game that Bill and I first saw the Indian. We were making the round of the field that day, as was our custom, when we came on him. I still remember the shock of that mo-

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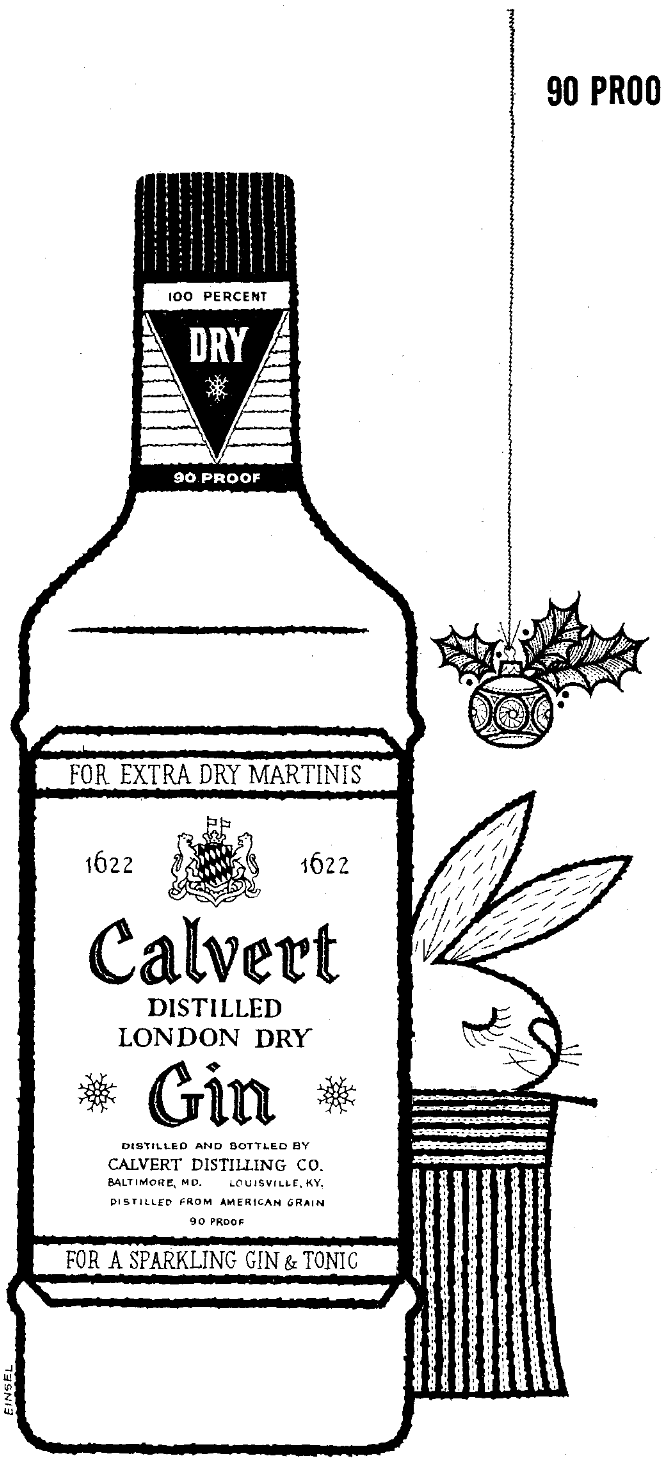

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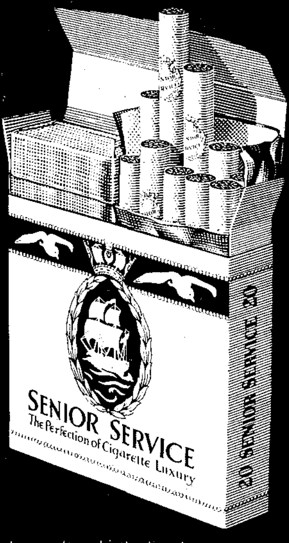

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ment. We had seen Indians before, on movie screens, at the circus, but here, all at once, in our own town, in a prosaic suburb on a prosaic Sunday afternoon, was a live Indian, a real one, with braids and moccasins. It was true that he wore a suit of dark clothes exactly like those worn by any other man walking the streets of our city, but the face was broad and bronze and impassive, unmistakable, and there were the jet-black braids hanging on either side of it, and the moccasins with their bright pattern of beading.

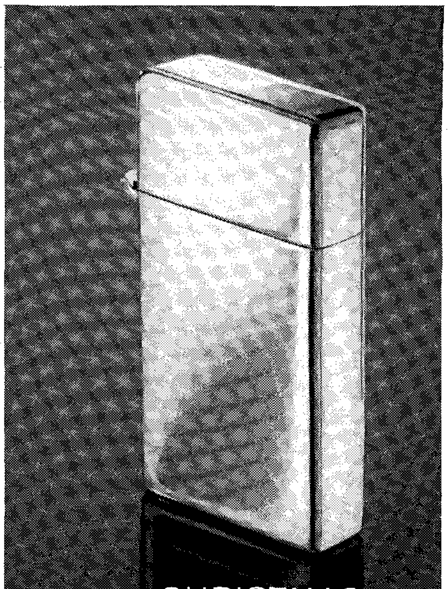
I clasped Bill's hand, and we stood there, filled with joy and terror, almost unbelieving. Young as we were, we were past the age for Santa Claus, and I suppose for a moment it must have seemed to us that this, too, was only some spurious figure like the white-bearded, round-bellied Santas we tolerated on the streets and in the department stores at Christmas. But it was only for a moment. The heavy dignity, the obsidian eyes, were genuine; even we could not doubt that.

The eyes were fixed now on the playing field. There were other spectators standing nearby, shouting and cheering, but the Indian seemed deaf and blind to them. He stood there, his arms folded across his chest in the classic, familiar pose, and stared out over the autumn field, with its leaping figures in bright jerseys, as if he were watching the game in utter solitude, and we saw that no shade of expression crossed his face when one of the teams made a goal.

Bill asked me, "Where did he come from?"

I shook my head. He might have walked out of the pages of a book or off a movie screen, for all I could imagine. On a girl's reckless impulse—Bill was more cautious than I was—I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around stealthily, behind spectators' heels, through the dry fall grass, till I had come up directly behind the heavyset, immobile figure, till the moccasins were so close to my eyes that I could see the color of every bead and trace the careful, elaborate stitching. The Indian never moved, yet I felt certain he knew that I was there.

Presently, I retreated as I had come, and Bill and I ran back to tell our parents of our discovery. But they were hardly curious and, feeling let down, Bill and I withdrew into our own world. We did not speak another word about the Indian all afternoon, though we saw no more of the game or of the other spectators. Our attention was fastened exclusively on our Indian, who



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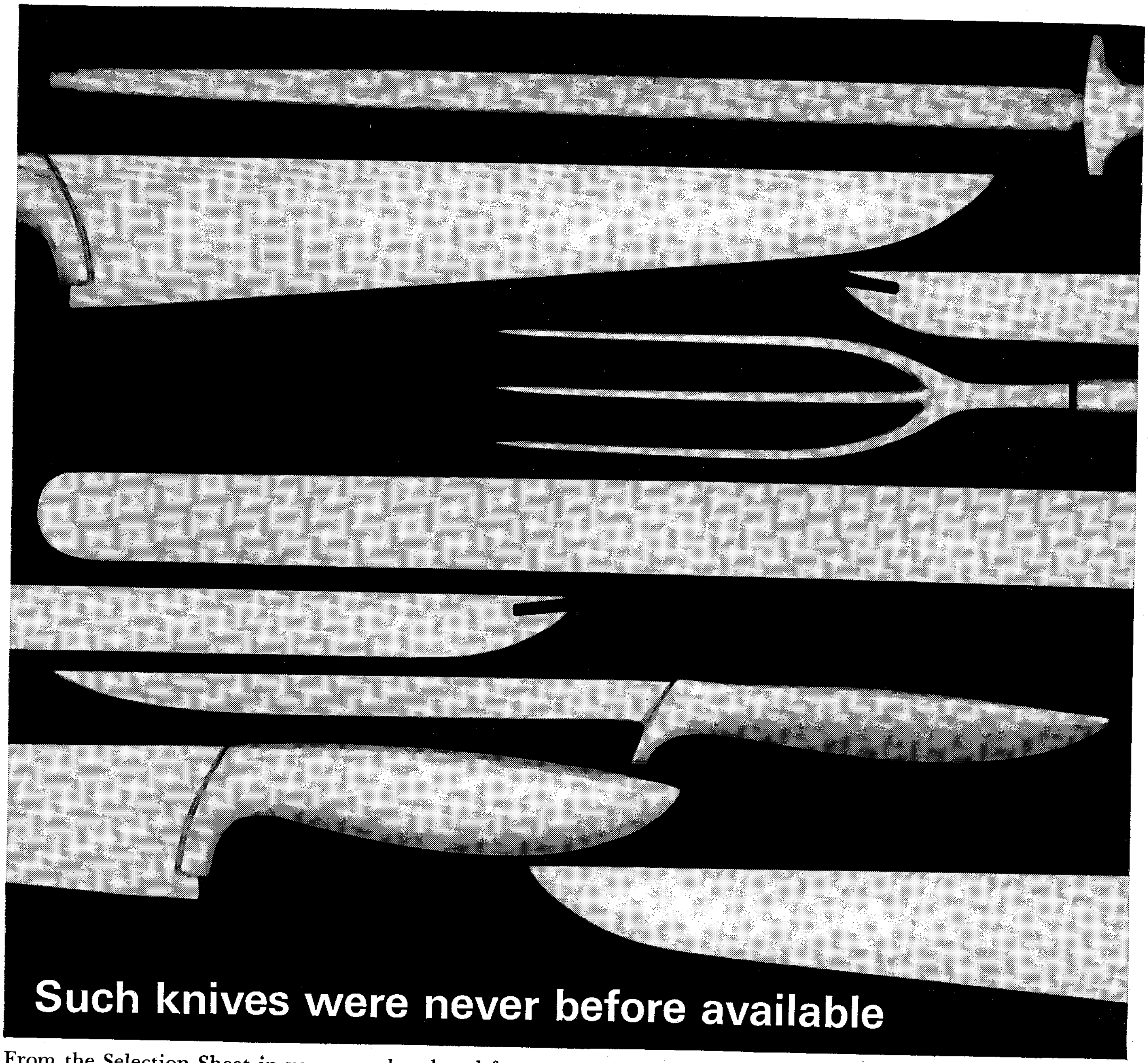

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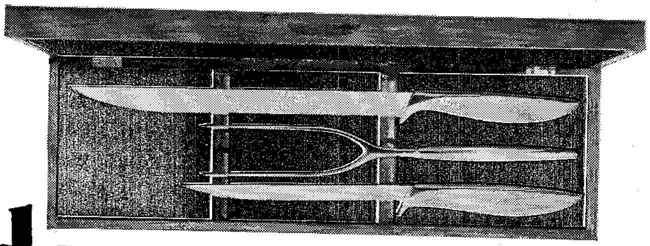
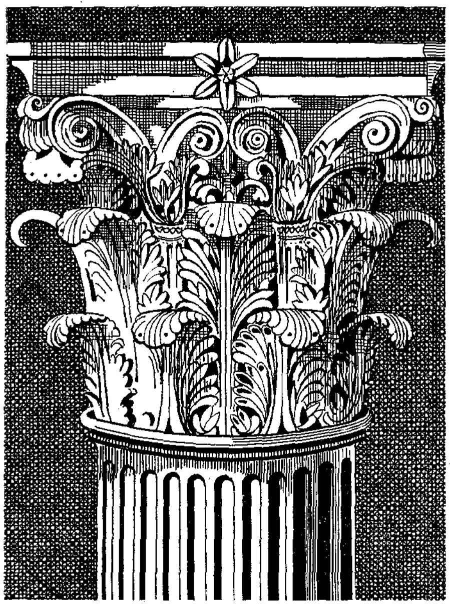


GERBER Legendary BLADES



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stood there, unmoving and impassive, the whole time, except for a few minutes when a vender came by selling ice-cream bars wrapped in silver foil and he bought one and unwrapped it and ate it. He ate it quickly but deliberately, in big wolfish bites, and then folded its wrapping up carefully and put it into one of his pockets. When the game was over, he walked across the street to an old black Model T Ford that was parked at the curb, got in, and drove away.

I think it was seeing him driving an automobile that gave us the first truly firm conviction of his reality in our everyday world. Before that, we would not have been surprised to see him fade off into a mist or disappear in a puff of smoke, like the figures in a magician's act we had once watched on the vaudeville stage. But the Model T was something we could grasp, though it seemed to us highly inappropriate for an Indian.

We had to find out where he lived; I think we had already made up our minds to that by the time we saw the Indian again at the soccer field the next Sunday. So, at the end of the game, we did something we had never done before; we ran away, or, rather, we ran after the Indian, pursuing the Model T as it chugged unhurriedly along the street, and charging desperately around corners and down strange sidewalks.

Fortunately, he drove only a few blocks or we must have lost him, even at the Model T's slow pace. As it was, we managed to keep him in sight till he stopped the automobile before a house on one of those strange streets and got out and went inside. The house he entered was a square, wooden, gray-painted one with a sharply pointed roof—one of the kind of houses we had always been acquainted with. We stood there looking at it; as the home of an Indian, it was even more incredible to us than the Model T. After a little while, a woman—also gray, familiar-looking—came out and began to sweep the steps. We hung there on the sidewalk, staring at her.

"What do you children want?" she called to us.

I suppose it was her familiar looks that gave Bill the courage to speak, and he said to her almost boldly, as if he were challenging her to deny it, "An Indian went in your house just now."

"I know he did," the woman said. "He lives here."

Bill was silent, but I gathered my own courage and spoke up. "Is he your husband?"

"My husband?" The woman

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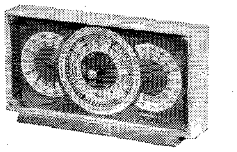

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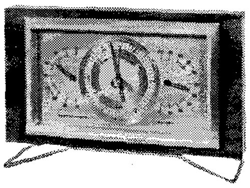

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BY Taylor

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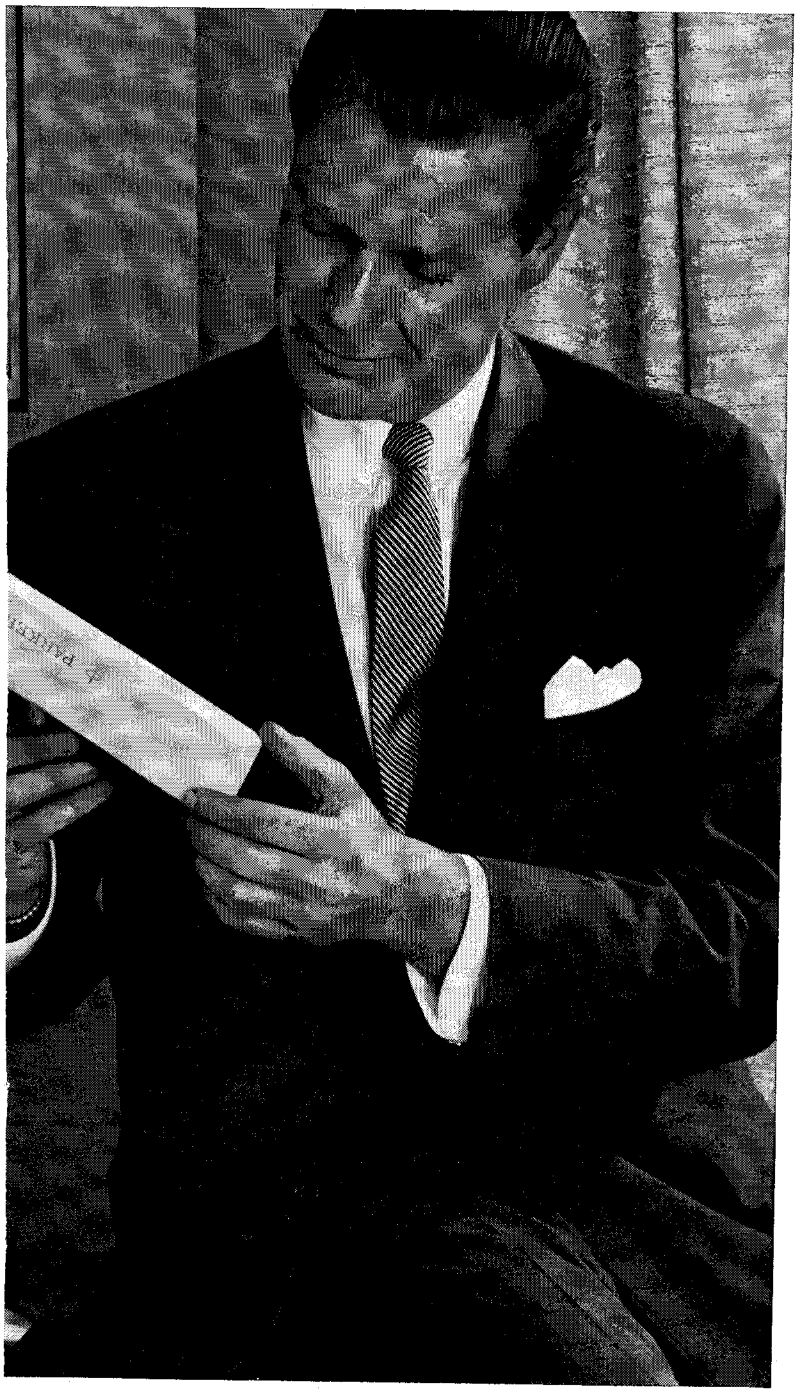

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chuckled and rested her broom for a moment. "Why, no, honey, he boards here. Haven't you ever seen an Indian before?"

"Not a *real* one."

She must have felt disposed to talk to us, because she went on, "He's a Seneca."

We, who had heard of Apaches and Comanches and Sioux but never of Senecas, asked, "What is that?"

"It's a kind of Indian tribe," she said. "They used to live somewheres around here—up north, I think." She gestured vaguely. "That's where Mr. Corntassel comes from."

"Mr.—*what?*" I asked.

"Mr. Corntassel. That's his name." We giggled. "Well, I guess it ain't any funnier than some of the German names you hear around here," the woman said tolerantly. "Fassenbender and Schimmelpfennig and things like that. You kids ain't German, are you?"

"No, Ma'am," Bill said. "What does this Indian do all day in your house?"

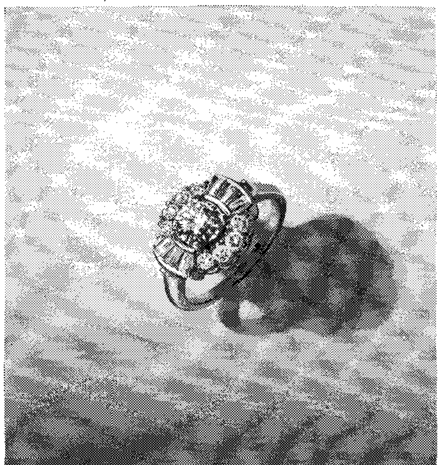
"In my house? Why, he's only here in the evenings and at night, honey. He works down at one of those commission houses on Front Street all day. He's a kind of maintenance man—well, a kind of janitor, you know."

Bill and I looked at each other. The only janitor we knew was old Mr. Bauer at school, with his watery eyes and faded mustache, and his broom and mop, and his grumbling criticisms of children who ran over clean floors with muddy feet. Mr. Corntassel—even his name had little of the wild or the romantic about it—took a sudden drop in our esteem; we began at once to feel cheated.

Our disapproval must have been evident to the woman, because she said to us, almost defensively, "Well, he's a real nice man, now, I'll tell you, Mr. Corntassel is. Quiet as a lamb—he never even takes a glass of beer, except once in a while in the evening, in his own room. . . ."

But we backed away from her, silent now. We walked home silently to our parents, who we knew would be worried and outraged by our unexplained disappearance. When they questioned us, we would not even tell them the reason for our absence, because we felt that we might make ourselves foolish in their eyes if we explained that we had run away to follow a man who worked as a janitor in a commission house.

Mr. Corntassel appeared at the soccer game the next Sunday, and the next, but neither Bill nor I gave him a second glance. We knew he was standing there,



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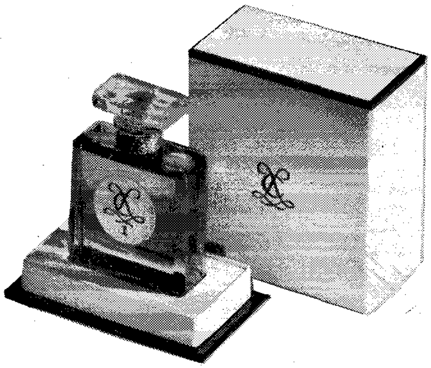

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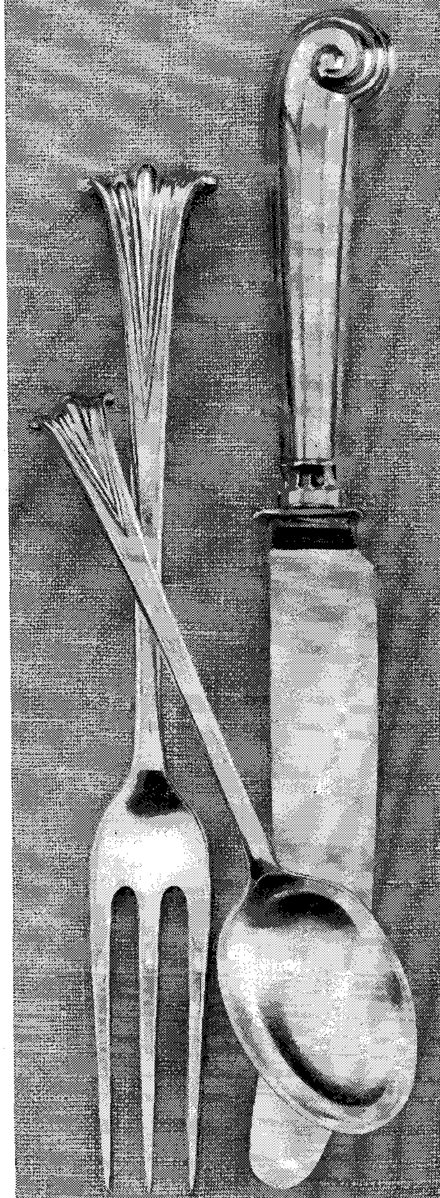

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in his classic pose, with his braids and moccasins, but he was more a fraud to us now than those costumed Santa Clauses. Bill had looked up "Seneca" in the encyclopedia at home and had lit on the Roman philosopher instead of the Indian tribe; his error had convinced us more than ever that either the Indian or the woman in whose house he lived had been playing some trick to make us ridiculous.

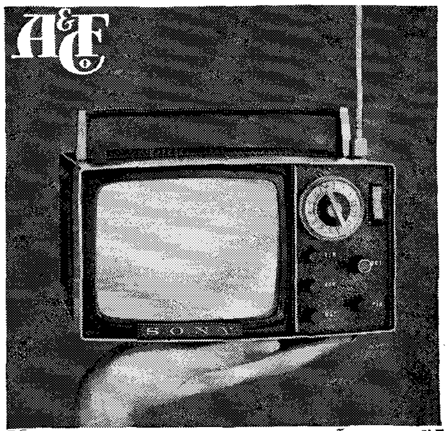
ON the day of the last game of the season—the third Sunday after we had followed Mr. Corntassel home—we saw him again at the soccer game. It was one of those misty, blue, late-autumn days, with a lazy warmth in the air mingling with the scent and haze of wood smoke—Indian summer. I think Bill and I knew from the start that something was wrong, although there was nothing much different about Mr. Corntassel's looks. He seemed a little more remote from the scene he was watching, that was all—as if the bobbing, darting figures before him, in their colored jerseys, had faded off into the mellow afternoon haze and he was standing there all alone.

Or not alone. I don't know when it was that we began to realize that Mr. Corntassel was seeing something we did not see; I think we, with our children's sensitivity to a grown person's moods, knew it first, but it soon became evident to everyone else as well. That was between the halves, when the opposing teams had just begun to leave the field. As they walked off, Mr. Corntassel walked on. He walked straight out to the center of the field. When he reached there, he stooped in a sudden crouch and began to move in a strange, stealthy sort of dance, round and round in a circle, his feet shuffling, his head flung back now and then as he uttered a wailing chant.

A woman's voice said sharply behind me, "Look at that old drunken Indian. What's he doing out there? Somebody ought to put a stop to that."

Her voice sounded not so much indignant as startled, frightened, as if she had suddenly wakened to find herself in a strange house. That was how I felt myself. Mr. Corntassel, oblivious in the performance of his ancient rite out there in the center of the field, seemed somehow to have taken possession of the earth on which we stood. I wanted to run away, and I could feel the others around me, too, moving uneasily. All the while, Mr. Corntassel stamped out the strange, secret, triumphant rhythm of his dance on the autumn earth.

A policeman came up at last, and



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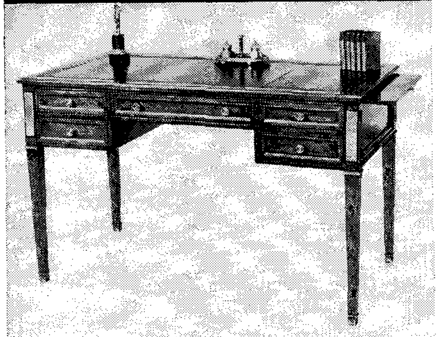

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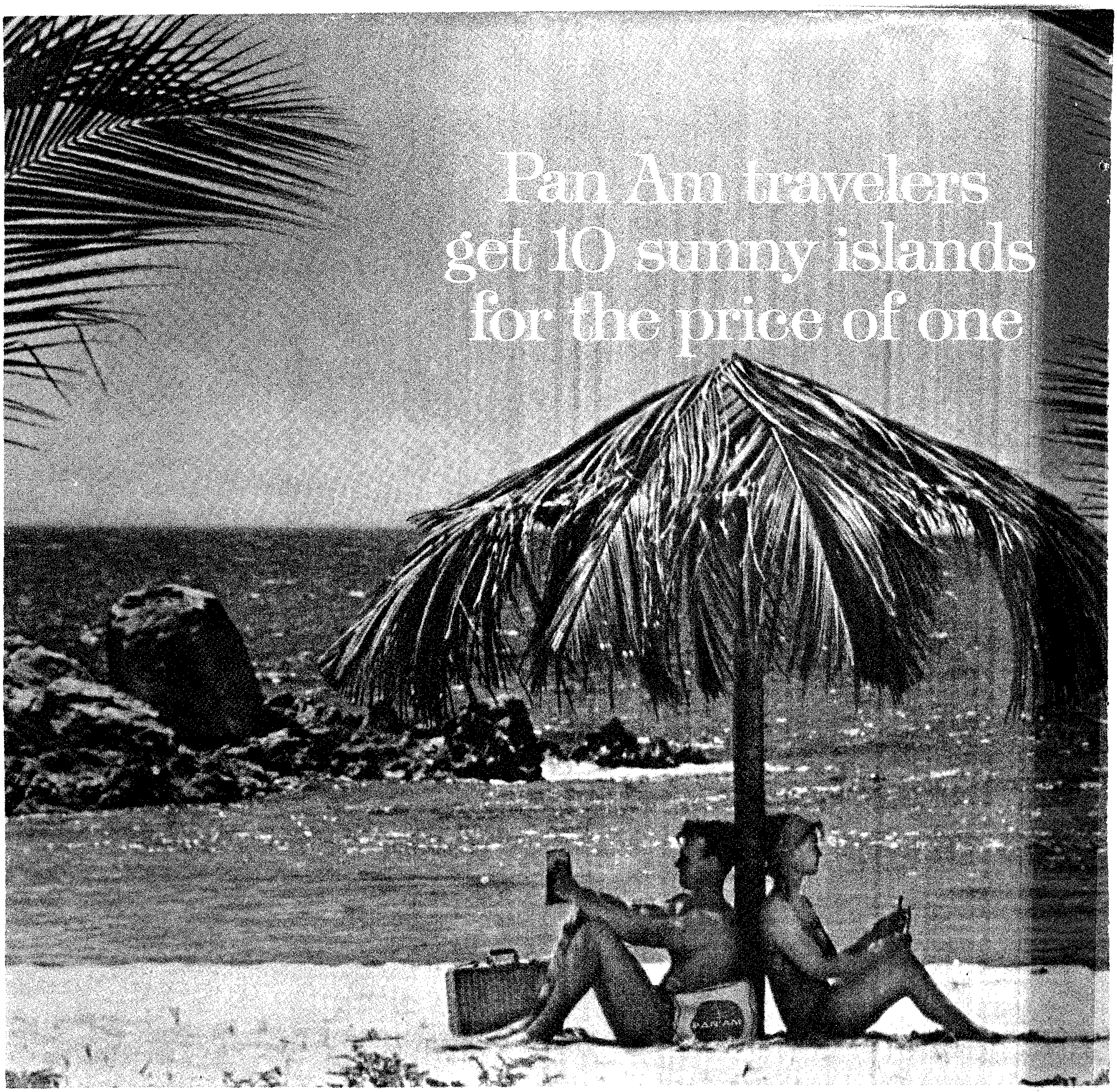

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some of the soccer players. They surrounded Mr. Corntassel so that we could not see him. Then, after a few moments, he came into view again, his back to us as the policeman led him away. He was walking a little unsteadily now; anybody could see that he had been drinking. I heard my mother exchanging relieved, disapproving comments with the woman behind us, and soon the whole incident was over. The players took the field again, and the game went on.

THAT was the last any of us ever saw of Mr. Corntassel. The following year, though we watched for him at the soccer games, he did not put in an appearance. Bill and I spoke, once or twice, of going back to the house where he had lived and questioning the landlady, but for some reason we never did. I think we were afraid, not of Mr. Corntassel or of the woman, but of losing what we had felt on that fall afternoon as we watched Mr. Corntassel drunk doing what Mr. Corntassel sober, who worked at a commission house and drove a Model T Ford, would never have dreamed of doing.

Bill and I seldom talked about him after that second autumn. I think I might have forgotten him entirely by the time I was grown if it had not been for the feeling that still comes over me sometimes in strange places (Bill has it, too)—a kind of knowledge of what it is to be an American, with Mr. Corntassel and the soccer players and the autumn field somewhere at the center of it: a memory as sharp and poignant as wood smoke. I see his crouching figure, the moccasins, the swinging braids, looming somehow spectral in the blue autumn haze as they move in the secret ritual of the dance, and I feel the earth grow alien beneath my feet.

"Comfort yourself with supermarkets," Bill says. "Hedge yourself in with television antennas and big Detroit cars. But do you remember Mr. Corntassel?"

"Yes," I say. "Yes, I remember."

—MARY DEASY

•

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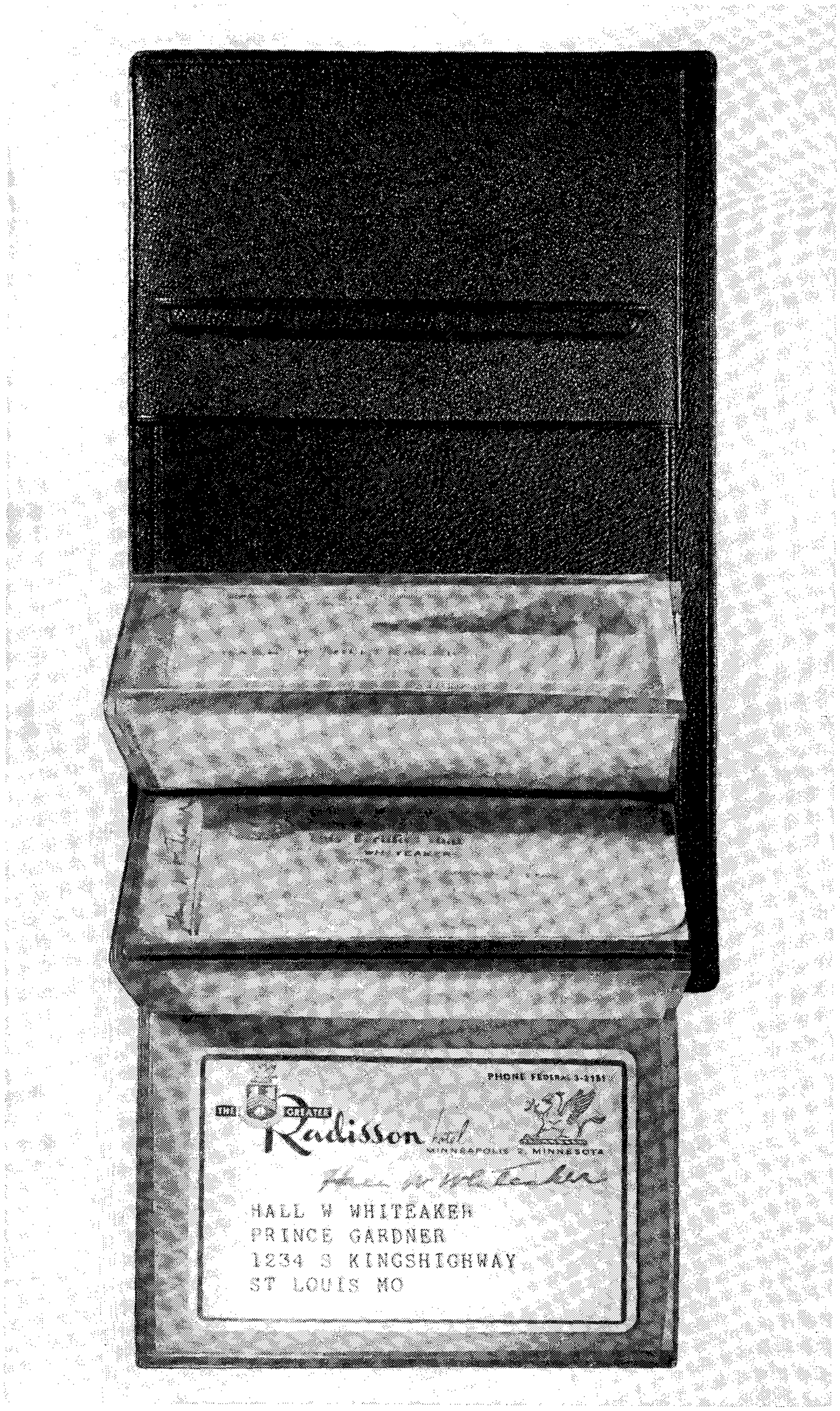

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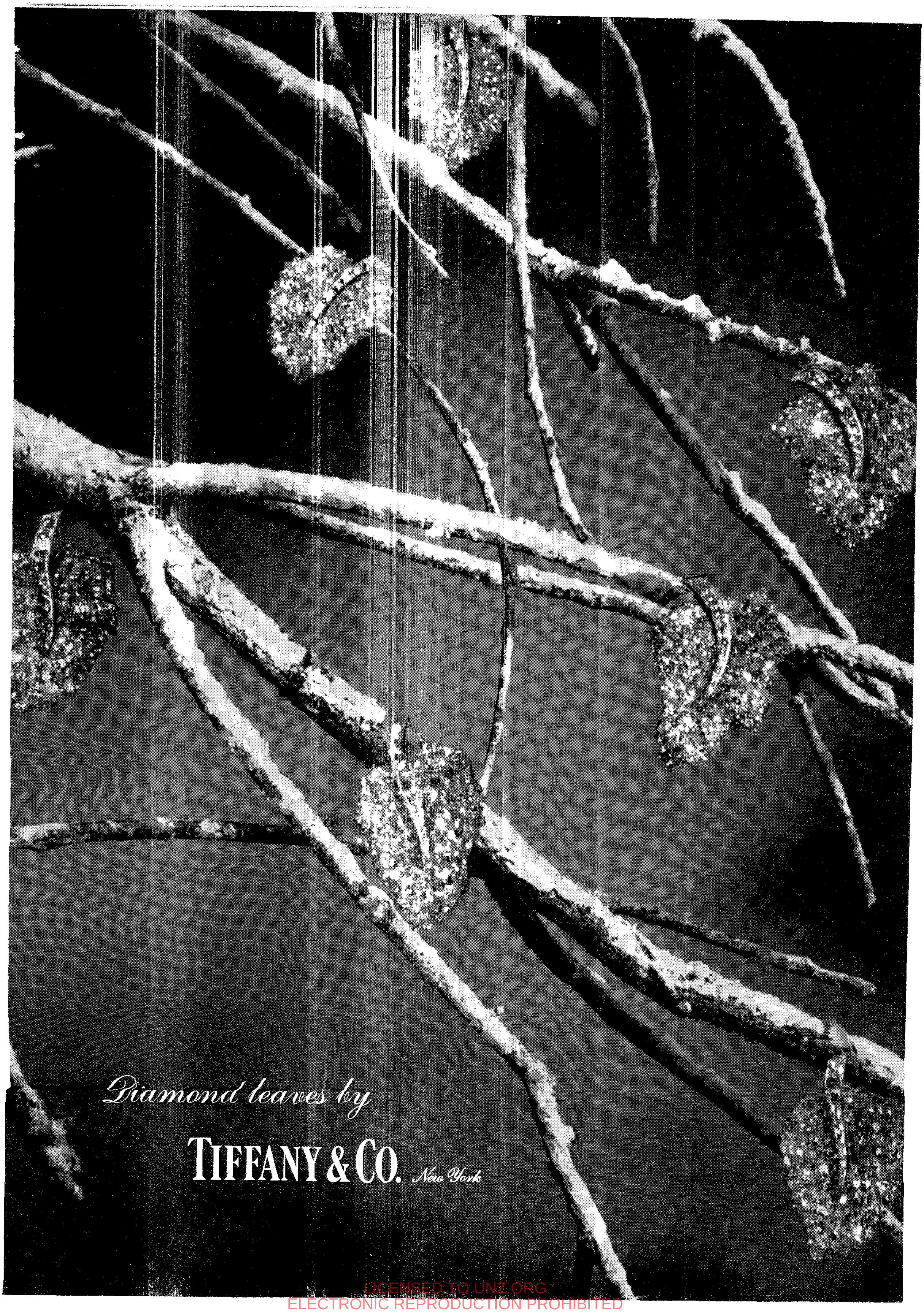
EVER since 1949, when the national Housing Act was passed, the cities of this country have been assaulted by a series of vast federally aided building operations. These large-scale operations have brought only small-scale benefits to our city. The people who gain by the government's handouts are not the displaced slum dwellers but the new investors and occupants. In the name of slum clearance, many quarters of Greater New York that would still have been decently habitable with a modest expenditure of capital have been razed, and their inhabitants, along with the shopkeepers and tavern keepers who served them, have been booted out, to resettle in even slummier quarters. Even in municipal projects designed to rehouse the displaced slum dwellers or people of equivalent low income, the physical improvements have been only partial and the social conditions of the inhabitants have been worsened through further social stratification—segregation, actually—of people by their income levels. The standard form of housing favored by the federal government and big-city administrators is high-rise slabs—bleak structures of ten to twenty stories. Superficially, these new buildings are an immense improvement over both the foul Old Law tenements of New York and the New Law (1901) tenements that covered the newer sections of the Bronx and the upper West Side up to 1930. The latest model buildings are only two rooms deep; all the flats have outside exposure; the structures are widely spaced around small play areas and patches of fenced grass spotted with benches. Not merely are the buildings open to the sun and air on all sides but they are as bugproof and verminproof as concrete floors and brick walls can make them; they have steam heat, hot and cold water, standard bathroom equipment, and practically everything a well-to-do family could demand except large rooms and doors for their closets; the absence of the latter is an idiotic economy achieved at the expense of the tenants, who must provide curtains.

These buildings, with all their palpable hygienic virtues, are the response to a whole century of investigation of the conditions of housing among the lower-income groups in the big cities, particularly New York. Shortly after 1835, when the first slum tenement deliberately designed for congestion was built, on Cherry Street, the Health Commissioner of New York noted the appallingly high incidence of infant mortality and infectious diseases among the poor, and he correlated this with overcrowding of rooms, overcrowding of building plots, poor ventilation, lack of running water and indoor toilet facilities. For a large part of the nineteenth century, in all big cities, housing conditions worsened, even for the upper classes, despite the common boast that this was "the Century of Progress." It was only because of a tremendous effort by physicians, sanitarians, housing reformers, and architects that legislation established minimum standards for light, air, constructional soundness, and human decency.

"So *this* is the woman behind the man!"

Unfortunately, it turned out that better housing was more expensive housing, and at the rents the lower-income groups could afford no landlord could be tempted to invest. The most profitable rentals came from congested slum housing. So pressing were the economic and sanitary problems in urban housing that when finally government aid on a large scale was secured, the dominant concept of good lower-income housing was naturally centered on physical improvements. Our current high-rise housing projects find their sanction in the need to wipe out more than a century of vile housing and provide space for people who have been living in slums holding three hundred to seven hundred people an acre. On sound hygienic terms, the one way of meeting this demand within the limited areas provided is the erection of tall buildings, whose grim walls are overshadowing ever-larger sections of Manhattan. There is nothing wrong with these buildings except that, humanly speaking, they stink. What is worse, after a few years of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occupancy, some of them stink in an olfactory sense. Not only that, but the young have found the automatic elevators marvellous instruments for annoying adults; putting them out of order or stalling them has become a universal form of play. London County Council administrators have told me the same story about the conflict between high-rise urban aesthetics and what Jane Addams called the spirit of youth in city streets—or, rather, here, in city elevator shafts. By the very nature of the high-rise slab, its inhabitants are cut off from the surveillance and protection of neighbors and passersby, particularly when they are in elevators. In some housing projects, the possibility of casual violence, rape, even murder—a rising menace in all our big cities—is conspicuously present. The daily life of the inhabitants, besides being subject to the insistent bureaucratic regulation of the management, labors under a further handicap. Because of a long-standing rule, only lately removed, urban-renewal projects could not provide marketing facilities to replace those they had wiped out; often the housewife has to trundle her heavy shopping bags many blocks and is denied the convenience of sending a small member of the family to the corner store. In short, though the hygiene of these new structures was incomparably superior to anything the market had offered in the past—and in sunlight, air, and view definitely superior to the congested super-slums of the rich on Park Avenue—most of the other desirable facilities and opportunities had descended to a lower level.

From time to time in this column I have pointed out these deficiencies in public housing in New York; as far back as 1942, when one of the first high-rise projects opened, in the Navy Yard area of Brooklyn, I foretold that it would become the slum that it now notoriously is. But the person who has lately followed through on *all* the dismal results of current public housing and has stirringly presented them is Mrs. Jane Jacobs, whose book, "The Death and Life of Great American Cities" (Random House), has been an exciting theme for dinner-table conversation all over the country this past year. Though her examples of desirable urban quarters are drawn chiefly from New York—indeed, largely from a few tiny pockets of New York—the bad fashionable patterns she points to are universal. A few years ago, Mrs. Jacobs stepped into prominence at a planners' conference at Harvard. Into the foggy atmosphere of professional jargon that usually en-

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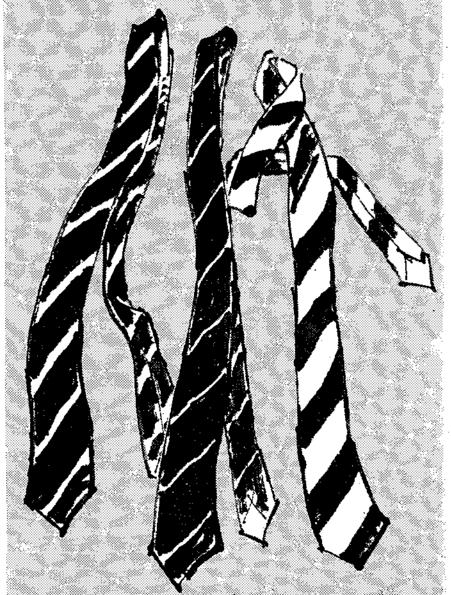

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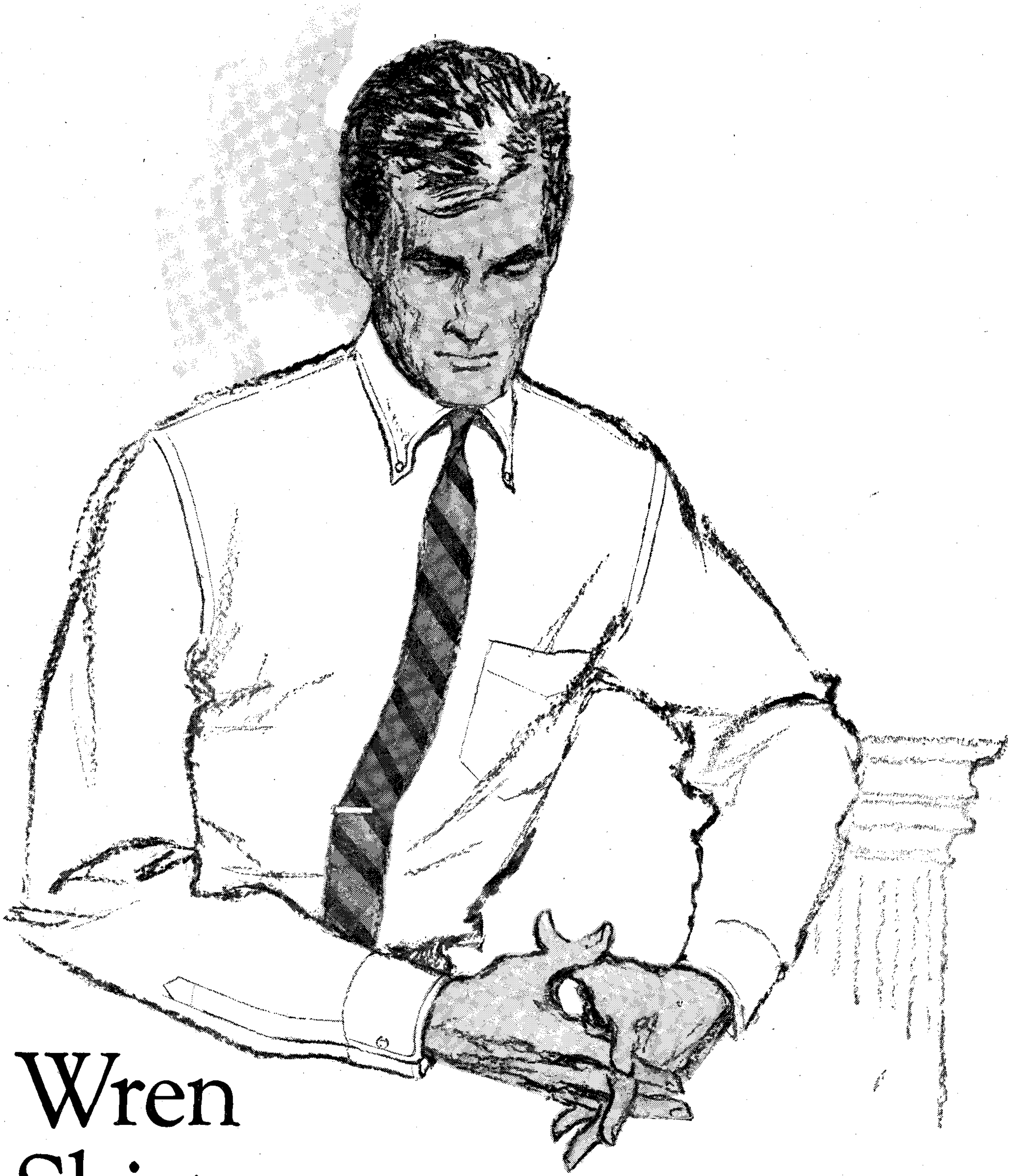

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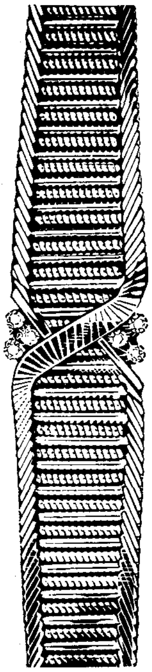
velops such meetings, she blew like a fresh offshore breeze to present a picture, dramatic but not distorted, of the results of displacing large neighborhood populations to facilitate large-scale rebuilding. She pointed out a fact to which many planners and administrators had been indifferent—that a neighborhood is not just a collection of buildings but a tissue of social relations and a cluster of warm personal sentiments, associated with the familiar faces of the doctor and the priest, the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker, not least with the idea of "home." Sanitary steam-heated apartments, she observed, are no substitute for warmhearted neighbors, even if they live in verminous cold-water flats. The chat across the air shaft, the little changes of scene as a woman walks her baby or tells her troubles with her husband to the druggist, the little flirtations that often attend the purchase of a few oranges or potatoes, all season the housewife's day and mean more than mere physical shelter. It is no real gain to supplant the sustaining intimacies of long neighborhood association with the professional advice of a social worker or a psychiatrist, attempting by a wholly inadequate therapy to combat the trauma of social dislocation. Mrs. Jacobs gave firm shape to a misgiving that many people had begun to express. But she saw more deeply into the plight of both those who were evicted and those who came back to live in homogenized and sterilized barracks that had been conceived in terms of bureaucratic regimentation, financial finagling, and administrative convenience, without sufficient thought for the diverse needs of personal and family life, thus producing a human void that matched the new architectural void. In this process, even valuable buildings have often been destroyed, though cherished landmarks in the life of the community, so that the operation may "start clean," without any encumbrances.

Mrs. Jacobs' criticism established her as a person to be reckoned with. Here was a new kind of "expert," very refreshing in current planning circles, where minds unduly fascinated by computers carefully confine themselves to asking only the kind of question that computers can answer and are completely negligent of the human contents or the human results. This able woman had used her eyes and, even more admirably, her heart to assay the human result of large-scale housing, and she was saying, in effect, that these toplofty barracks that now crowd the city's sky



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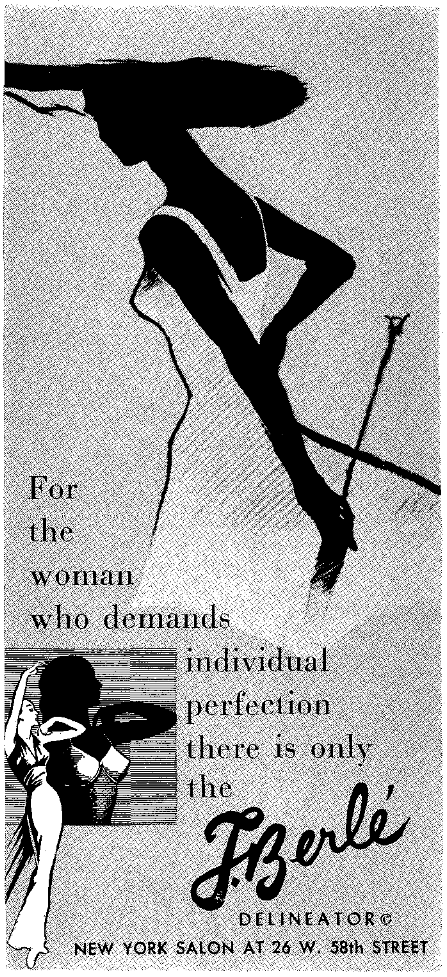

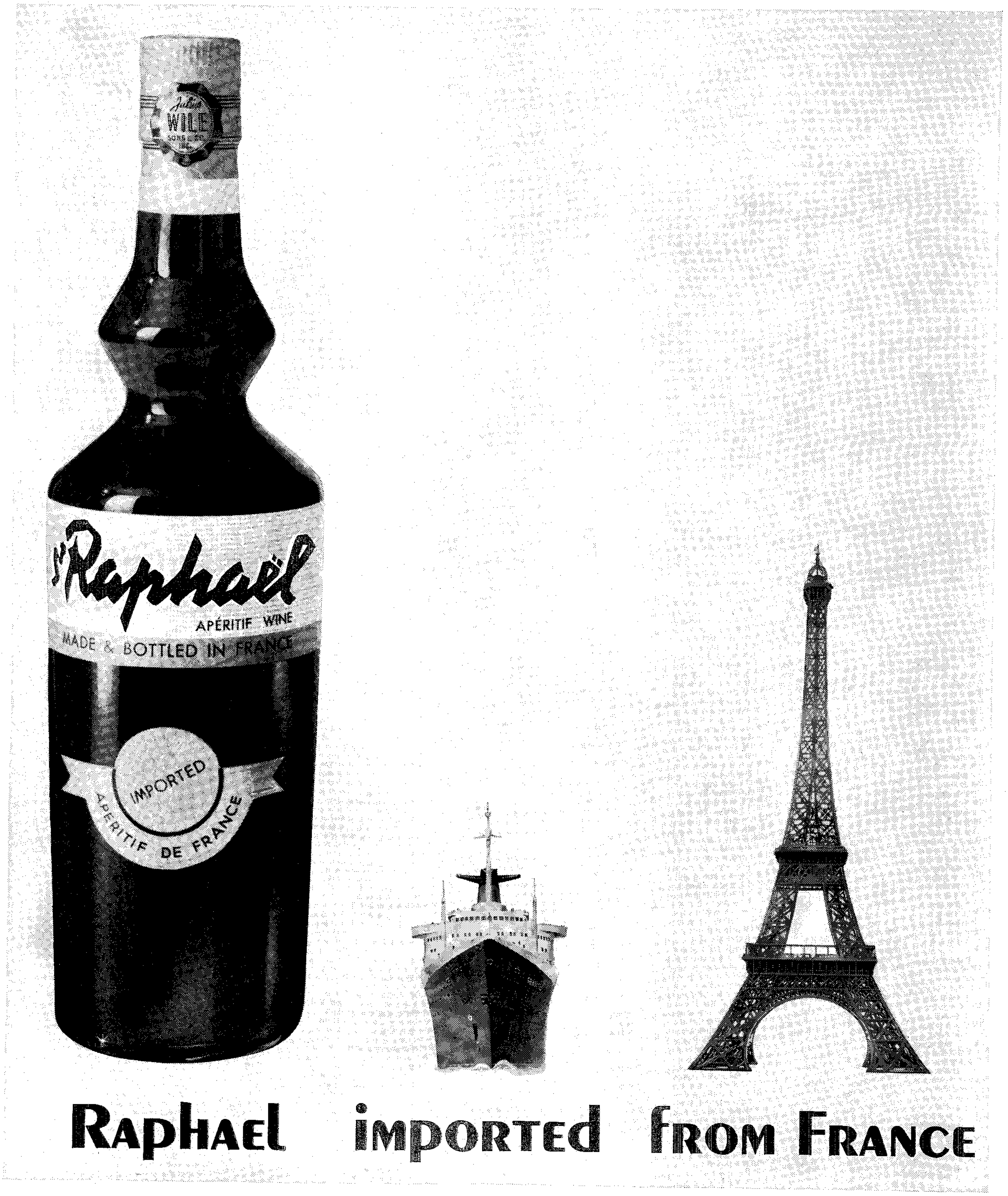
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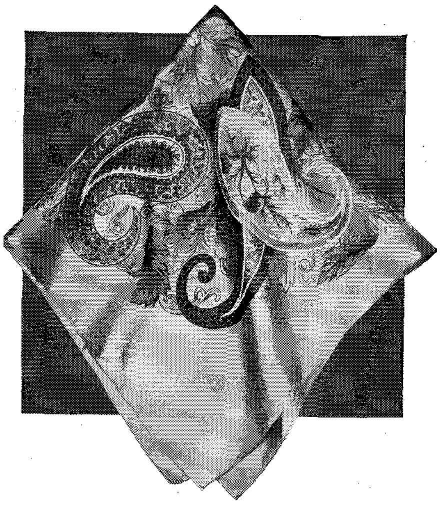
line and overshadow its streets are not fit for human habitation. For her, the new pattern of high-rise urban housing was all one—whether undertaken by municipal authorities to rehouse low-income groups displaced from their destroyed slum quarters, or by insurance companies to house, somewhat more spaciously and elegantly, carefully selected members of the middle classes and provide a safe, reasonably high return, or by speculative investors and builders taking advantage of government aid to feather their private nests.

From a mind so big with a fresh point of view and pertinent ideas, one naturally expected a book of equally large dimensions. But whereas "Sense and Sensibility" could have been the title of her Harvard talk, what she sets forth in "The Death and Life of Great American Cities" comes close to deserving the secondary title of "Pride and Prejudice." The shrewd critic of dehumanized housing and faulty design is still evident, and has applied some of her sharp observations and her municipal political experience to the analysis of urban activities as a whole. But this excellent clinical analyst has been joined by a character who has patched together out of the bits and pieces of her local personal observations nothing less than a universal theory about the life and death of our great—by "great," Mrs. Jacobs seems always to mean "big"—American cities. This new costume of theory, though not quite as airy as the Emperor's clothes, exposes such large areas of naked unawareness that it devaluates Mrs. Jacobs' many sound statements. Some of her boldest planning proposals, indeed, rest on faulty data, inadequate evidence, and startling miscomprehensions of views contrary to hers. This does not make her book easy to appraise.

Before seeking to do justice to Mrs. Jacobs' work as a whole, I must say a word about her first chapter, in which she does not do justice to herself. Ironically, this doughty opponent of urban-renewal projects turns out to have a huge private urban-renewal project of her own. Like a construction gang bulldozing the site clean of all habitations, good or bad, she gaily bulldozes out of existence every desirable innovation in urban planning during the last century and every competing idea, without even a pretense of critical evaluation. She is opposed to sterile high-rise projects, but she is even more opposed to the best present examples of urban residential planning, such as Chatham Village, in Pittsburgh, and she seems wholly to mis-



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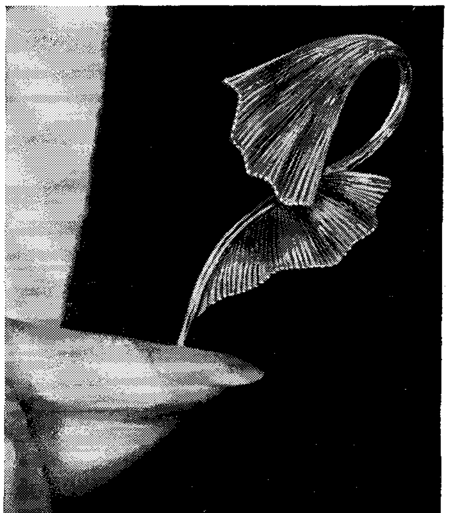

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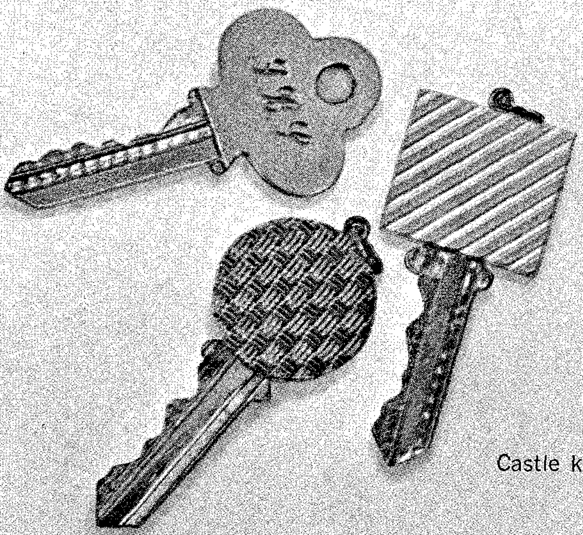
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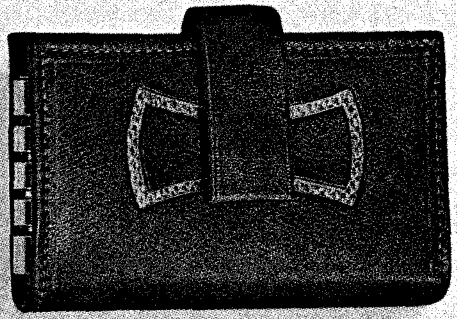
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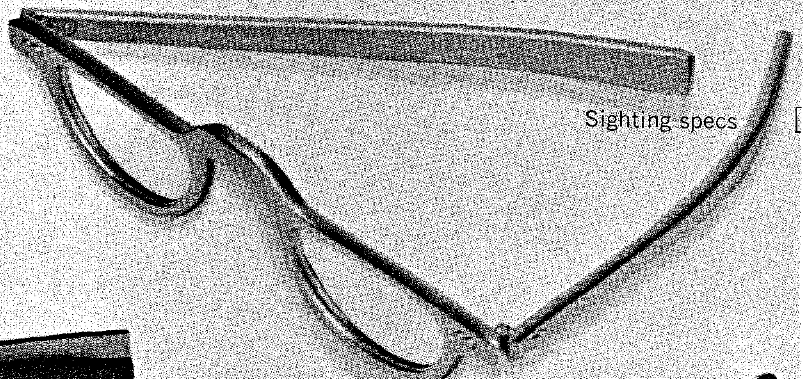
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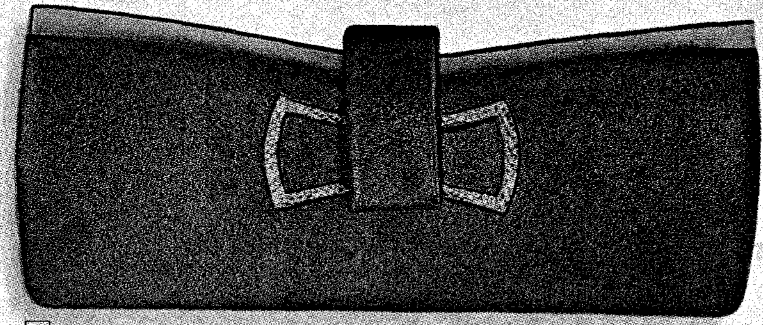
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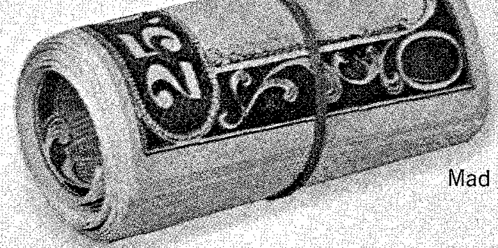
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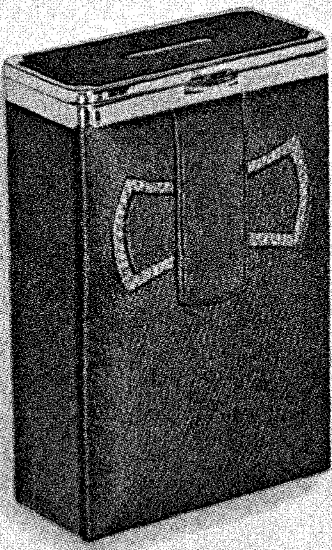
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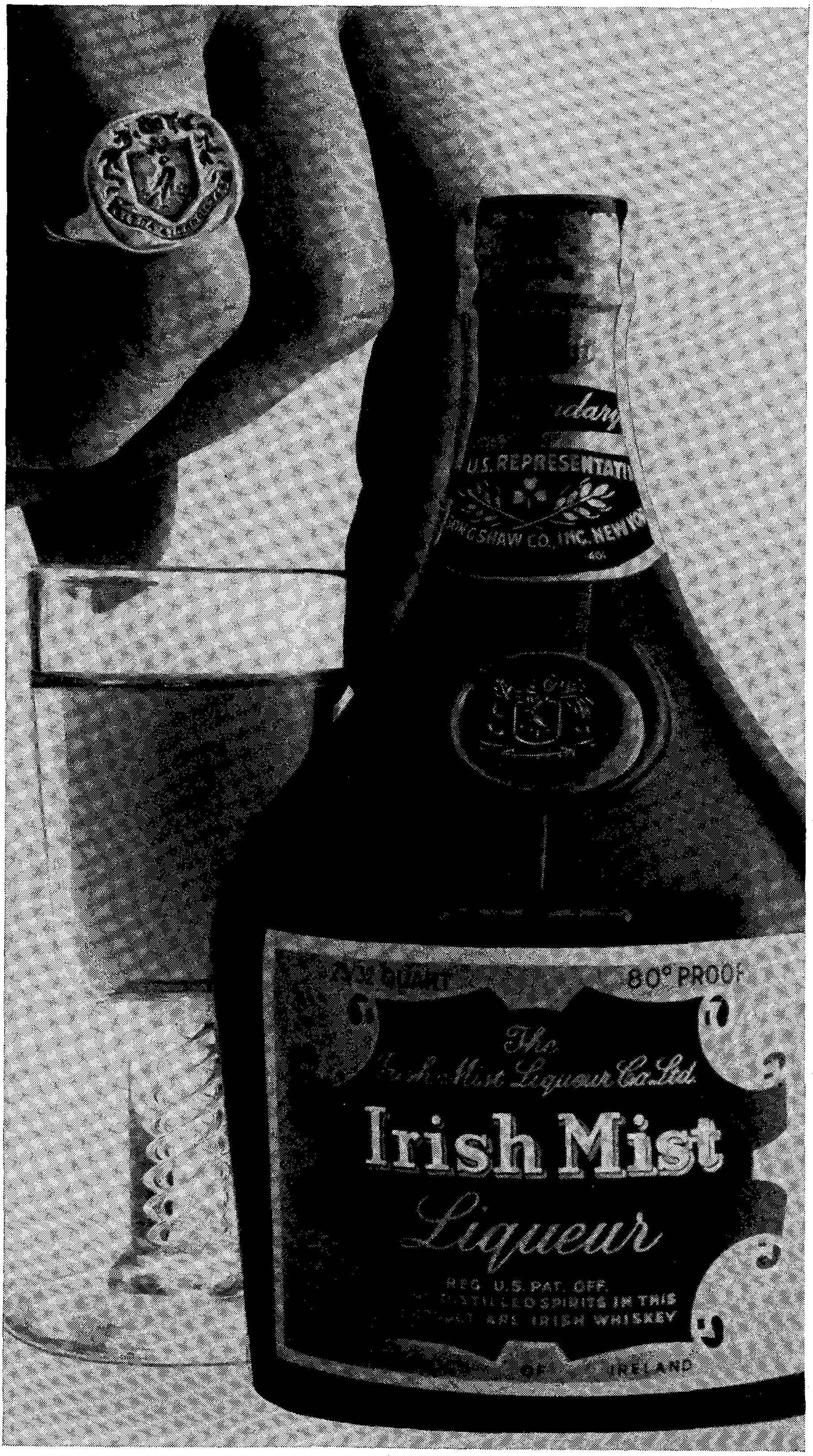
understand their nature, their purpose, and their achievement. Her misapprehension of any plans she regards as subversive of her own concepts of urban planning leads her to astounding statements, and she even attempts to liquidate possible opponents by treating those who have attempted to improve the design of cities by methods not her own as if such people were determined enemies of the city. To wipe out her most dangerous rival, she concentrates her attack on Sir Ebenezer Howard, the founder of the New Towns (Garden City) movement in England. Her handling of him is, for those who know anything of his biography, comic. Howard, it happens, devoted the last quarter century of his life to the improvement of cities, seeking to find by actual experiment the right form and size, and the right balance between urban needs and purposes and those of the rural environment. Under the rubric of the "garden city," he reintroduced into city building two important ideas: the notion that there is a limit to the area and population of a city, and the notion of providing for continued population growth by founding more towns, which would form "town clusters," to perform the more complex functions of a metropolis without wiping out the open recreational spaces and the rural activities of the intervening countryside. Fifteen such communities exist in England today as partial embodiments of his principle, mostly with populations ranging from sixty to ninety thousand—a group of towns that will eventually hold a vast number of people working not as commuters to London but in their local factories and business enterprises. During the last year three more such towns have been founded in Britain alone.

Ebenezer Howard, Mrs. Jacobs insists, "set spinning powerful and city-destroying ideas: He conceived that the way to deal with the city's functions was to sort and sift out of the whole certain simple uses, and to arrange each of these in relative self-containment. He fo-



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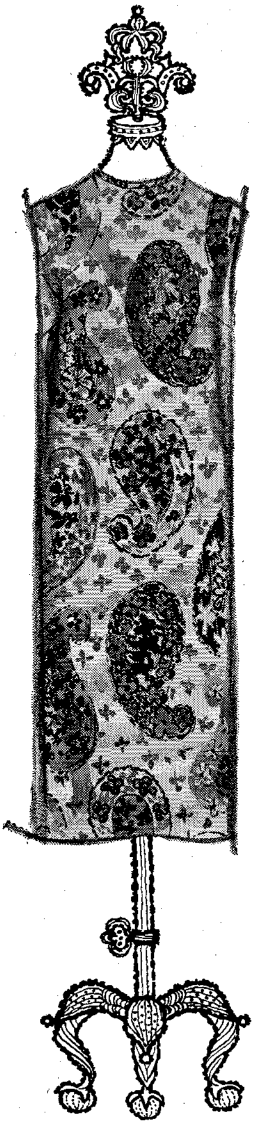

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cussed on the provision of wholesome housing as the central problem, to which everything else was subsidiary." But this characterization brashly contradicts Howard's clearly formulated idea of the garden city as a balanced, many-sided urban community. In the same vein, Mrs. Jacobs' dislike of nearly everything about current town planning is concentrated in one omnibus epithet, expressive of her utmost contempt: "Radiant Garden City Beautiful." Obviously, neither radiance (sunlight) nor gardens nor spaciousness nor beauty has any place in Mrs. Jacobs' picture of a great city.

I shall say no more of Mrs. Jacobs' historical knowledge and scholarly scruple except that her innocence of easily ascertainable facts is rather frequent. An English reviewer has charitably called her an *enfant terrible;* terrible or not, she has become a rampant public figure in the cities movement, and she has a sufficiently large uncritical following even among supposedly knowledgeable professors of planning to require a rigorous appraisal of her work lest all of it be accepted as holy writ.

"THIS book is an attack on current city planning and rebuilding." With these brave words Mrs. Jacobs introduces herself. An exhaustive critical analysis and appraisal of the torrent of urban renewal that has been reducing areas of New York and other cities to gargantuan nonentities of high-rise buildings has been long overdue. To have someone look over the situation with her rude, fresh eye seemed almost a gift from Heaven. Unfortunately, her assault on current planning rests on an odd view of the nature and function and structure of big cities. Underneath her thesis—that the sidewalk, the street, and the neighborhood, in all their higgledy-piggledy unplanned casualness, are the very core of a dynamic urban life—lies a preoccupation that is almost an obsession: the prevention of criminal violence in big cities.

In judging Mrs. Jacobs' interpretations, I speak as a born and bred New Yorker, who in his time has walked almost every street in Manhattan, and who has lived in every kind of neighborhood and in every type of housing, from a private row house on the West Side to an Old Law dumbbell railroad flat, from a grim walkup apartment off Washington Square to the thirtieth floor of an East Side hotel, from a block of row houses with no shops on Brooklyn Heights to a two-room flat in the same neighborhood over a lunchroom, with

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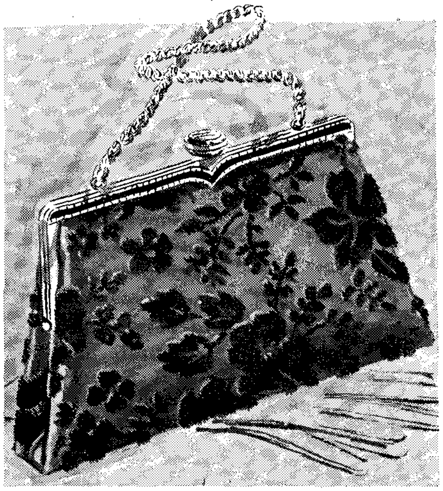

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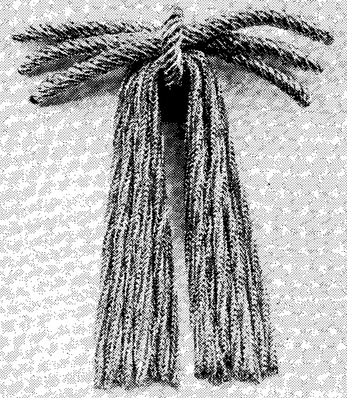

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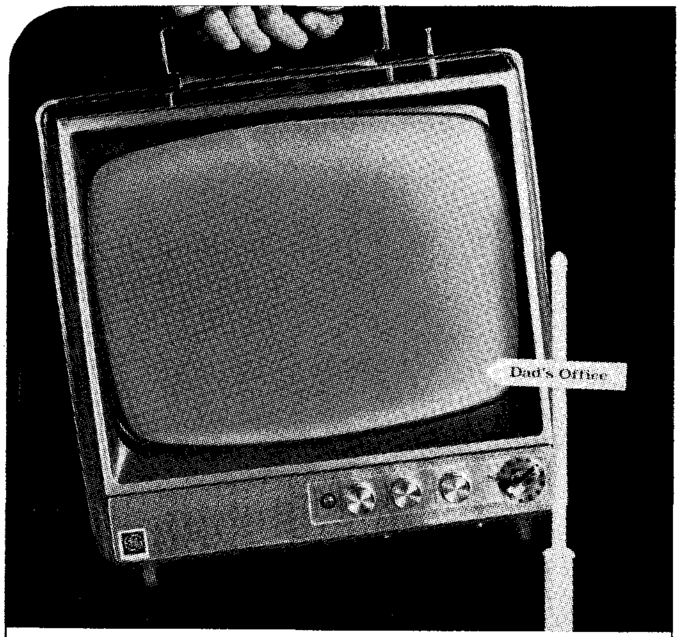

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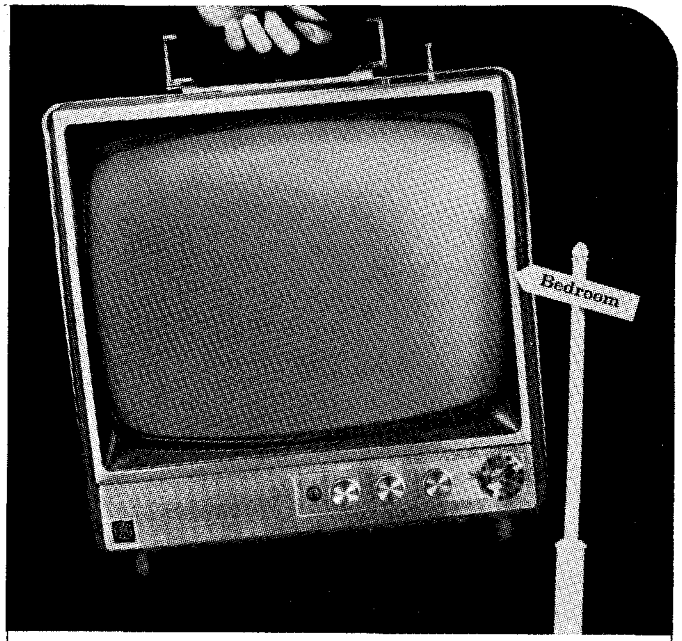

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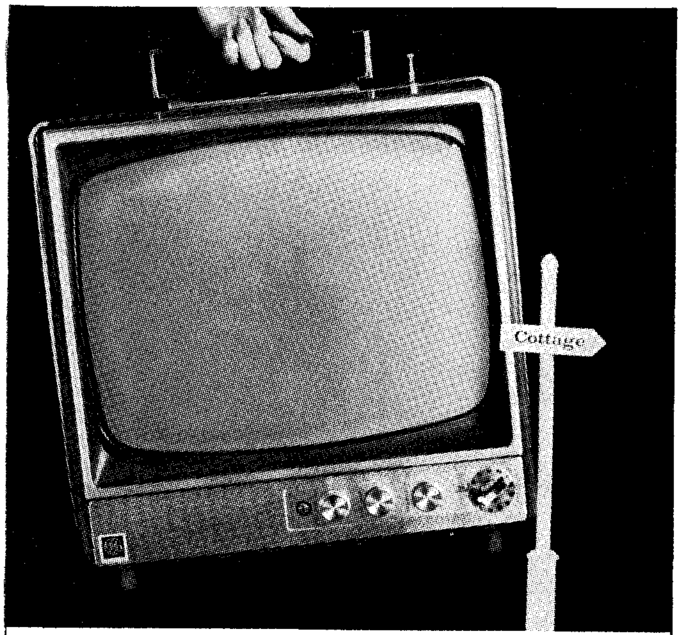

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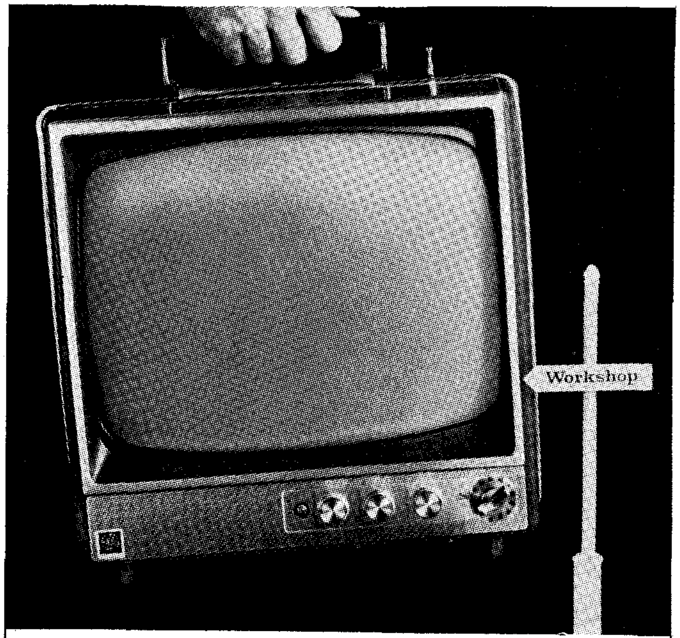

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the odor of stale fat filtering through the windows, and with a tailor, a laundry, a florist, grocery stores, and restaurants—Mrs. Jacobs' favorite constellation for "urban liveliness"—immediately at hand. Like a majority of my fellow-citizens, I am still unregenerate enough to prefer the quiet flat with a back garden and a handsome church beyond it in Hicks Street or a row house backing on a green common in Sunnyside Gardens to all the dingy "liveliness" of Clinton Street as it was back in the twenties.

"I shall mainly be writing about common ordinary things: for instance, what kinds of city streets are safe and what kinds are not; why some city parks are marvellous and others are vice traps and death traps," Mrs. Jacobs says. This reveals an overruling fear of living in the big city she so openly adores, and, as all New Yorkers know, she has considerable reason for fear. Her underlying animus fosters some of her most sensitive interpretations of the quality of life in a genuine neighborhood, but it also fosters a series of amateurish planning proposals that will not stand up under the most forbearing statistical examination. From her point of view, one of the chief mischiefs of contemporary planning is that it reduces the number of streets by creating superblocks reserved almost exclusively for pedestrian movement, free from through wheeled traffic, with the space once preëmpted by unnecessary paved streets turned into open areas for play or provided with benches and plantations for the sedentary enjoyment of adults. Such a separation of automobile and pedestrian runs counter to her private directives for a safe and animated neighborhood; namely, to multiply the number of cross streets, to greatly widen the sidewalks, to reduce all other open spaces, and to place many types of shops and services on streets now devoted solely to residences. The street is her patent substitute for the more diversified meeting places that traditional cities have always boasted. What is behind Mrs. Jacobs' idea of assigning exclusively to the street the mixed functions and varied activities of a well-balanced neighborhood unit? The answer, I repeat, is simple: Her ideal city is mainly an organization for the prevention of crime. To her, the best way to overcome criminal violence is such a mixture of economic and social activities at every hour of the day that the streets will never be empty of pedestrians, and that each shopkeeper, each householder, compelled to find both his main occupations and his recreations on the street, will serve as watchman and

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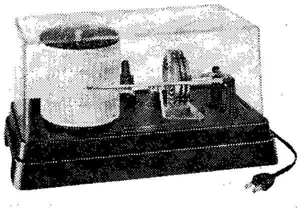

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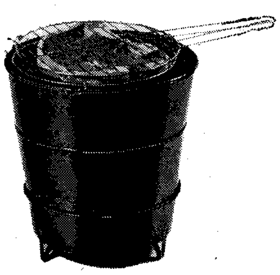

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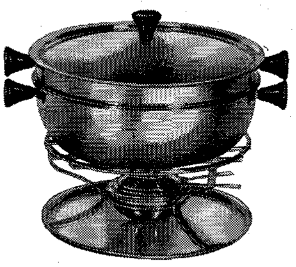

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policeman, each knowing who is to be trusted and who is not, who is defiant of the law and who upholds it, who can be taken in for a cup of coffee and who must be kept at bay.

This is indeed an original theory of the city, and a new order of city planning. It comes pretty close to saying that if the planners had kept blocks as small and irregular as they are in many old quarters of Manhattan below Fourteenth Street, and had made universal the mixture of shops and tenement houses that long characterized the main avenues, the blight and corrosion and violence that have now spread over the whole city could have been avoided. By concentrating upon the street and upon such neighborhood activities as the street promotes, Mrs. Jacobs holds, we shall go a long way toward producing a metropolis that shall be at once "fantastically dynamic"—the phrase is hers—and humanly safe. But if this remedy were a sound one, eighteenth-century London, which met all of Mrs. Jacobs' planning prescriptions, would not have been the nest of violence and delinquency it actually was.

As one who has spent more than fifty years in New York, I must remind Mrs. Jacobs that many parts of the city she denounces because they do not conform to her standards were for over the better part of a century both economically quite sound and humanly secure. In the urban range of my boyhood, there were occasional rowdy gangs even half a century ago—we always ran for cover when the West Ninety-eighth Street gang invaded our street—but their more lethal activities were confined largely to their own little ghettos and nearby territory: Hell's Kitchen, the Gas House District. With the policeman on his beat, a woman could go home alone at any time of the night on a purely residential street without apprehension. (She could even, astonishingly, trust the policeman.) Mrs. Jacobs treats the great parks she fears are an invitation to crime (she also disparages them as a recreation space) on the strange ground that no one any longer can safely use them, as if they were an original sin and a chronic ailment, although this is a state of affairs that would have seemed incredible as late as 1935. Until the present Age of Extermination, Mrs. Jacobs' plans for abating violence would not have been called for—not even by Mrs. Jacobs. Certainly it was not Frederick Olmsted's mistake in long ago laying out Riverside Drive, Morningside Park, and St. Nicholas Park that has made these large parks unusable sham-

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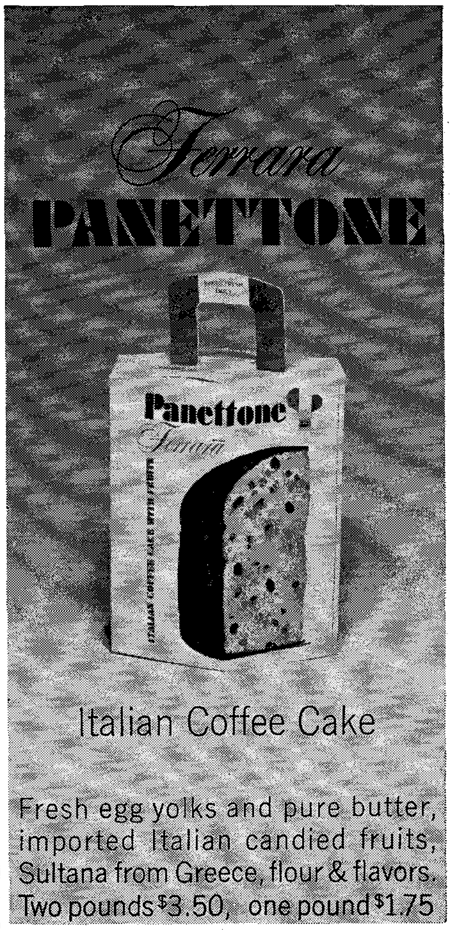

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bles today. What is responsible for their present emptiness is something Mrs. Jacobs disregards: the increasing pathology of the whole mode of life in the great metropolis, a pathology that is directly proportionate to its overgrowth, its purposeless materialism, its congestion, and its insensate disorder—the very conditions she vehemently upholds as marks of urban vitality. That sinister state manifests itself not merely in the statistics of crime and mental disorder but in the enormous sums spent on narcotics, sedatives, stimulants, hypnotics, and tranquillizers to keep the population of our "great" cities from coming to terms with the vacuous desperation of their daily lives and with the even more vacuous horrors that their rulers and scientific advisers seem to regard as a reasonable terminus for the human race. Lacking any sense of an intelligible purpose or a desirable goal, the inhabitants of our great American cities are simply "waiting for Godot."

Mrs. Jacobs is at her best in dealing with small, intimate urban areas. She understands that the very life of a neighborhood depends upon the maintenance of the human scale, for it fosters what the philosopher Martin Buber calls I-and-thou relations between visible people who share a common environment, who meet face to face without intermediaries, who are aware of their personal identity and their common interests even though they may not exchange a word. This sense of belonging rests, however, not on a metropolitan dynamism but on continuity and stability—the special virtues of the village. These virtues remain conspicuous features of Greenwich Village—the area Mrs. Jacobs favors as a paragon of healthy urban design. By the beginning of the nineteenth century this part of the city, the old Ninth Ward, was so well

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defined, so individualized, that the City Planning Commissioners of 1811 did not dare to make it conform to the gridiron pattern they imposed with geometric rigor on the rest of the city.

The larger part of this homogeneous area consisted of two- and three-story red brick houses with white porticoes, some of the best of which, those on Varick and King Streets, were destroyed to make way for the Seventh Avenue extension. For long, a loyal population clung to these quarters partly because—as an old friend of mine who lived there remembers—though the residents of the oldest houses had to draw their supply of water from a common pump in the back yard, they were far cheaper than more up-to-date accommodations. This historic enclave would have lost most of the very features Mrs. Jacobs admires, including its short streets, if it had been sufficiently "dynamic." The Village's two special characteristics, indeed, make mock of her "new" principles—its original low density of population and its well-defined architectural character, which graciously set it off from the up-and-coming brownstone-front city that leaped beyond it. In short, old Greenwich Village was almost as much a coherent, concrete entity, with definite boundary lines, as a planned neighborhood unit in a British New Town.

The contradiction between Mrs. Jacobs' perceptions of the intimate values of neighborhood life and her unqualified adoration of metropolitan bigness and dynamism remains unreconciled largely because she rejects the principles of urban design that would unite these complementary qualities. Her ultimate criteria of sound metropolitan planning are dynamism, density, and diversity, but she never allows herself to contemplate the unfortunate last term in the series—disintegration. Yet her concern for local habits and conventions points her in the right direction for overcoming this ultimate disintegration: the recognition of the neighborhood as a vital urban entity, whose stability and continuity are necessary for rebuilding the kind of life that the metropolis, in all its cataclysmic economic voracity ("cataclysmic" is Mrs. Jacobs' happy epithet), has destroyed. She recognizes that a city is more than buildings, but she fails to perceive that a neighborhood is more than its streets, or that the static geometrical order of the gridiron plan and the old-fashioned rectangular block has long been one of the chief obstacles to an effective neighborhood life. The new street system she proposes, with twice the num-

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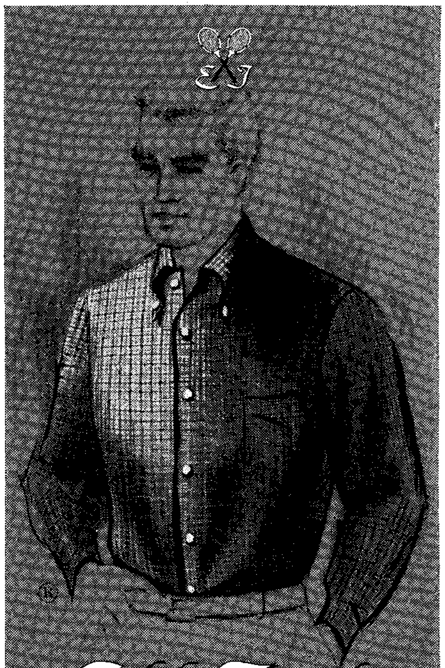

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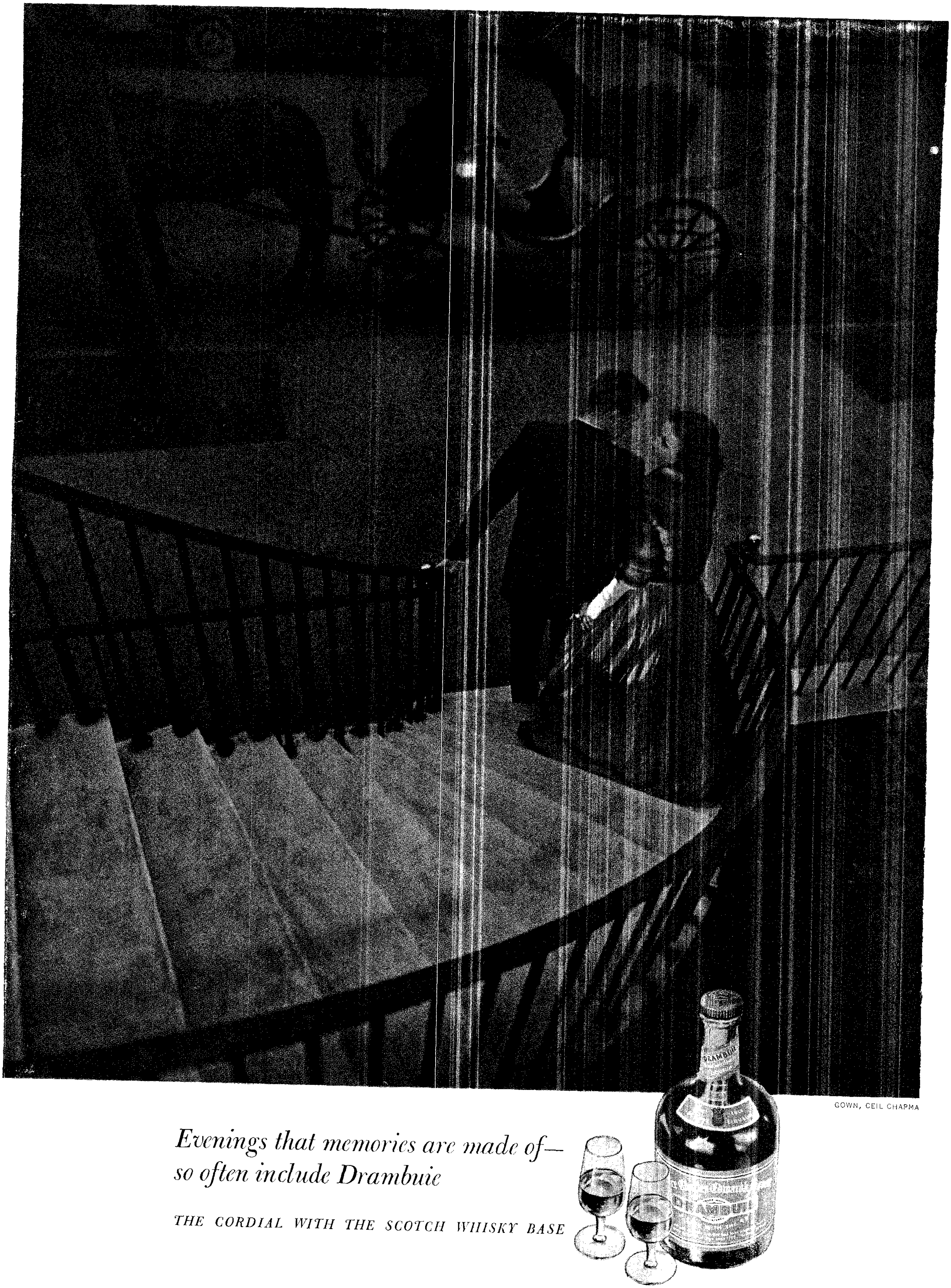

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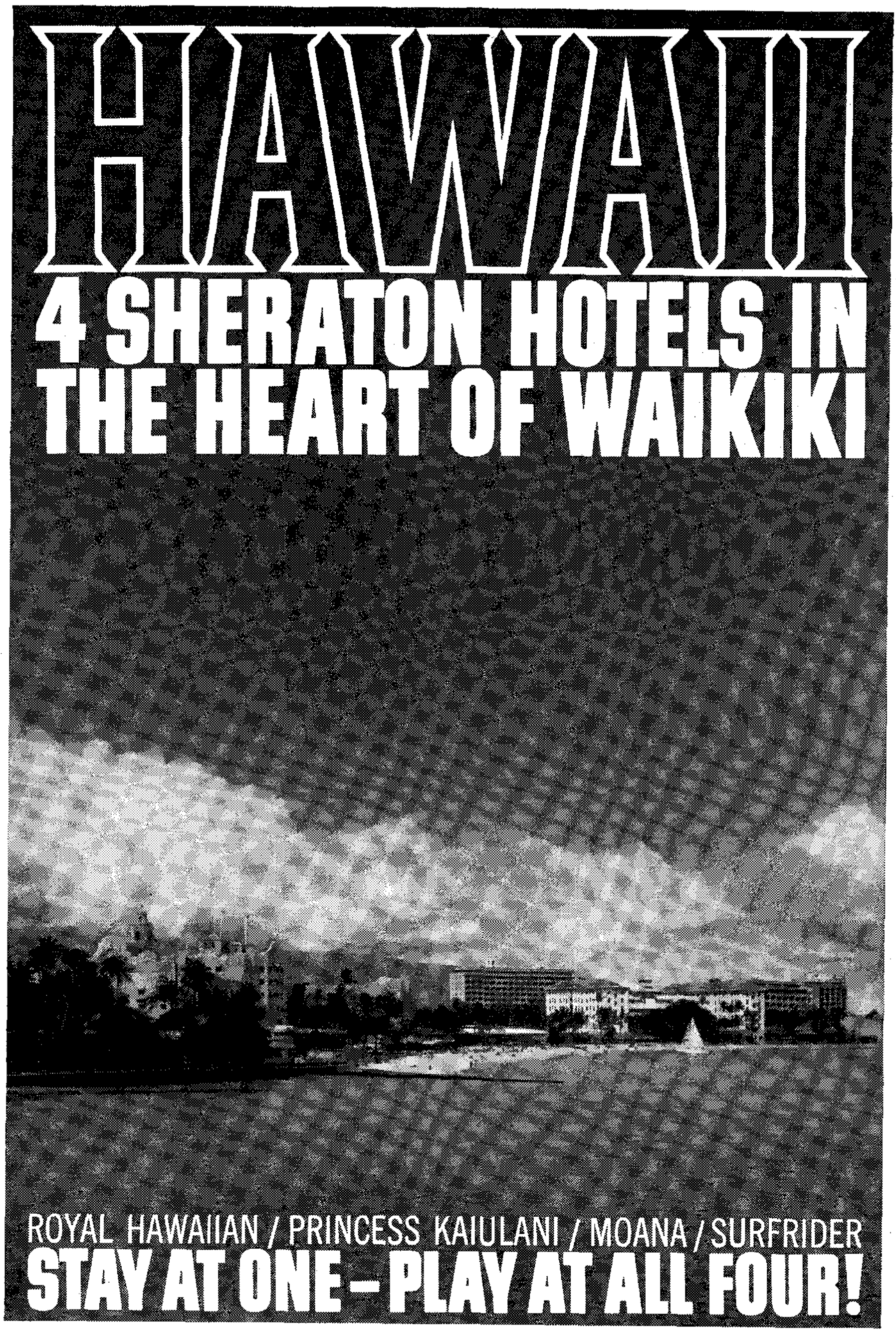
ber of intersecting north-and-south streets, would do nothing to give visible reality to the social functions of a neighborhood—those performed by school, church, market, clinic, park, library, eating house, theatre. Mrs. Jacobs has no use for the orderly distribution of these activities or the handsome design of their necessary structures; she prefers the hit-and-miss distribution of the present city. No wonder she opposes the admirable work of Clarence Stein and Henry Wright. These pioneer planners have repeatedly demonstrated—in Sunnyside Gardens; in Radburn, New Jersey; in Chatham Village—how much superior a well-planned, visibly homogeneous neighborhood can be to the sort of random community she advocates. In the multi-dimensional order of the city she favors, beauty does not have a place. Yet it is the beauty of great urban cathedrals and palaces, the order of the great monastic and university precincts of Oxford and Cambridge, the serenity and spaciousness of the great squares of Paris, London, Rome, Edinburgh, that have preserved intact the urban cores of truly great cities over many centuries. Meanwhile, the sordid dynamism of the dingier parts of these same cities has constantly proved uneconomic, inefficient, and self-destructive. Instead of asking what are the best possible urban patterns today for renovating our disordered cities, Mrs. Jacobs asks only under what conditions can existing slums and blighted areas preserve their congenial humane features without any radical changes in their physical structure or their mode of life. Her simple formula does not suggest that her eyes have ever been hurt by ugliness, sordor, confusion, or her ears offended by the roar of trucks smashing through a once quiet residential neighborhood, or her nose assaulted by the chronic odors of ill-ventilated, unsunned housing at the slum standards of congestion that alone meet her ideal standards for residential density. If people are housed in sufficiently congested quarters—provided only that the buildings are not set within superblocks—and if there is a sufficient mishmash of functions and activities, all her social and aesthetic demands are satisfied. She has exposed these convictions in a flat statement: "A city cannot be a work of art." The citizens of Florence, Siena, Venice, and Turin should take note. But, of course, Mrs. Jacobs might have her own peculiar answer to this: If these places are beautiful they are not and never were cities. What has happened is that she has jumped from the quite defensible po-



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sition that good physical structures and handsome design are not everything in city planning to the callow notion that they do not matter at all. That beauty, order, spaciousness, clarity of purpose may be worth having for their direct effect on the human spirit, even if they do not promote dynamism or reduce criminal violence, seems not to occur to her. This is the aesthetics of social realism with a vengeance.

Mrs. Jacobs' most original proposal, then, as a theorist of metropolitan development is to turn its chronic symptom of disorder—excessive congestion—into a remedy, by deliberately enlarging the scope of the disease. It is her belief, unshaken by irrefutable counter-evidence, that congestion and disorder are the normal, indeed the desirable, conditions of life in cities. But it is now a well-established fact in biology that overcrowded quarters produce stress even in animals, a state marked by anxiety and hostility. Elbow room is a general requisite for even animal health. Since her obstinate belief in high population density underlies Mrs. Jacobs' entire argument, it gratuitously vitiates even her valid contributions.

Yet despite its blind spots and omissions, her book at times offers a valuable look at the complex activities of the city—especially those urban functions that flourish precisely because of all the interchanges that take place, by chance no less than by plan, most frequently in cities that have reached a certain order of bigness and complexity. Unlike the big corporations and research laboratories that are stampeding into suburbia, Mrs. Jacobs recognizes how much of value they will leave behind, in exchange for temporary access to a golf course, a private airfield, or a few domestic acres. She also recognizes, by observation and experience, the communal nucleus of the city—the value of the spontaneous "primary" association of families and neighbors, upon which all the later complexities of urban life are

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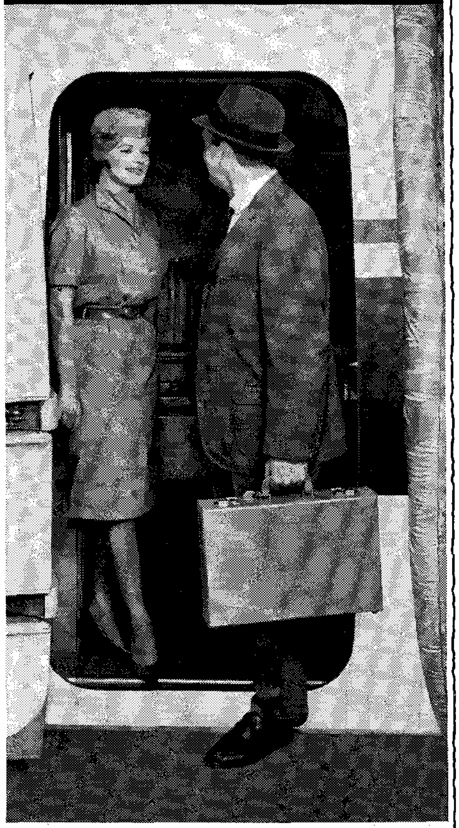

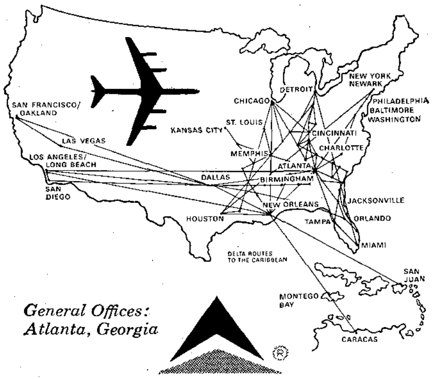
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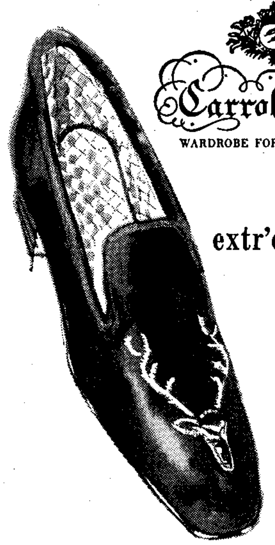

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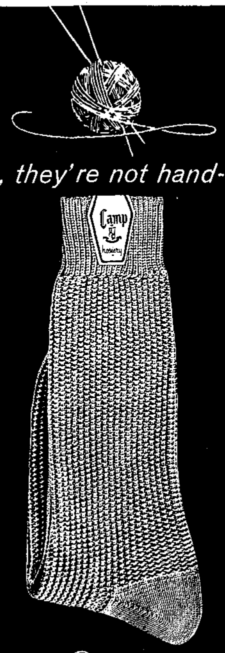

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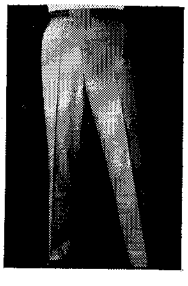

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based. And though she dislikes the notion of a planned "neighborhood unit," she chooses for her normal neighborhood the size that Clarence Perry, in his studies for the Regional Plan for New York back in the twenties, hit upon as roughly the proper size for such a unit—about five thousand people. "We shall have something solid to chew on," she observes, "if we think of city neighborhoods as mundane organs of self-government. Our failures with city neighborhoods are, ultimately, failures in localized self-government. And our successes are successes at localized self-government. I am using self-government in its broadest sense, meaning both the informal and formal self-management of society." Excellent. But, as against Mrs. Jacobs, many of us hold that such activities would be furthered by deliberately designed structures and that a planned architectural neighborhood unity will give firmness to its common functions, as it does in the classic example of Venice.

Venice was one of the few cities that, from the Middle Ages onward, were deliberately planned and practically organized on the neighborhood principle, each parish with the little *campo* at the center—occupied by a café, and shops, and a fountain—and its guildhall and its church, a building that might boast as fine a Tintoretto as the ducal palace. There is still plenty of variety and domestic vitality in such neighborhoods despite their long decay, but they do not follow Mrs. Jacobs' formula of shops and factories strewn all over the quarter. Her overvaluation of the now archaic street pattern leads to her naïve remedy for combatting random violence. And her prescription ("eyes on the street") is a result of wishful thinking. Since when has the idea of shopkeepers as substitute policemen kept even them from being held up and knifed? And what makes Mrs. Jacobs think that even policemen are immune to murderous attack? But about the long-term remoralization of this demoralized metropolitan community, she is emphatically right; the stabilities of the family and the neighborhood are the basic sources of all higher forms of morality, and when they are lacking, the whole edifice of civilization is threatened. When no one cares for anyone else, because we have all become mere telephone digits or Social Security numbers, the elaborate fabric of urban life breaks down. Out of this rejection and isolation and emptiness comes, probably, the purposeless hostility of the juvenile delinquent.

Mrs. Jacobs' concern for the small-

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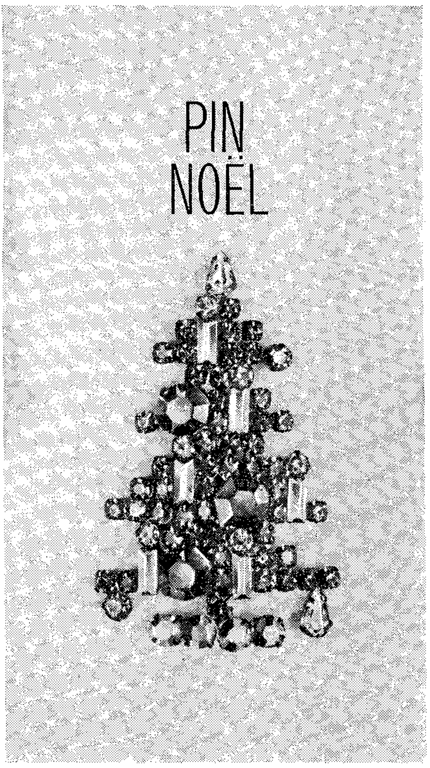

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est unit of urban life is, then, pertinent and well directed. Unhappily, the main tendency of the metropolitan economy she ardently supports is to turn all business over to big commercial enterprises increasingly automatic in operation and automatically increasing in size. The huge, impersonal supermarket is symbolically the ultimate goal of unregulated metropolitan expansion. Mrs. Jacobs wishes to fight new forms of economic organization that are wiping out choice and variety. But the notion of achieving this by multiplying the number of short streets and increasing the number of marginal small enterprises absurdly ignores the larger forces that must be controlled and humanized. The dominant economic institutions in our cities deliberately work to curtail freedom and reduce autonomy. There is no dividing line between the dynamic forces Mrs. Jacobs favors and the cataclysmic forces she opposes, for they have the same origin—an obsessive concern for power and profit, and an indifference to more humane interests.

In passing from that now barely recognizable unit of urban life, the neighborhood, to the larger problems of the city, Mrs. Jacobs again approaches but never reaches a desirable goal. She has had enough political experience to recognize that the city, by its very size, has got out of hand, particularly out of the hands of its own citizens, and that its hugeness causes it to be misplanned and misadministered. Because they lack any integral organs for formulating policies or making decisions, or even contesting the proposals of the Mayor, the City Planning Commissioners, the Borough Presidents, or Mr. Moses, the political pressure exerted by local areas is feeble and sporadic, and achieved only with great effort through *ad-hoc* organizations. The result has been a docile conformity by our governing agencies to other influences, unconcerned with the common good. Mrs. Jacobs realizes that if public officials are to be made more responsive to public opinion and be prevented from making wanton changes in neighborhoods to favor lending institutions, big contractors, and rich tenants instead of the old residents, politics must be organized on a local basis. So, too, her proposed new neighborhood organ of government, like the English borough and unlike the purely formal area of an Assembly District, must have some coherence and integrity as an economic and social unit. Functions that were once pushed to the periphery of the city, or

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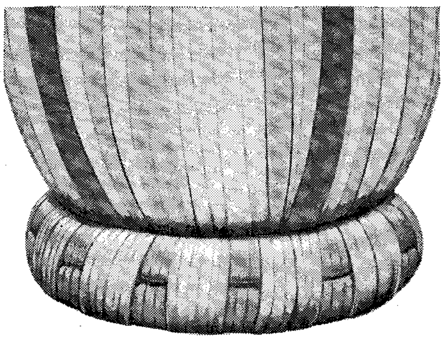

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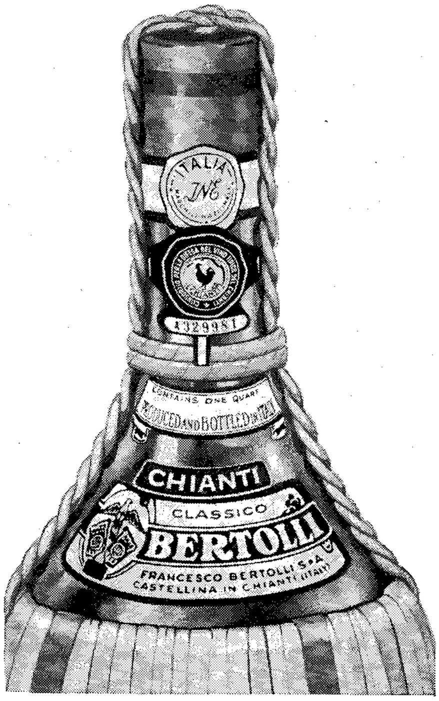
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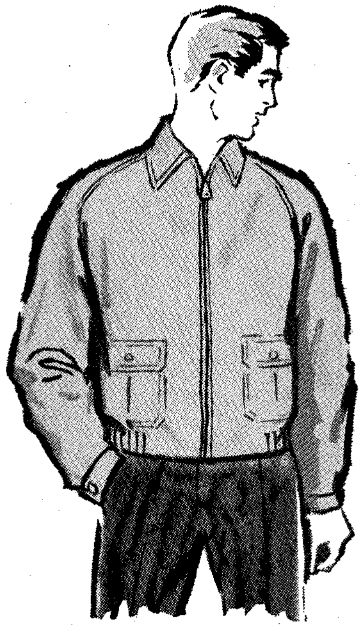
packed into specialized enclaves, like the Seventh Avenue garment district, should be distributed over wider areas in these local-government units. For smaller metropolises, like Baltimore, she suggests that thirty thousand would be the right population for such units, while for cities as big as Chicago and New York, she chooses a hundred to two hundred thousand, and she recognizes that to form these boroughs into active municipal entities, industry and business must be established in these subcenters. (See "The Roaring Traffic's Boom," in *The New Yorker* of April 16, 1953, for a similar proposal.)

I take a certain mischievous delight in pointing out that the thirty thousand she has hit on for a self-governing district is precisely the figure Leonardo da Vinci, the first advocate of New Towns, suggested to the Duke of Milan when he proposed to overcome the congestion and sordor of that city of three hundred thousand people by designing ten component cities of thirty thousand, the same number, I repeat, that Ebenezer Howard—the archvillain in Mrs. Jacobs' private urban melodrama—tentatively chose for his original garden city. Nor do I think less of her proposals because the great Leonardo and the wise Howard got there before Mrs. Jacobs. But the recent Royal Commission in Great Britain on the government of London concluded that a hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand was the desirable population for the boroughs of Metropolitan London. If Mrs. Jacobs errs in laying down the ideal number for a borough in ordinary metropolises, she errs in favor of the smaller unit. I salute her as a reluctant ally of old Ebenezer Howard.

Mrs. Jacobs innocently believes that complexity and diversity are impossible without the kind of intense congestion that has in fact been emptying out the big city, hurling masses of people into those vast, curdled suburban Milky Ways. In the desire to enjoy amenities unattainable at even a quarter of the density of population she considers desirable, millions of people are giving up the delights and stimulations of genuine city life. It is quite ordinary people who cherish such suburban desires, not followers of Ebenezer Howard or Clarence Stein. Now, it is this massive, century-old drift to suburbia, not the building of superblocks or garden cities, that is mainly responsible for the dilapidation and the near-death of big American cities. This movement toward the rural periphery in search of things that were the proud possession of every pre-mechanized city has



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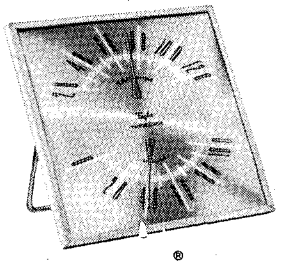

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BY Taylor

been helped by the most active enemies of the city—the overbudgeted highway engineers who have riddled metropolitan areas with their gaping expressways and transformed civic cores into parking lots. Those who leave the city wish to escape its snarling violence and its sickening perversions of life, its traffic in narcotics and its gangster-organized lewdness, which break into the lives even of children. Not least, the suburban exiles seek to find some nightly surcease from constant bureaucratic regimentation: Punch the time clock! Watch your step! Curb your dog! Do not spit! No parking! Get in line for a ticket! Move on! Keep off the grass! Follow the green line! Wait for the next train! Buy now, pay later! Don't buck the system! Take what you get! The refugees who leave the metropolis may not keep even the fleeting illusion of freedom and security and a normal family life for long. But their reaction is evidence of their own spontaneous vitality and a quickened desire for autonomy, which most of their working life as members of an overcongested, necessarily impersonal hive defeats. Strangely, the city that so insistently drives its population into the suburbs is the very same city that Mrs. Jacobs quaintly describes as "vital." She forgets that in organisms there is no tissue quite as "vital" or "dynamic" as cancer growths.

But if "The Death and Life of Great American Cities," taken as a critique of modern city planning, is a mingling of sense and sentimentality, of mature judgments and schoolgirl howlers, how does it stand as an interpretation of the larger issues of urban development and urban renewal, which the title itself so boldly points to? Here again Mrs. Ja-

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cobs heads her argument in the right direction, toward matters that have been insufficiently appreciated or misinterpreted. No one has surpassed her in understanding the reasons for the great metropolis's complexity and the effect of this complexity, with its divisions of labor, its differentiations of occupations and interests, its valuable racial, national, and cultural variety, upon its daily activities. She recognizes that one cannot handle such a multi-dimensional social organization as one might handle a simple machine, designed for a single function. "A growing number of people have begun, gradually," she notes, "to think of cities as problems in organized complexity—organisms that are replete with unexamined, but obviously intricately interconnected, and surely understandable, relationships." An admirable observation, but the author has forgotten the most essential characteristic of all organic growth—to maintain diversity and balance, the organism must not exceed the norm of its species. Any ecological association eventually reaches the "climax stage," beyond which growth without deterioration is not possible. Despite Mrs. Jacobs' recognition of organic complexity in the abstract, she has a very inadequate appreciation of the ecological setting of cities and neighborhoods; she brusquely turns her back to all but the segregated local environment. Yet the overgrowth of our big cities has destroyed those special environmental qualities that made their setting desirable and fostered their growth in the first place. The obvious result of the large-scale metropolitan congestion she advocates—the poisoning of the human system with carbon monoxide and the two hundred known cancer-producing substances usually in the air, the muffling of the vital ultraviolet rays by smog, the befouling of streams and oceanside (once used for fishing and bathing) with human and industrial waste—is flatly ignored. This is worse than an oversight; it points to a basic defect in her thinking, a failure to take in the environment as a whole.

Mrs. Jacobs approvingly quotes Dr. Karl Menninger's observation that the best remedies for delinquency are "plentiful contacts with other people; work, including even drudgery; and violent play." But the kind of congested conglomeration she advocates would provide no room for violent play, and no sufficient opportunity to find relief from the monotonous and depressing regimentation of the big city. From the days of Ur onward, city dwellers have always had the countryside close at hand. There

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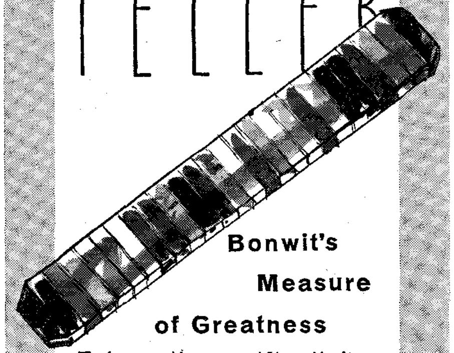

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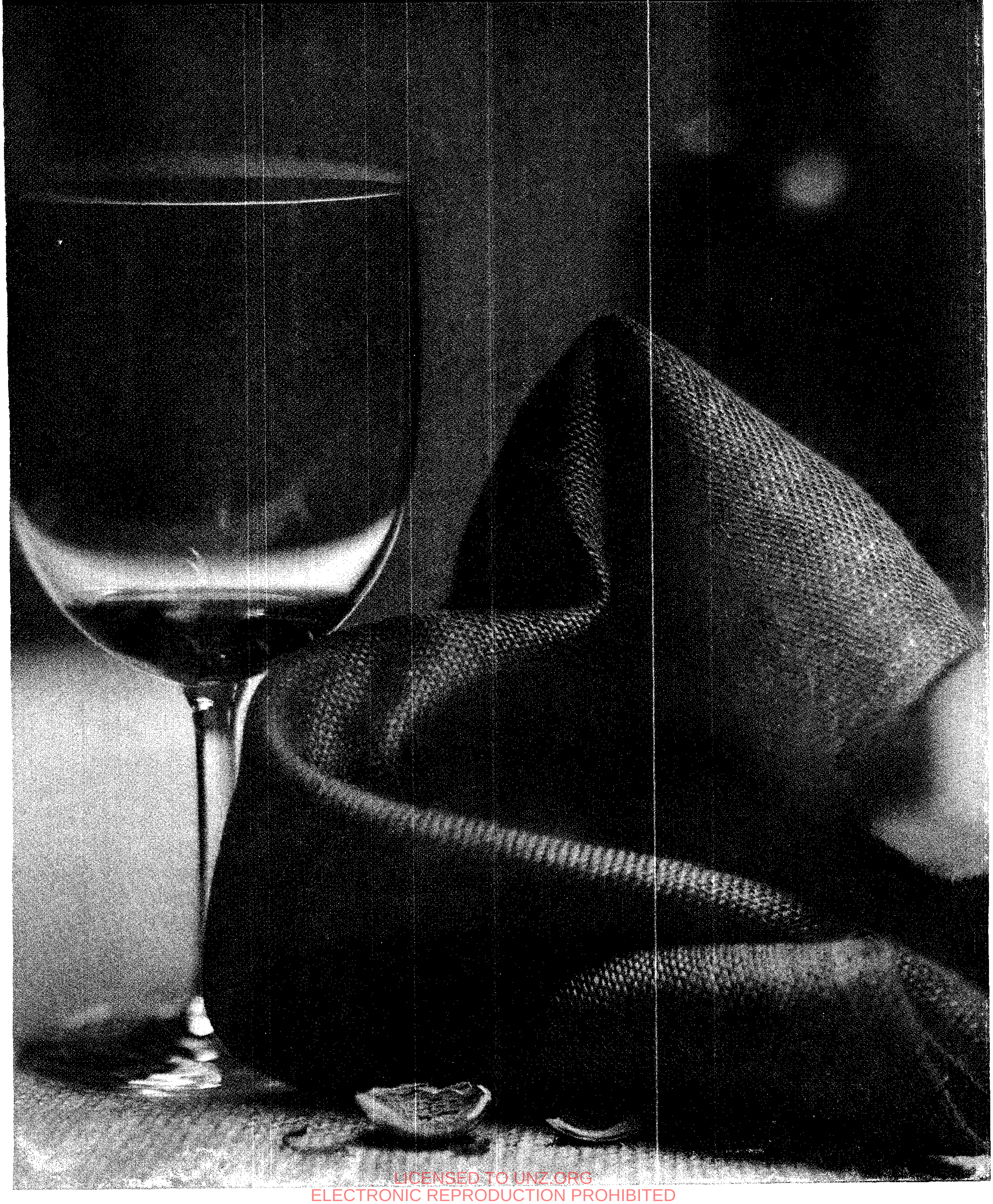

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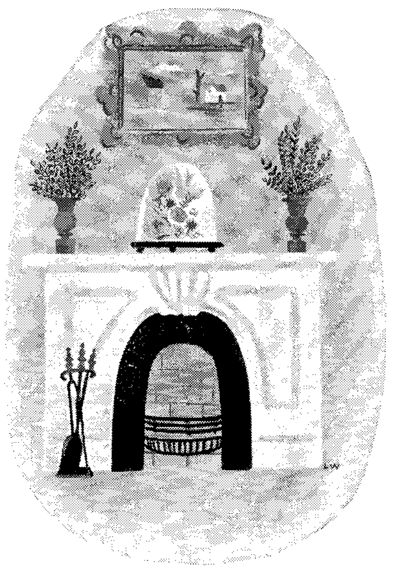
their homicidal impulses could be exorcised by digging and delving, or by shooting at destructive animals, and there their need for spontaneous muscular exercise could be satisfied by swimming and boating and climbing rather than by knives, brass knuckles, and rumbles. (Emerson long ago prescribed a pasture and a wood lot as the best cure for juvenile village mischief; they didn't call it "juvenile delinquency" in his day.)

When they have reached a point long ago overpassed by New York, Chicago, London, Tokyo, and Moscow, big cities are under the necessity to expand their operations to a more capacious container—the region. The forces that have formed our cities in the past are now almost automatically, by their insensate dynamism, wrecking them and threatening to destroy whole countries and continents. Against this background, the problem of policing public thoroughfares to prevent violence is minor; violence and vice are symptoms of those far graver forms of disorder that Mrs. Jacobs rules out of consideration, because they challenge her rosily sentimental picture of the "great American city." To blame the conditions in the congested, overgrown metropolis of today on the monumental scale and human hollowness of its urban-renewal projects is preposterous, for this draws attention from the grim, enveloping realities that our whole metropolitan civilization confronts. The prevailing economic and technological forces in the big city have broken away from the ecological pattern, as well as from the moral inhibitions and the social codes and the religious ideals that once, however imperfectly, kept them under some sort of control, and reduced their power to human dimensions. Just as there is no



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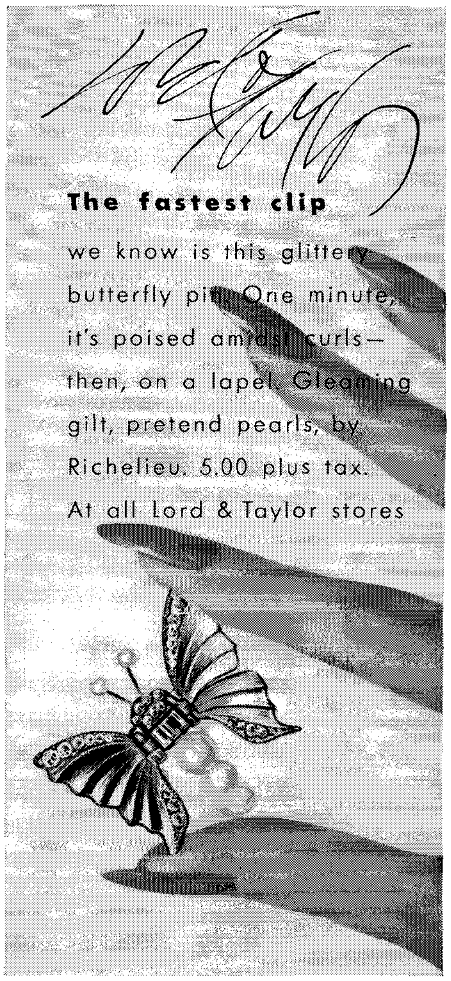
limit to the power assigned to those who build nuclear weapons and rockets, who plan space shots and lunatic-cool mass exterminations, so there is no limit to those who multiply motor roads for the sake of selling more motorcars and gasoline, who push on the market every variety of drug, narcotic, chemical, and biotic agent, without regard to the effect on the landscape or upon any form of organic life. Under this "cataclysmic" eruption of power, with its lack of any goal but its own expansion, as Henry Adams presciently predicted half a century ago, law disappears as a priori principle and gives place to force, morality becomes police, disintegration overcomes integration. The present metropolitan explosion is both the symbol and the agent of this uncontrolled power.

Failing to appraise the larger sources of urban disintegration, or to trace the connection between our major adult and our minor juvenile forms of delinquency, Mrs. Jacobs mistakenly regards those who may have a better grasp of the situation as enemies of metropolitan life. Now, under more normal circumstances, the special virtue of the great city was that it tended to keep any one idea or institution or group from dominating. Today military power, scientific power, technical power, financial power, and, in fact, "cataclysmic" power in every manifestation, to operate most successfully on their own terms, wipe out urban diversity and do away with every mode of organic growth, ecological partnership, and autonomous activity. "Silent Spring" came to the big city long before it visited the countryside. No planning proposal now makes sense unless it is conceived in terms of truly human—that is, self-limited and self-directed—purposes. The command of this unlimited, automatically expanding power is, again as Henry Adams wisely pointed out half a century ago, the central problem of our civilization. For Mrs. Jacobs to imagine that the horrifying human by-products of the city's disordered life can be eliminated by a few tricks of planning is as foolish as for her to imagine that too generous open spaces and superblocks fostered these symptoms.

If our urban civilization is to escape progressive dissolution, we shall have to rebuild it from the ground up. Certainly we shall have to do far more than alter street plans, humanize housing projects, and give wider geographic distribution to economic activities. Since such a general transformation will affect every aspect of life, urban politics and planning must play an active and significant part. But



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it is the formative, stabilizing, coherent, order-making forces, not the dynamic ones, that need special encouragement. One cannot control destructive automatisms at the top unless one begins with the smallest units and restores choice and initiative to them—to the person as a responsible human being, to the neighborhood as the primary organ not merely of social life but of moral behavior, and finally to the city as an organic embodiment of the common life, in ecological balance with other cities, big and little, within the larger region in which they lie. A quick, purely local answer to these problems is no better than applying a homemade poultice for the cure of a cancer. And that, I am afraid, is what the more original proposals of "The Death and Life of Great American Cities" come to.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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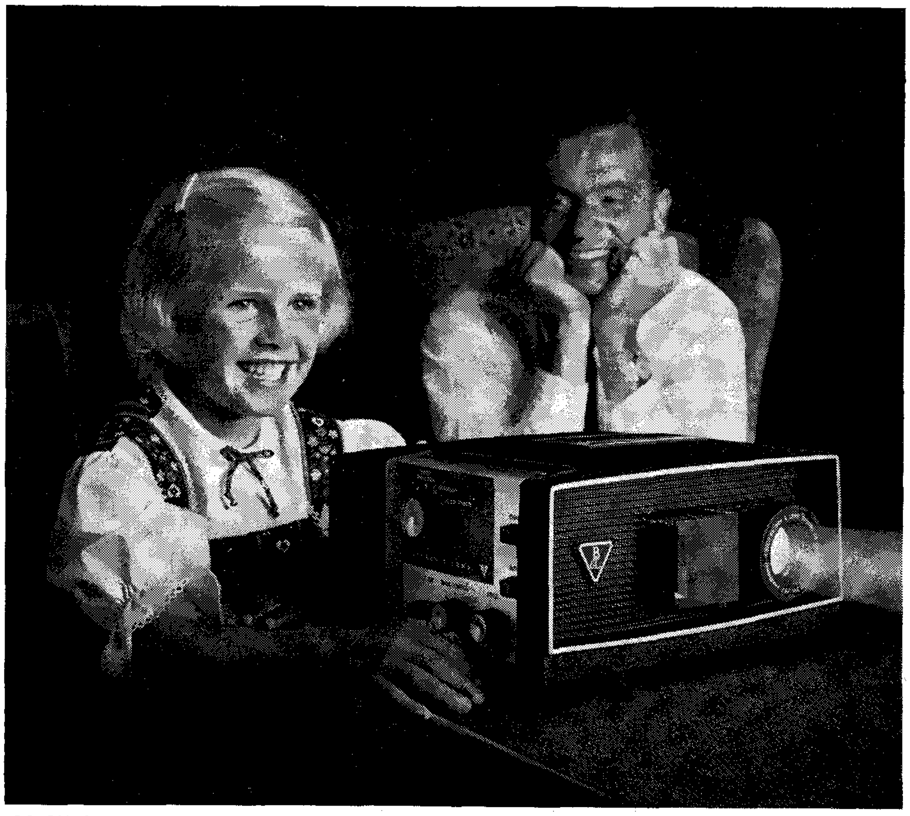

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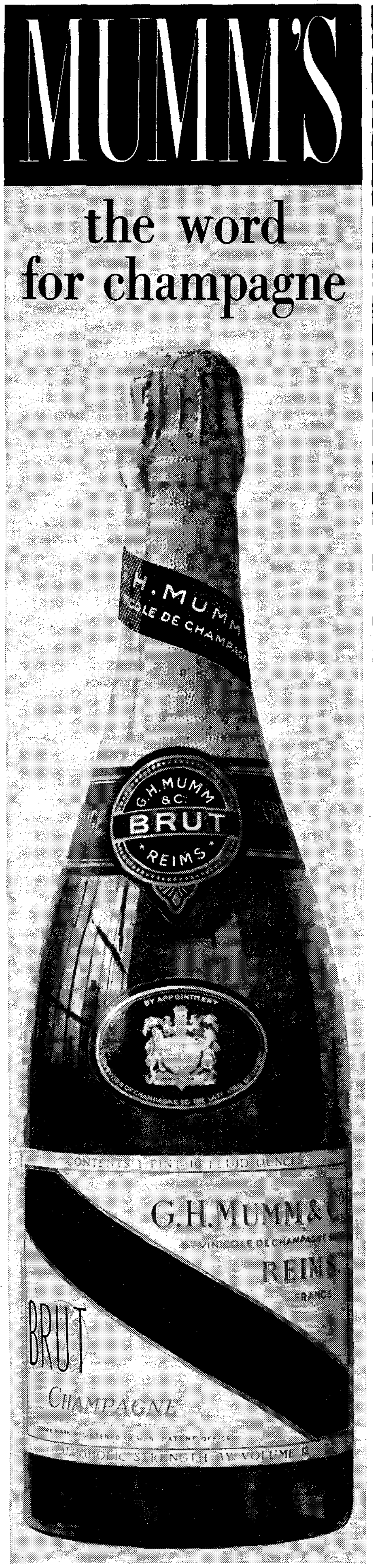

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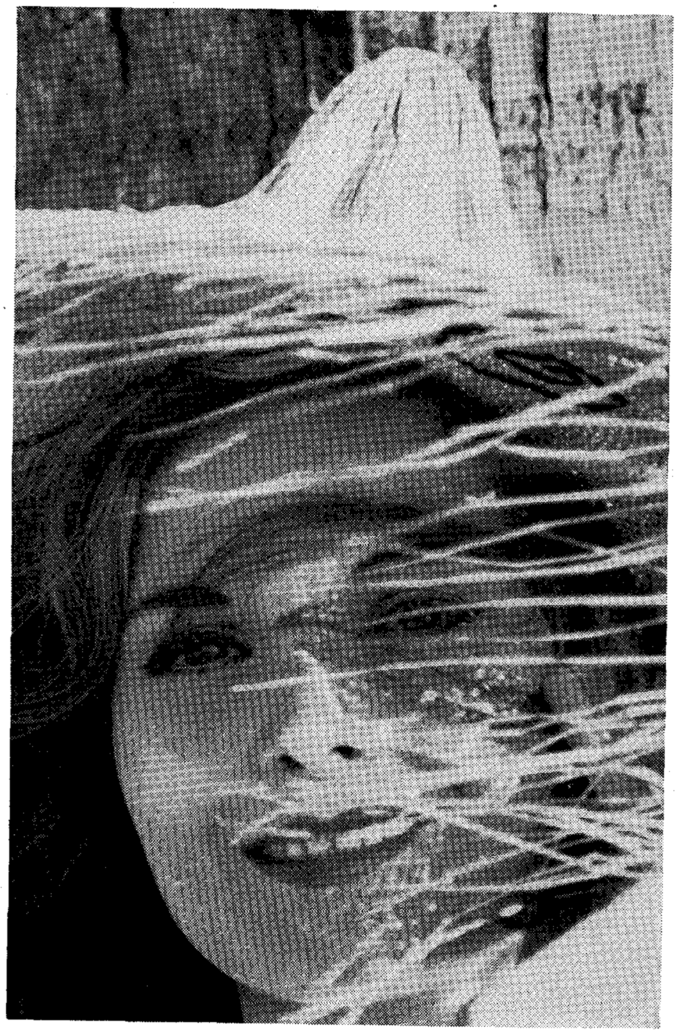
THE DISPERSAL

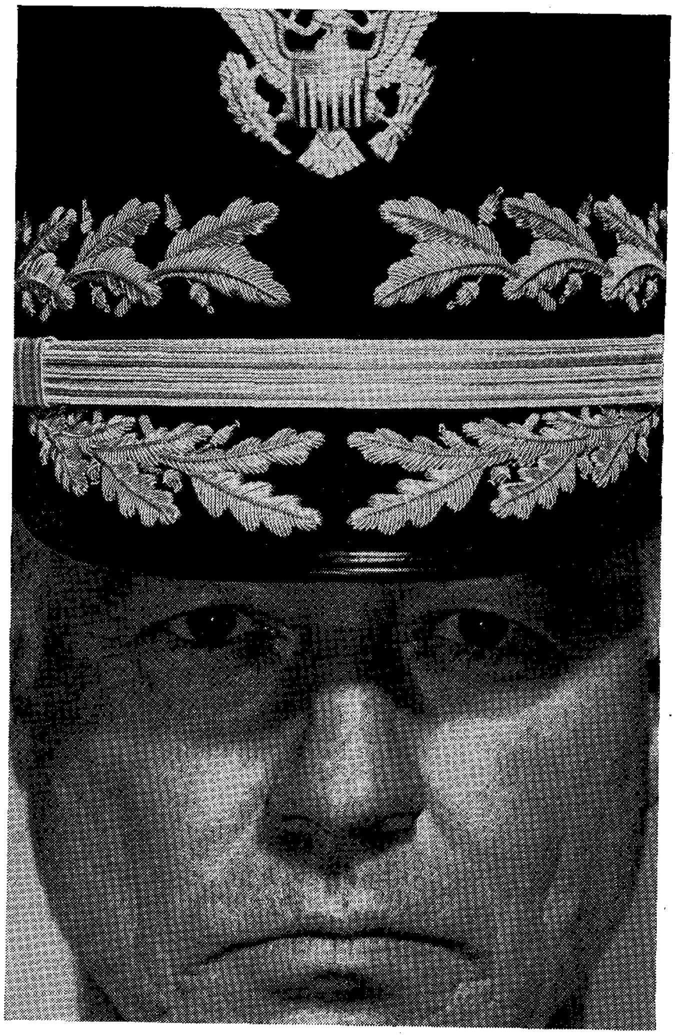
THE few small branches that the Canadian bank I worked for in my younger days maintained in the far northern reaches of Nova Scotia were commonly regarded by my colleagues in other parts of the province as bleak, isolated outposts where nothing of any financial consequence ever happened. Actually, banking in those rugged parts was anything but dull, and to prove it I used to cite the Midwashers and the chapter of bank history they wrote in a town I'll call Benacady, where I put in my junior clerkship.

The Midwashers were a tribe of shy, rather shiftless backwoodsmen who for two hundred years or so had inhabited the slopes of some tablelands a few miles west of Benacady. (The Midwash, an almost inaccessible salmon stream that flowed in the inner valleys, had given them their name.) Apart from a few recent intermarriages, the Midwashers had no kin in the other small settlements that constituted the branch's territory; they were a breed apart, descendants of refugees from the Benacady Massacre of 1728, which occurred when a strong raiding party of Frenchmen and Micmac Indians burned everything to the ground, and took many scalps. Thirty years later, fresh immigrants from the British Isles raised a new Benacady on the original site, but the small band of refugees still hiding out in the nearby heights did not rush down to join them. "We've had *our* massacre," they are said to have given as their reason. They had made their peace with the Micmacs, and had even assimilated some French *coureurs de bois* they had flushed out of the forest. They grew sinewy and hawk-eyed, skulked silently through the woods, and acquired sinister skills with knives and axes. When caribou were plentiful, they slaughtered them recklessly, and in lean seasons they foraged by night, in little bands, among the roosts and sheeppens on the outskirts of Benacady. From wood shavings dyed with berry juices they wove baskets indistinguishable from those of the Micmacs. Around Confederation time, a Catholic missionary brought them the Word, and reconciled them, to a degree, at least, with the late-colonial civilization that was then flowering around them. The memory of this benefactor, Father Zephyrin, was still revered in my time. A crude statue of him, carved by some long-forgotten sculptor with an axe from the bole of an oak, stood like a totem pole beside the road at the entrance to their settlement. They ascribed some small magical properties to it, such as the power of curing warts and frostbite.

Even after Father Zephyrin, the Midwashers remained unprogressive and satisfied with their lot. When I entered the bank, in 1937, they were a dead loss to us. They maintained no savings accounts, and a little bundle of their old promissory notes, long written off the books, lay gathering dust on a shelf in the vault. Mr. Gidney, manager of the branch for the past seventeen years, had little hope for them. "A signature on a piece of paper means no more to a Midwasher than it does to the horned cattle in the fields," I remember his remarking to MacEachern, the head clerk. "Living that long in the woods, people lose all financial morality." When he went on vacation, he always left a note on his memo pad for the man who was relieving him: "Do not advance one red cent to any Midwasher whatsoever under any circumstances."

Mr. Gidney's pronouncements on Midwashers, as on most other things in his territory, were generally sound. A native of the Chaleur Bay region of New Brunswick, that province's equivalent of our section of Nova Scotia, he was a specialist in backwoods financing, a member of a dwindling breed of managers—shrewd, roughhewn, and truculent, full of grievances—who served out their careers on the harsh periphery of the Canadian branch-banking system. The managership of Benacady was generally considered the least attractive of the undesirable lot in our area. The climate, for one thing, was more than the average banker could be asked to put up with. While other parts of the province had winters perhaps as cold by the thermometer, there was a particular nastiness about the wind that howled down into the Benacady territory from the great sea of ice to the north for weeks on end, keeping most living things under shelter. Of more serious concern, the branch's record for the past twenty years was one





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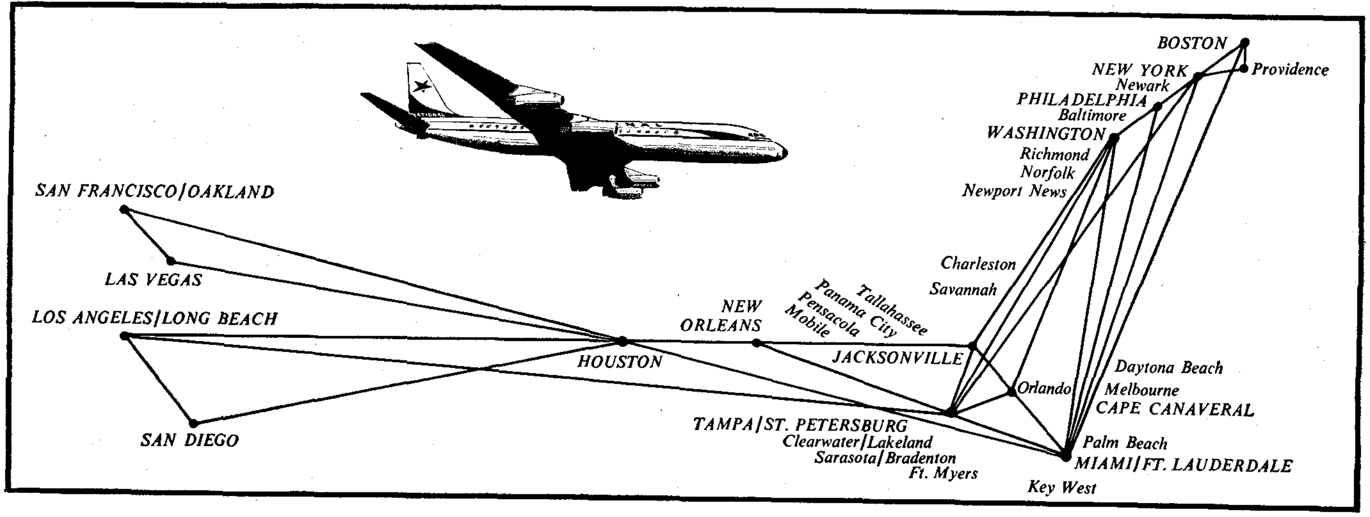
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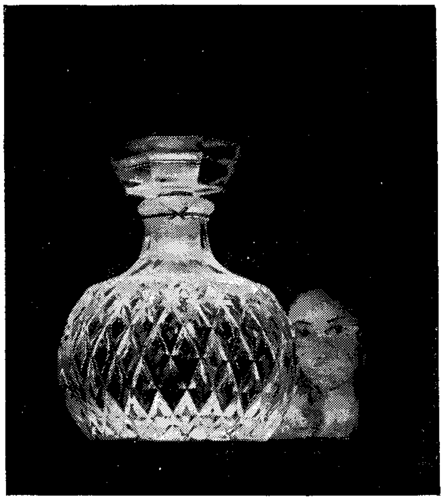

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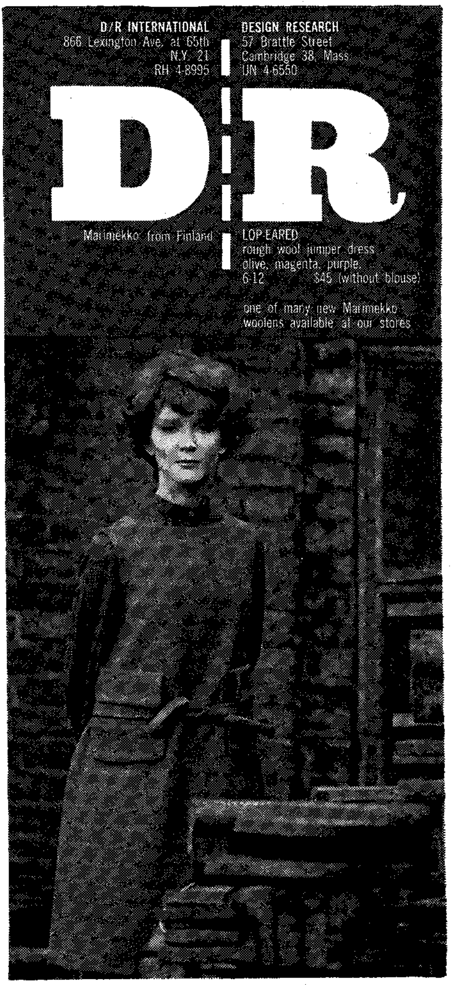
of unrelieved deterioration. The town had long suffered from a decline in its lumbering trade. It was shabby; along the short business section of Main Street, the ornate, turn-of-the-century shop fronts were run down and in need of paint. Our credit policy was tight. The most important of our savings accounts were those of old people who had put money away years ago, during the prosperous times; withdrawals and deaths took a steady toll of them. There were no competitors for us to coax business away from. The nearest bank was our own branch in Eelbrook, the county seat. Its territory met ours in Little Wanooska, a village some twelve miles from either town, where the chief means of livelihood were poaching and bootlegging, and we already had all we wanted of *that* unsavory business.

The Midwashers were the first group in the area to emerge from this economic mire. Their stamping grounds lay on the edge of a tract some twenty miles square that the federal government, after a decade of political intrigue, had suddenly decided to convert into a national park. A few months after I entered the bank, khaki-clad engineers and surveyors began to arrive in khaki-colored government trucks. They roamed the bush with their instruments. In the spring, a road-construction firm set up a base dump of graders and bulldozers in Little Wanooska, and recruited a road gang, and, toward fall, as work was begun on a golf course, and a colony of moose from Alberta was released in the area, the evacuation of residents began. The government paid handsomely for the land it had appropriated, and the Midwashers, with checks in their pockets, moved into town, their crude belongings piled precariously on old trucks, farm carts, and buggies, a cow or a short string of sheep occasionally trailing one of the horse-drawn vehicles on a rope. Here and there, the hoof of an out-of-season deer stuck out over a tailboard. They left nothing behind that was movable. Some public camping installations were transported in shrouded sections, along with the Lands and Forests Department fire pump. Father Zephyrin's statue arrived on a pile of old mattresses in one of the trucks, and was presented to the parish, which took a dim view of it. (It certainly didn't *look* like anything Christian. When I left Benacady, some fifteen months later, it was still in limbo in the glebe coach house, awaiting some sort of decision on its orthodoxy.)

The Midwashers moved in temporarily with the few residents who



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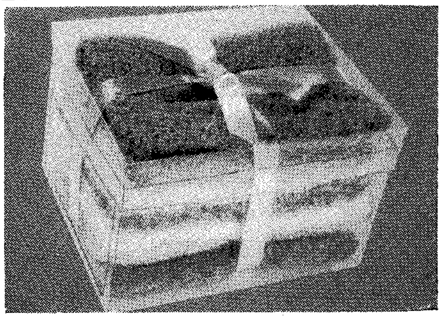

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could or would accommodate them, or bivouacked in some abandoned old houses on the High Road, turned their nags and cattle out to graze on the frozen stubble in the fields, and gathered in little knots along Main Street to discuss their new situation. It was not going down very well with some of them. A family of clannish MacRaes, who had lived in the crags of a remote mountain and had seldom been seen at sea level, returned to their aerie after a week in town and had to be driven back again by the game wardens. (They were as numerous in the area as city policemen.) A few ambitious families pushed on for The Mines, our metropolis on the eastern coast. But most of the Midwashers prepared to make their homes in Benacady. In the spring, they would start building themselves modest bungalows, for a fraction of their settlement money, in the swampy crown lands south of town. Meanwhile, they were at loose ends. Until the cold weather drove them indoors, a favorite gathering place for the older men was in front of the bank, where they could sit on the ledge of the lobby window and observe the life of the town. I watched them from my cage, and exchanged civil nods with them on my way to and from work. They wore standard backcountry attire—heavy sweaters, frieze breeches, and woolly, bright-colored caps that ballooned out all around from the ear lugs folded inside. Collectively, they gave off a smell compounded of old perspiration, leaf mold, and Rosebud, the rank pipe tobacco many of them were addicted to. They seemed good-humored but restless, obviously flabbergasted by their fortune. Sometimes when I glanced out the lobby window, I noticed one of them peering in, shading his eyes with his hand, gravely searching the premises as if for some clue to the mysteries of finance. Their early shopping ventures were for articles that in the past had been only just beyond their reach—watches, calabash pipes, hip boots. One bearded patriarch sat on the bank stoop through a Saturday afternoon with a two-pound bag of jelly beans, indulging a lifelong passion. "I never could get enough of these little bastards," he declared to passersby, with a toothless, unabashed grin.

MR. GIDNEY, with his long experience of hard times and of Midwashers, was cautious of this windfall. The first few days when they came in to cash their checks and to open accounts, he kept out of sight in his inner

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office, busying himself with other matters, calling out occasionally to MacEachern for the latest tally. "How much so far?"

"Six new accounts this morning. Twenty-eight thousand."

"See that they don't forge their wives' signatures on those checks. They used to do that on notes, you know."

After the first wave had passed, he came out now and then to pore over the savings ledger, from which he would raise his head to frown out the lobby window, as if he were unable to reconcile the depositors out there with the new accounts. In the end, his ingrained pessimism won out. "It's not natural," he said. "For thirty-eight years, man and boy, I've been dealing across the bank's counters with Midwashers and their like. They're not cut out for pillars of a savings department, MacEachern. Take that Mackerel Cove crowd in New Brunswick, at my last branch before I came here. They were the same type as these so-called Midwashers, only seagoing. They'd made a pile of money in fish during the war. When I took over, the branch's deposits were bloated with it. I didn't like the looks of it at all. I could see that they weren't controlling that money; the money was controlling them. But I was trapped. What do you think you could do in a case like that, MacEachern?"

MacEachern, who was genuinely gratified at the branch's sudden good fortune and a little resentful of Mr. Gidney's attitude, considered for a moment. "Nothing, I guess," he said.

"Right. Well, just about then they got together and formed this fish-marketing coöperative, right under the nose of the Northern Packing Company. These fellows who could hardly spell their own names! A fish-marketing coöperative, if you don't mind—the Amalgamated Fishermen of Mackerel Cove, they called themselves. They drained off all my deposits, and got themselves into such a box that I had to give them loans to keep them out of bankruptcy. Finally, Northern Packing hauled off and knocked them for a row of cabbage. The place went to pot after that. The branch, too, naturally. Head Office didn't pin any medals on me, let me tell you." He tapped the savings ledger with his forefinger. "And now we have this situation. These are not reliable deposits."

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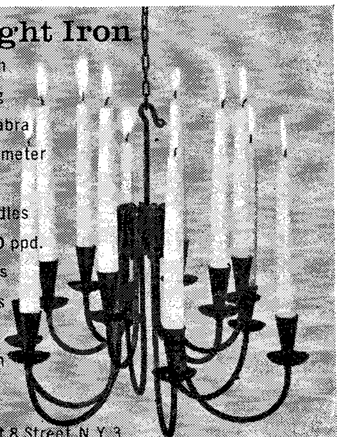

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prodding him. "Congratulations on the new development in your territory," they wrote. "We shall look forward with interest to your comparative statements of deposits in the immediate future. This new business should open an era of progress at your branch and in your territory."

"Progress!" Mr. Gidney snorted. "Midwashers!"

The only Midwasher who might have given leadership to the aimless lot now milling around town was, unfortunately, no longer with them. George Pate had been a farmer and land clearer of some substance. He was bigger and hairier than his fellows, did everything on a larger scale, and consequently was—or at least seemed to be—more responsible. But the previous spring he had contrived to get caught in his own bear trap and died of lockjaw—intestate, as was the custom among the Midwashers. The settlement check for his property the government had issued jointly to his three grown sons, and they came into the bank together one morning to cash it.

Shifty-eyed, wild-looking youths, in their late teens or early twenties, they might have passed for Greek or Yugoslav mountain bandits. After a long, whispered conference at the door, they approached my wicket in a circuitous fashion, casting furtive glances around the office, moving with the slumping gait of men born to hard labor. (Old George had worked them brutishly.)

"Well, gentlemen?" I said.

They held another conference, this time in a private language they seemed to have, consisting of signs and eye-rollings. At last, one of them thrust an inquiring face up to the bars. He had stiff black hairs under his eyes, where the razor never reached, and an-

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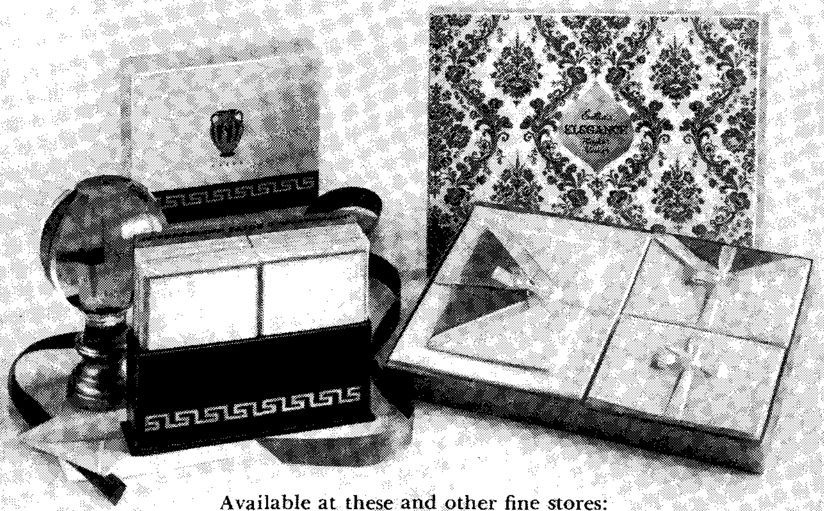

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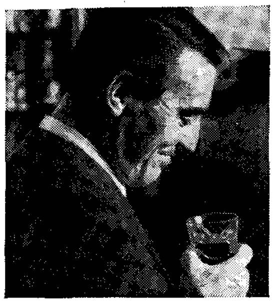

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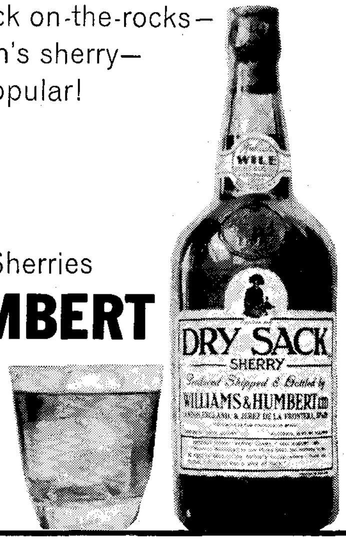

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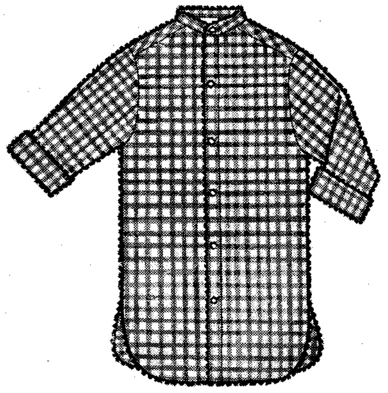

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gry-looking pimples on his neck. "Is this where you get money at?" he asked meekly.

"It is."

He pushed in a crumpled envelope, containing the check. Mr. Gidney, who always took a paternal interest in the assets of the dead, joined me in the cage to watch the transaction.

"How are you boys going to split up this money?" he asked them.

They didn't know, and agreed readily to his suggestion that they deposit the bulk of it in a joint account until they made up their minds. Their full names, as they appeared on the check, were Joseph Pate, Joseph George Pate, and Joseph George Stanislas Pate. For short, they said, they were called Joe, Joe George, and Stan.

"Have you boys got any plans for the future?" inquired Mr. Gidney.

"Sir?"

"What are you going to do with yourselves here in town?"

Their spokesman, Joe, thought for a minute. "We might go on a trip," he said. "We thought maybe we'd take a little tour around." At this, the two others nudged each other and cackled secretively.

"Foolish their names and foolish their natures," said Mr. Gidney when they had ambled out the door. "Born stump pullers, separated from their calling, probably for life. A sad case."

Within the hour, they were back to withdraw half their deposit. They had decided, they said, to buy a car, and besides, they needed money for other expenses. Later in the day, we learned that they had acquired the local Cadillac, an aging limousine that changed hands frequently, and had left town with a load of young Midwashers—an unaccountably large number, apparently, for next morning the town seemed empty of them. The explanation soon came out. A big celebration was under way at the home of a Mrs. Daniels, a youngish, hospitable widow who lived just outside the park area, and the Pates had been hauling reinforcements to it half the night. They made a trip to town late the next afternoon, to refresh their girls and take back some supplies. The loungers in the stores made notes of their purchases. It was strange fare for Midwashers: prime cuts of beef, hams, oysters, pickles, and maraschino cherries. Dice, poker chips, and exploding cigars were tossed into the bags. They took two local fiddlers back with them, and stopped off at the post office to engage by telegram, at God knows what expense, a famous radio cowboy from Sydney, Yodelling

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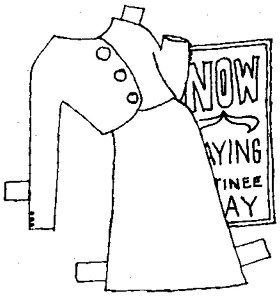

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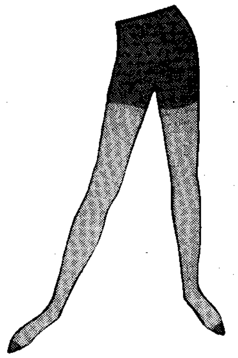

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Tex. The arrival of this personage the next day, with a retinue of accompanists and platinum blondes, all in full Western regalia, was an eyeopener for the local partygoers—a substantial body of the citizenry, who usually had sharp noses for likely shindigs. They had underestimated this one, but now they began crashing it in droves.

When the Westerners left, the Pates slipped away quietly with a select carload of friends for the fleshpots of Halifax, and after a week there they made a leisurely sightseeing and drinking tour of the province. Finally, they headed the Cadillac back for Benacady. Mr. Gidney and I happened to be leaving the bank for lunch when it came careening down Main Street covered with the mud of seven counties, its fenders battered, and one headlight swinging loose on its wires. Grinning Midwash faces, drawn but doggedly jubilant, were pressed against the windows. As they passed, a shower of candy wrappers, paper bags, and empty bottles was flung out into the street. The party, evidently, was still on. But fate, or Providence, had had enough of them. At the edge of town, headed for the Widow Daniels', Joe George crashed the car into a house. No one was seriously hurt, but the Mounties who arrived on the scene arrested all hands for multiple infractions of the liquor laws. There were warrants out for them. A cow had been massacred on the highway below Eelbrook; a pedestrian had been knocked down in Halifax, and a policeman insulted. And now the side of a house was staved in. An Eelbrook judge fined the lot of them heavily, and attached what remained of the joint account to settle claims.

MR. GIDNEY held the Pates responsible for erosions in our deposits long after we had scratched their names from the roll of our customers. The celebration they had started at the Widow Daniels' kept flaring up throughout the winter like a stubborn brush fire, not only debasing morals but consuming money.

And in other ways the Midwashers were getting the feel of their money. Independently, they discovered the mail-order catalogues. Clothes, yard goods, and overstuffed furniture began arriving for them in large quantities. In January, a sharpster from Eelbrook who, among other things, sold shares in a shady finance company passed among them with spectacular success.

MacEachern, while still optimistic, was beginning to fret at the increasing rate of withdrawals. "Do you remem-

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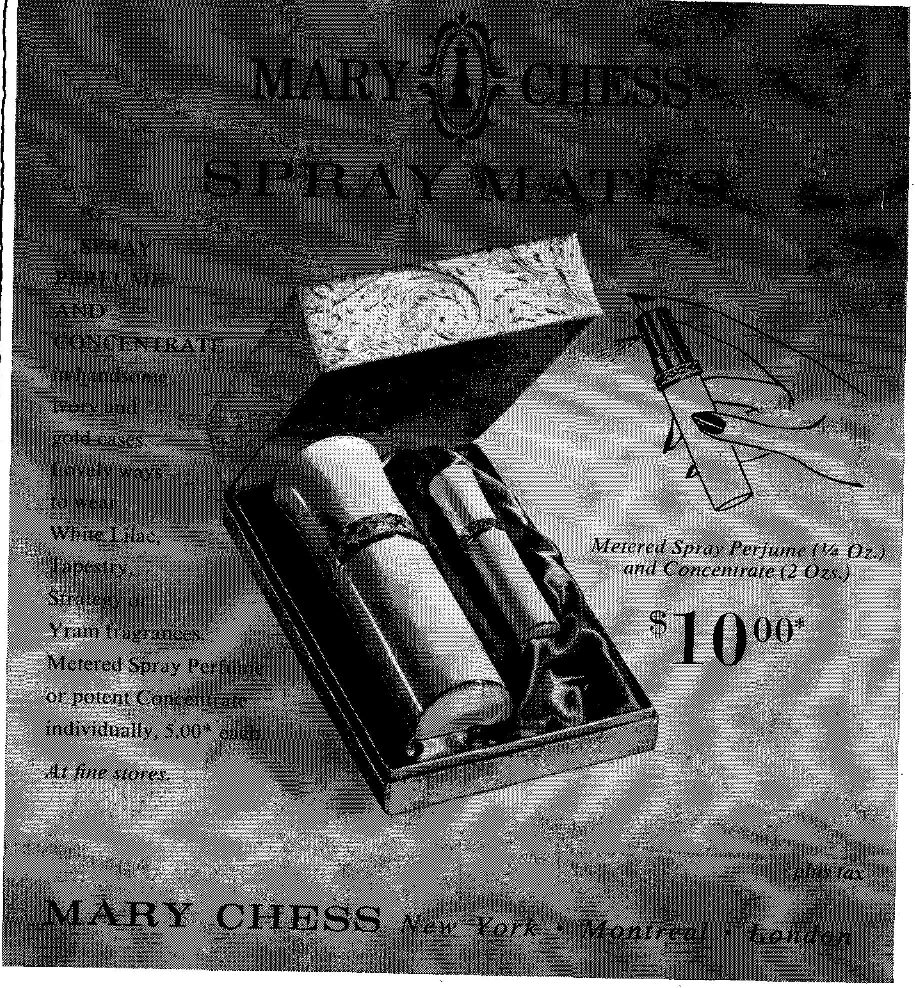

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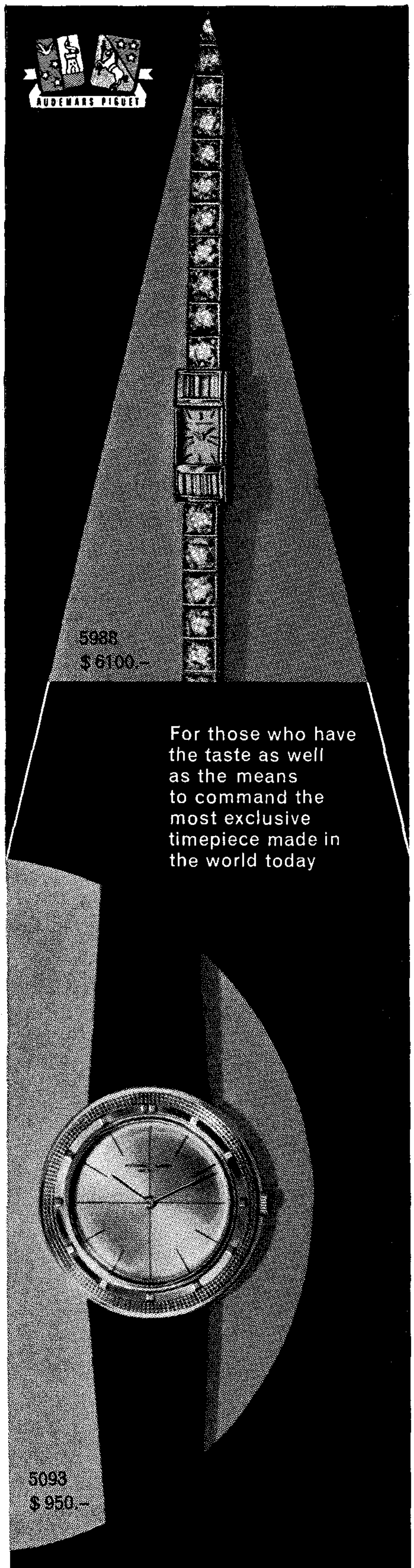

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ber that brochure on thrift?" he asked Mr. Gidney one day.

"The one we kept a stack of in the lobby for years and finally junked? What of it?"

"Do you think it would help to pass copies of it out to them?"

"No."

"No, I guess not."

"This thing is beyond the realm of brochures."

The bank's chief concern was with the sizable block of potential business we had not yet even rounded up. Some Midwashers did not trust the bank; others, whose signatures appeared on the ancient promissory notes in the vault, had vague but sound apprehensions about the bank's right of offset. Most of these people had given their settlement money into the keeping of a community trustee they had, one Allie Sutherland, who had been their spokesman with the park officials and now represented them with the local politicians. He was not noticeably smarter than his fellows; in fact, Mr. Gidney, who had had some dealings with him in the past, regarded him as a fool, and had told him so more than once. But Allie Sutherland had one solid accomplishment to his credit, and it was an important one. He was their top fiddler.

The Midwashers rated good fiddling high. They would very likely have seen in Ignace Paderewski a foreign, pianistic equivalent of a master fiddler, and found nothing remarkable in his appointment to the Premiership of Poland. The durable reels of their forefathers were sprightly, joyous tunes, full of nuances and sly turns of phrase, and Sutherland was an artist who knew how to beguile his audiences. He performed infrequently, and then with seeming reluctance and an air of jaded nonchalance—to all appearances fast asleep in a kitchen chair, his instrument resting casually in his lap while his bow and clawlike fingers danced nimbly over it in an almost disembodied fashion.

Sutherland had done nothing since his arrival in Benacady to raise Mr. Gidney's opinion of him. He spoke of starting gold-mining operations in the spring, in the section of mountains that remained outside the park area. (The Midwashers had long believed that they were sitting on a veritable Klondike out there, although a wide scouring of the area over the years by prospectors and government geologists had turned up nothing more valuable than a couple of faces of poor-quality gypsum.) At other times, he talked of making violins commercially. (He had turned out two

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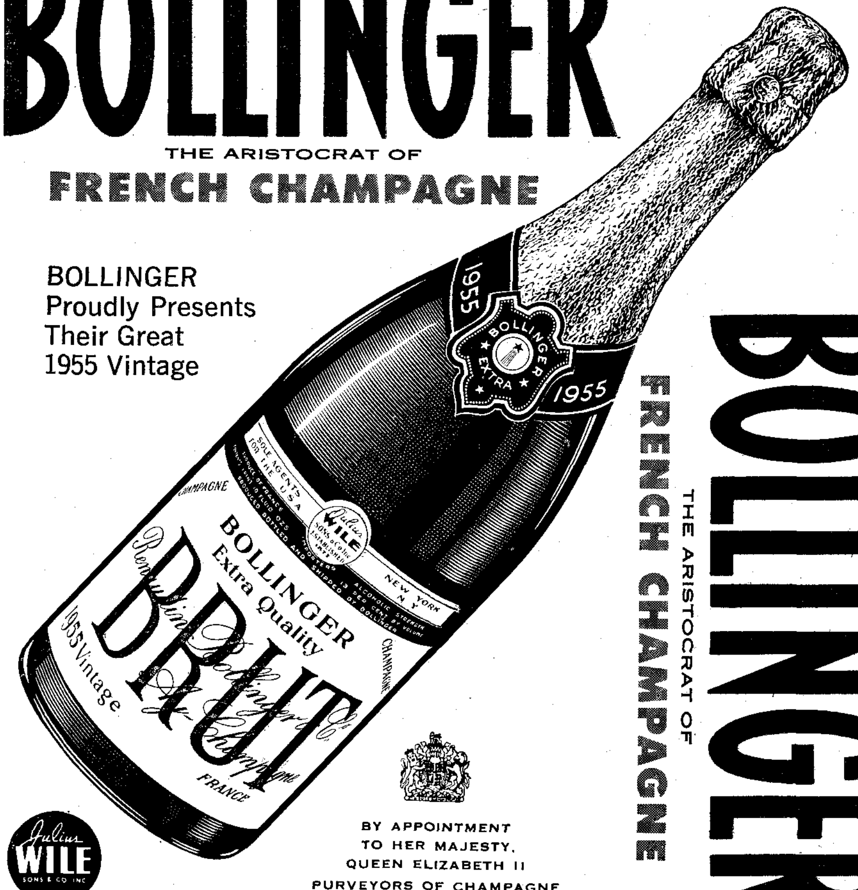
or three squeaky instruments, and now had some blocks of pine and maple aging in the local undertaker's coffin shed.) The most gregarious of Midwashers, he flitted from one gathering to another, propounding a dozen impractical schemes and waving a great roll of bills about for emphasis. To Mr. Gidney's further annoyance, he gave himself airs. He had taken to wearing a derby, unheard-of headgear for a Midwasher, and around Christmas a ring of many little diamonds, very much like a woman's engagement ring, appeared on his little finger. His independence increased with his style. One day, he sent Joe Monroe, the grocer, into the bank to tell us that we could whistle for his business.

Head Office, which had been keeping a close check on our deposits, suddenly levelled an impatient blast at Mr. Gidney. "Nearly two hundred thousand in government funds were distributed in your territory during October last," they wrote. "You have no competition. Yet to date your savings deposits show a bare fifteen-per-cent increase. As you are well aware, the over-all tendency at your branch is toward a steady decline in deposits. The outstanding moneys are therefore of the utmost importance to us, and we are unable to understand your failure to secure same. The lunatic fiddler you mention on your comparative statement of 15th ult. is not a satisfactory explanation. Report on the entire situation at length, at once."

Mr. Gidney swore, and tossed the letter to MacEachern. We were sitting in his office on the morning of a particularly quiet day—Epiphany, a holiday all over town except in the bank. In the intervals of sorting the morning mail, we had been discussing a new and



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stiffer schedule of operating charges on checking accounts that was going into effect with the new year, and watching the churchgoers through the window. Their ranks were swollen with Midwashers. Allie Sutherland strutted by, wearing his derby, his engagement ring, and a long black horsehide coat with fur collar he had recently added to his wardrobe. His wife, a thin, drab, silent creature, slogged along after him in a pair of his discarded gumshoes.

"There he goes," said MacEachern.

Mr. Gidney stared after him. "Isn't he the handsome dog!" he said. "It's too bad we couldn't crate him and ship him to Montreal, so Head Office could have a look at him." He was going to have to solicit Sutherland for his business, and he couldn't have relished the prospect.

Nevertheless, Sutherland had to be approached, and Mr. Gidney was no shirker. That very evening he went to call, and on being informed by Mrs. Sutherland that her husband was "fiddling a dance" at the Widow Daniels', Mr. Gidney drove to the home of that celebrated hostess. He never described his evening's experience in my hearing, but I heard about it soon enough around town. The unannounced appearance of the bank manager at one of their affairs was a signal occasion to the Midwashers. They were honored. But they also guessed why he was there, and watched him closely, with their backwoodsmen's curiosity. The first impression he made was a good one—he gave the Widow a pinch that sent her twittering, and nursed the whiskey bottle proffered by one of the boys until it had to be almost wrested back from him. It was remarked that he seemed like not a bad fellow.

Picking his way through a set of square dancers, he hailed Sutherland, who sat dozing and fiddling in a corner. Here there was a delicate moment. Sutherland ignored him, and Mr. Gidney got hot under the collar. "I'm talking to you, Sutherland!" he exploded. "Have the civility to pay attention!"

Sutherland merely smiled. He was probably only partially awake, almost certainly not entirely sober.

The situation was relieved by a ragged chorus that went up from the crowd. The set was over, and they were calling, as they were apt to at such affairs, for a step dancer. A grinning youth with a flaming-red necktie was pushed forward.

Sutherland waved him back. "I ain't fiddling for clumsy trotters," he

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growled, and added, apparently for Mr. Gidney's benefit, "We used to have good steppers one time. I don't know what's become of them all. I don't see none here tonight. That kid there can't step worth a damn."

Mr. Gidney stood hesitant for a moment, then, with sudden resolve, took off his coat and handed it to a nearby girl. "Let me have the 'Inverness Gathering,'" he said quietly to Sutherland.

A murmur went round the room. Sutherland stared at him. "You're a stepper, Mister?"

Mr. Gidney nodded grimly. Long ago, in his youth, in his native Chaleur Bay village, before banking routine had stiffened his rhythm and his disposition, he had acquired this curious and, in his present position, somewhat unseemly accomplishment. He was sensitive about it and tried to keep it hidden. But it was no secret in Benacady. He had performed there on occasion, when sufficiently wound up, at parties. To the Midwashers, though, it came as a surprise.

After an experimental scrape or two on his instrument, Sutherland launched into the "Inverness Gathering," and Mr. Gidney leaped to the floor. He was not, perhaps, the most graceful of dancers, and his lack of practice was obvious. But he had a style of his own, and he ended his routine with a dramatic flourish, leaping high in the air and slapping his heels alternately with his hands.

It brought down the house. Even Sutherland put aside his fiddle and joined in the applause. "Where did you pick that up, Mister?" he asked him.

"Back home in New Brunswick," said Mr. Gidney, retrieving his coat. "I grew up in fiddling country, too, you know."

"Did you, now?" Sutherland appraised him with new respect. "Did you have good fiddlers around there?"

"We had *damned* good fiddlers."

"How good?"

Mr. Gidney remembered his mission. "Well," he said grudgingly, "perhaps no better than you."

When he left, shortly after, they shook hands, and Sutherland was heard to say that he might drop into the bank next day.

Mr. Gidney mentioned none of this when he came to work in the morning. He simply told us to watch for Sutherland. Twice, we saw him look in the window and then pass on. But just before lunch, when the lobby was empty, he entered hesitantly, made a leisurely

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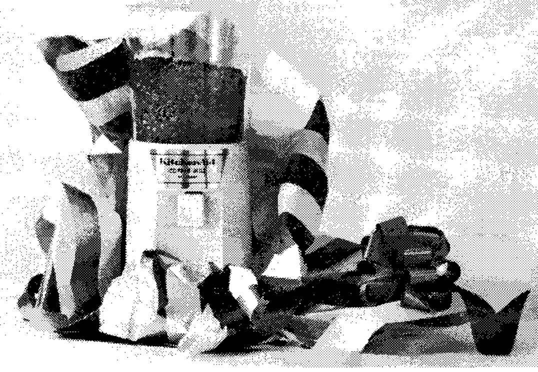

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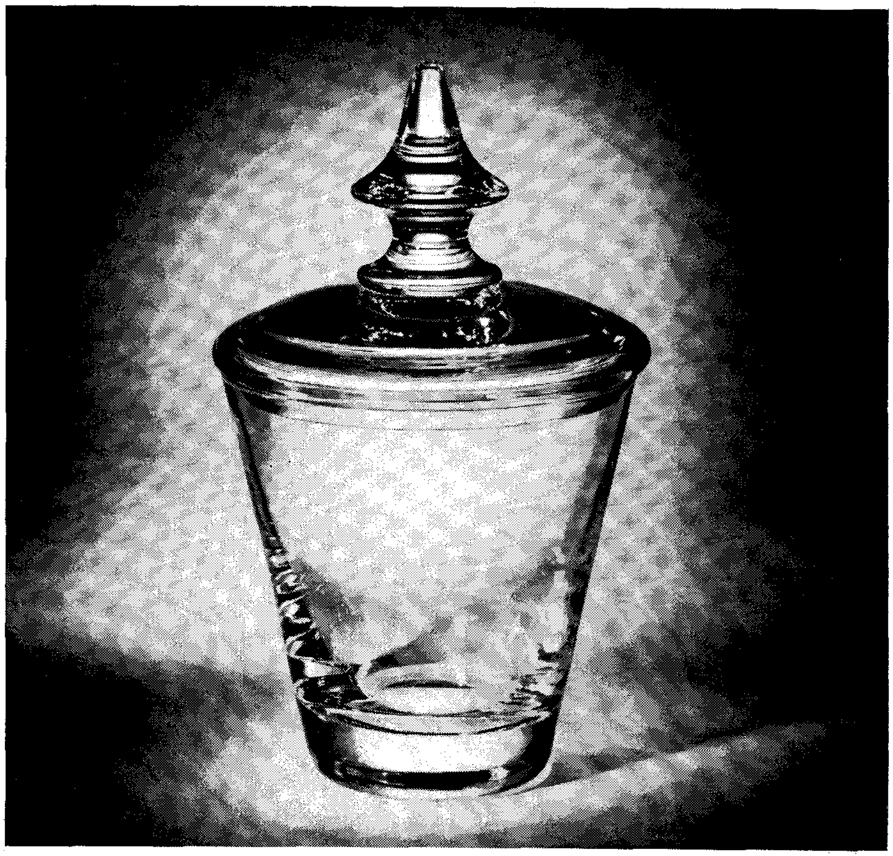

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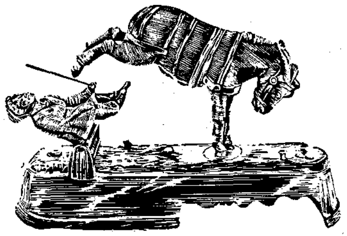

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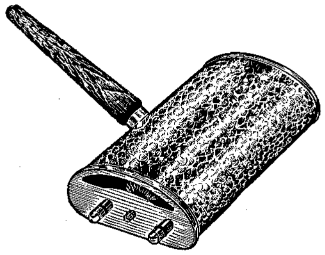

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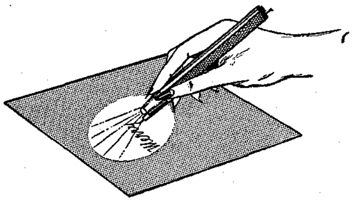

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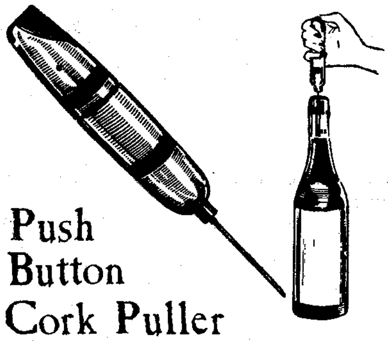

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inventory of his pockets at the customers' desk, and at last approached Mr. Gidney, who was waiting for him at the counter.

"How much interest do you pay on money?" he inquired.

"One and a half per cent," Mr. Gidney said.

"That's a cent and a half on the dollar."

"That's right."

"It ain't much."

"No."

"There ain't much sense putting money in the bank for a cent and a half on the dollar."

"Look, Sutherland," Mr. Gidney said. "Just be thankful you're here to deposit and not to borrow. Do you know how much I'd charge you on a loan? Seven per cent."

"Christ! Would you, now? When you look at it that way, it's quite a saving. All right. Here." He took a large roll of bills from his pocket and pushed it across the counter.

Mr. Gidney counted it. "That's not all," he said. "Where's the rest of it?"

Sutherland indicated a bulge in his hip pocket. "This here belongs to old Norman Latimer and a few of them. You got some notes here that they signed one time."

"Give me that, too. It'll be in your name—I can't confiscate it. Is that all, now? What's that in your vest pocket?"

"That's something I'm keeping aside—"

"Hand it over. Keeping aside—you can't do that in business, Sutherland." He passed it all to me through the bars of the cage. "Now," he said, "I'll give you until spring to start clearing it out of here. That money is bad luck to me, and it's bad luck to your people. The sooner they plow it into something useful and get back into debt, where they belong, the better."

Sutherland laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "I'll be opening my gold mine in the spring."

"Gold mine, baloney. I'll give you no money for such foolishness, Sutherland. There's no more gold up there than tomato ketchup. Tell your people to buy trucks and go to work hauling cordwood. Buy one for yourself."

Sutherland bristled. "Me truck cordwood?"

"Buy some land and grow potatoes, then. Hire a hand or two to do the work, if you think that's more in keeping with your position. Become"—he turned aside to wink at me—"a gentleman farmer. That's a farmer who's

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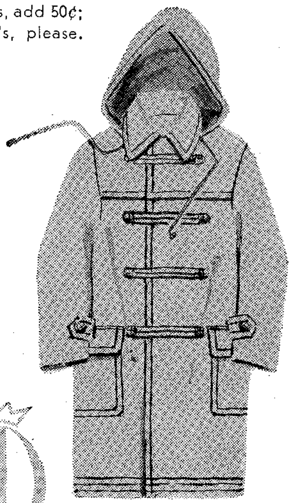

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got other people to do the work for him."

"I'll be damned," said Sutherland. He took a large calabash pipe from another of his pockets, filled and lit it thoughtfully, and puffed it into a head of belching white smoke. With sudden resolve, he buttoned up his horsehide coat. "I must talk that one over with Norman Latimer and some of them," he said. "Well, I'll see you later, Mister. Don't forget to practice your stepping. You got to keep at it, you know." Adjusting his derby at a rakish angle, he left.

Through the cage grillwork, Mr. Gidney watched me sorting Sutherland's money by denominations and snapping rubber bands around it. "That will keep Head Office happy for a while," he said. "They're going to yell bloody murder in the spring, when the plug is pulled out, but there's no help for that."

Outside, a wandering cluster of Midwashers paused at the lobby window and glanced in, vacant-faced, ignorant of the raw emotions they were capable of arousing in Montreal financial circles.

Mr. Gidney glared back at them. "I don't know how many more of these booms I can survive," he said.

—CLIFFORD AUCOIN

•

Sixty-six-year-old Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian has entered an appeal against the judgment of Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones in his High Court action against the BBC.

The action was over a tele-recording of Mr. Gulbenkian's appearance with Mr. John Freeman in the BBC feature Face to Face.

Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones ruled that the BBC had broken a contract when they failed to hand over the recording to Mr. Gulbenkian and awarded him £2 damages.

But the judge ruled in exercise of his discretion that it would be neither just nor equitable to order the BBC to hand over the recording.

The costs of the action were estimated at over £10,000.

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The missilemen wear wigs?

•

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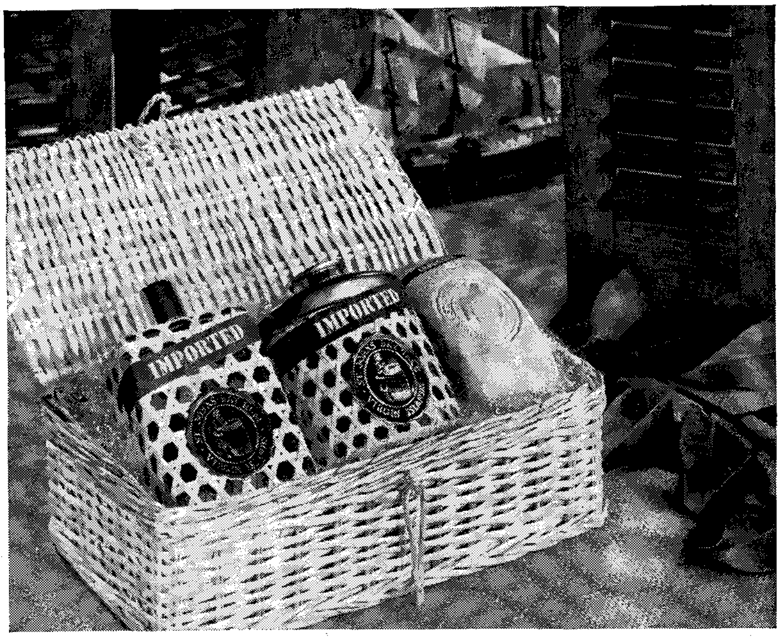

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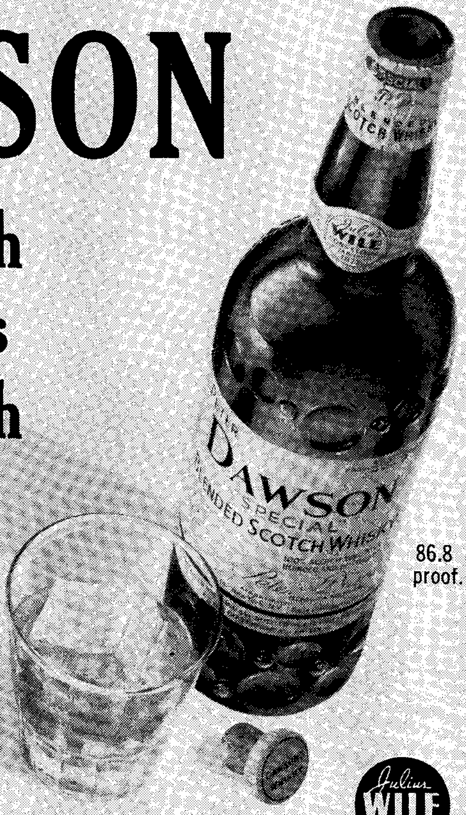

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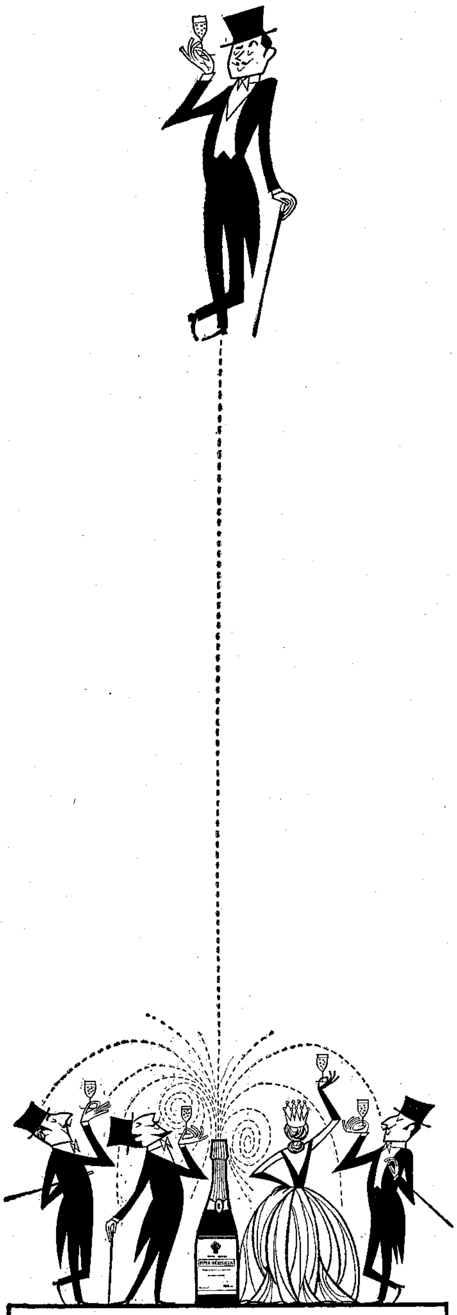

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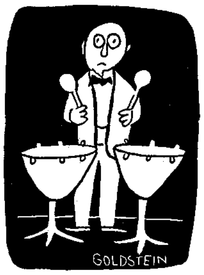
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rosy Evening



ON Monday night of last week, Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" returned to the Metropolitan Opera House, with a Marschallin and an Octavian who were new to the company, and with a number of other singers, as well as a conductor, who were performing for the first time here in this opera. Not all of the new ingredients proved to be equally good, but enough of them were sufficiently acceptable to make it a rousing and delightful evening, and a couple were of the brilliant sort that one files away in the memory to compare with the finest one has ever heard. Chief among these was Régine Crespin, a French dramatic soprano of very striking abilities, who gave the role of the Marschallin not only a lovely sound but the most searching dramatic treatment it has had at the Met since the great Lotte Lehmann sang it there.

In an age not particularly notable for fine French opera singers, Mlle. Crespin is quite a phenomenon. She has a large voice, which she handles with enormous intelligence and an exquisite feeling for nuance. She sings German, and even the Viennese dialect of it that appears here and there in the role, as if she had been born on the Danube instead of on the Mediterranean—in Marseille, to be exact. She has a rather plumply pleasing stage presence, well suited to Strauss's and von Hofmannsthal's heroine, and she gets into the deep and subtle emotional areas of the part as few singers now before the public manage to do. Apparently, she is quite well known all over Europe, from Glyndebourne to La Scala and the Vienna Staatsoper, but this was, with one exception, her first American appearance—the exception being a recent performance with the Chicago Lyric Opera, to which the Metropolitan had generously lent her in an emergency before her New York début could take place. Just how much of her superb reading of the role was influenced by the veteran Mme. Lehmann, who was listed in the program, along with Ralph Herbert, as co-director of staging the other evening, I can only guess. The interpretation was extraordinarily like Mme. Lehmann's in

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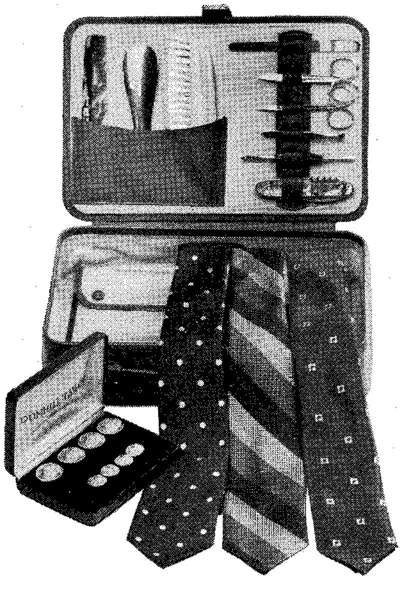

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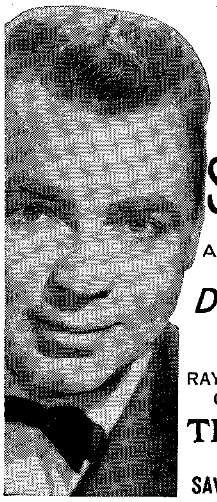

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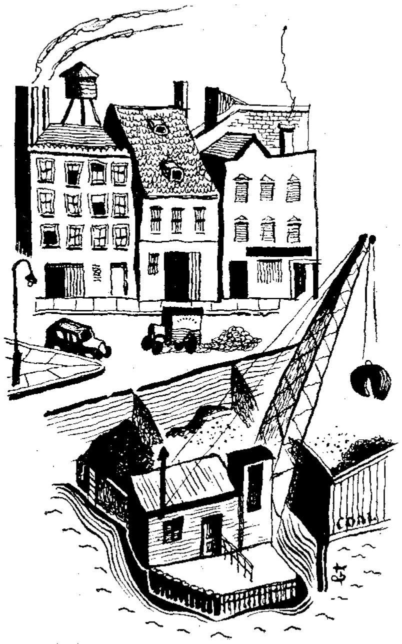
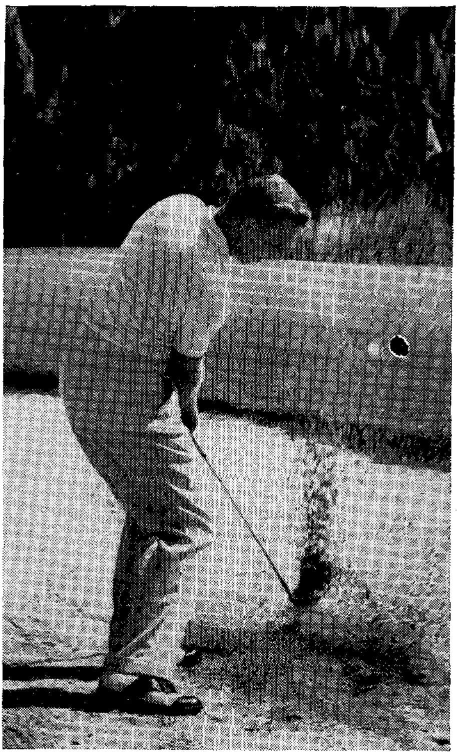
its warmth and adult humor, but one singer never duplicates another, and there was enough individuality about Mlle. Crespin's way with the role to warrant her being rated as an artist of very special attainments.

Also among the out-of-the-ordinary features of this performance was the von Faninal of Karl Doench, a slightly outlandish but nevertheless convincing characterization. And then there was Otto Edelmann's familiar Baron Ochs, as fine a stage impersonation of this part as one is likely to run into today, even though its deep bass notes lie below his range. Beyond these magnificent performances, one reached territory where quibbling is not out of place. The new Octavian, Herta Toepper, sang rather loosely (it is possible that her lack of controlled style was due to début nerves) and did not manage to convey either the illusion of masculinity or the aristocratic manner that Octavian should have. Anneliese Rothenberger was a charming figure as Sophie, and sang quite well, though the smallness of her voice kept her from competing with the great Sophies I can remember. Paul Franke and Rosalind Elias were very good indeed as the pair of intrigants, but Daniele Barioni had some trouble with the phrasing of the difficult first-act tenor aria. The staging, on the whole, was unusually sharp as to detail, and the Metropolitan's current production (meaning scenery, costumes, and stage properties) is enchanting.

One highly important ingredient, however, disappointed me. This was the conducting of Lorin Maazel, the very youthful maestro who seems to have been brought to the Metropolitan ex-





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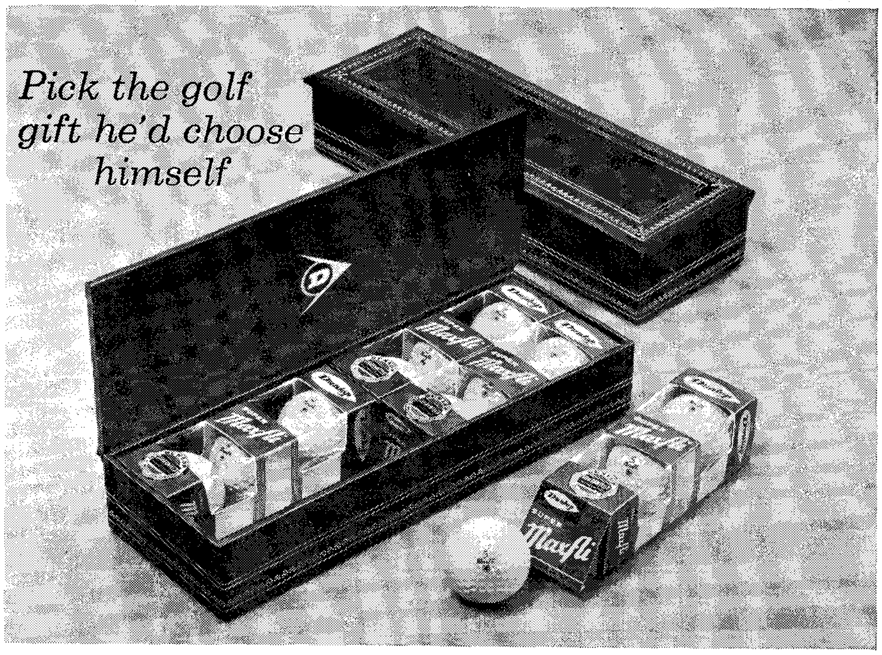

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pressly to preside over its most difficult operas, for which seasoning and long experience are mandatory. I can only describe Mr. Maazel's "Rosenkavalier" as jerky—that is, full of exaggerations in tempo and dynamics—and so overburdened with brass tone that one got the impression of an orchestra impoverished in strings.

I HAD my say about Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" several years ago, apropos of its most recent productions at the Metropolitan. To me, the W. H. Auden-Chester Kallman libretto sways uneasily between farce and melodrama, giving the impression that the authors themselves have an attitude of ambivalence toward their characters. It is described as a "fable," which indicates an air of aloofness toward something that is merely intended to be quaint. And, in consonance with this idea, its characters appear on the stage more as shopwindow dummies than as human beings. This, I submit, is not the ideal basis for an opera, since it means that nobody cares much what happens to anybody. (In good opera, one always cares.) To this curious libretto, Stravinsky has written music that is appropriate enough, being equally artificial. It is, like all of Stravinsky's music, technically interesting, but it is nowhere moving. If one investigates it with any thoroughness, one finds that it consists almost entirely of clichés—not late-nineteenth-century clichés (which are dreadfully démodé nowadays) but clichés of the eighteenth century and of Italian opera before Rossini (which are all the rage, or *were* until recently). There is some originality in the orchestration but very little in the vocal melody, which tends to be merely mannered instead. In short, "The Rake's Progress" strikes me as being something like the work of an extremely skillful interior decorator who has selected his materials according to the proper period and put them together with just a dash of Surrealist naughtiness to give them spice.

On Tuesday night, in Carnegie Hall, the American Opera Society put on the work in concert form, under the baton of Stravinsky's close associate Robert Craft. Since Stravinsky himself had been present to supervise the production, one could assume that what one heard was in complete accord with the Master's wishes. Actually, it *did* turn out to be the most polished performance of the work, musically, that I have ever listened to, and the absence of scenery and costumes, in my opinion,

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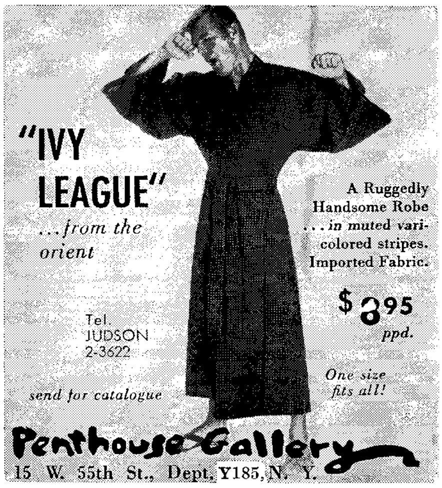

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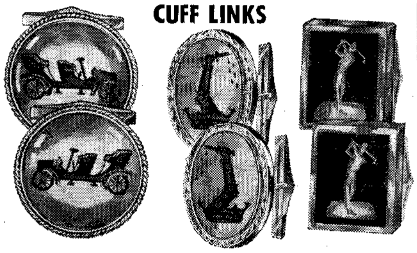

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detracted nothing from the total effect. As for the singers—Judith Raskin, Alexander Young, John Reardon, Betty Allen, Paul Franke, and some others—they did what was assigned to them with, on the whole, great expertness, and Miss Raskin came through especially well. Mr. Craft was accurate, the orchestra was accurate, the chorus was accurate; in fact, everything was accurate, and—to me, at least—rather dull.
—Winthrop Sargeant

JAZZ CONCERTS

Bossa Nova, Go Home

HOTEL music—the music, that is, of Guy Lombardo, Lester Lanin, Sammy Kaye, Wayne King, and Meyer Davis—is, by and large, a non-music. Its changeless instrumentation of muted trumpet, saxophone, violin, piano, bass, and drums, and its waxy, frumpy harmonies and textures, are not really meant to be heard. Neither are its materials—"The Lady Is a Tramp," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and "Down South American Way"—which after an hour or two assume the homogeneity of sidewalks. And its rhythms, which, moist and hiccupy, are generally the fox trot, the waltz, the polka, and South American admixtures, are not really meant to be danced to; one simply jiggles and bounces. Indeed, hotel music is an aural décor designed to match the potted palms, the blue-glass chandeliers, the portly figures, and the gold-jacketed waiters. But hotel music does have virtues. For the past forty or fifty years, it has gone its own harmless, submusical way, and in times of stress the bands that play it have even been paying, if uneasy, shelters for out-of-work jazz musicians. (During the depression, the hotel bands kept most of the white jazz musicians in New York alive; Negro musicians, though, fled to Europe or grew thin and took up other arts, like janitoring and poolroom keeping.) However, a startling change has been taking place in the last six months. A new form of hotel music—*bossa nova*, from Brazil—has appeared and is aggressively being bound to jazz. (*Bossa nova* has three characteristics: its plain old samba rhythms are syncopated; its melodies bear a washy resemblance to the long-lined effusions of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker; and it involves a mild sort of improvisation.) To be sure, jazz is temporarily in a peaked, defenseless state. It is suffering from its own inner turmoil (abstract jazz), from the country's rocky economics, and from the current folk-sing-

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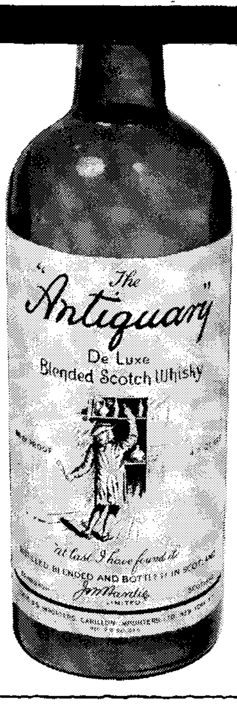

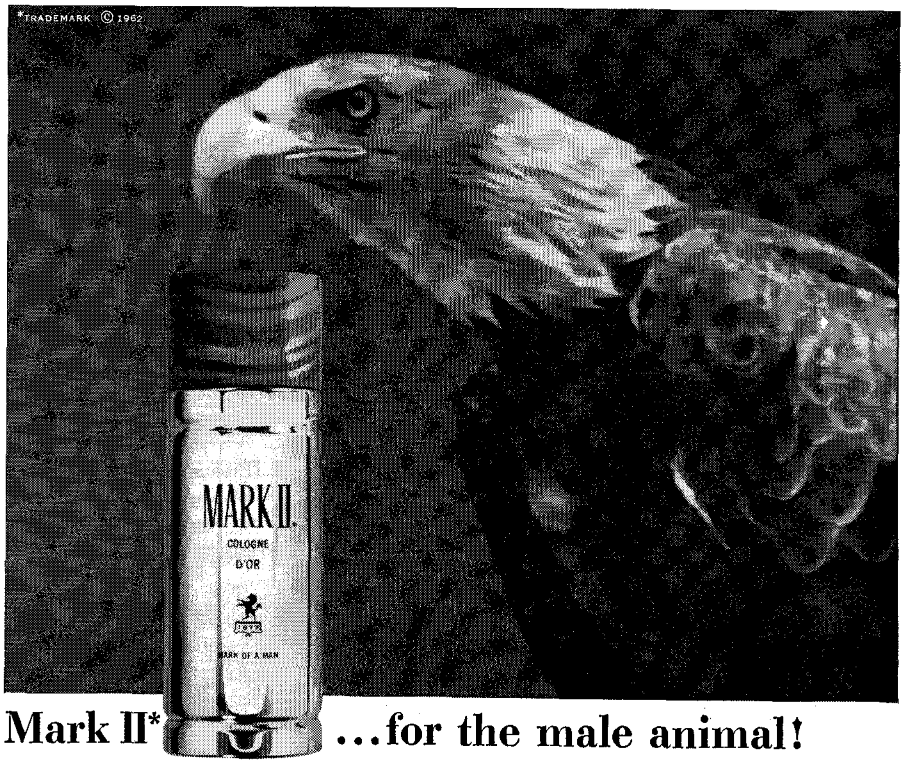

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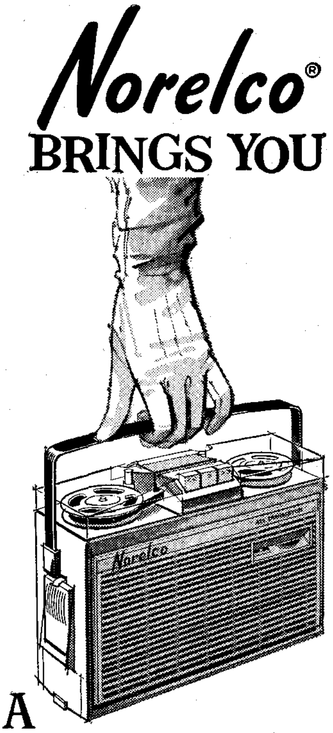

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ing jag. More important, middlemen, mainly in the form of the recording companies, are forcing *bossa nova* on jazz through countless *bossa-nova* albums made by jazz musicians who have little alternative.

An excellent instance of this force play took place at Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night at a heavily sponsored (a recording company and a national monthly magazine, which deposited a two-pound copy of its November issue on each seat), heavily recorded, heavily photographed, heavily filmed, heavily narrated (Leonard Feather: "*Bossa nova* has done more than be a highly productive cross-fertilization of cultures"), and heavily claqued *bossa-nova* concert. The first half of the evening, which would have been interminable even if one could have jiggled and jounced to it, was given over to Brazilian musicians, good hotel men all, and including guitarists (amplified and unamplified), guitarists-singers, singers, and a couple of small bands. The singers, who predominated, sang mostly in Portuguese (the words "*bossa nova*," which mean the "new flair" or "thing" or "feeling," anchored the lyrics), and sounded like Mel Tormé, Sarah Vaughan, and Fred Astaire. The rhythm sections sagged and the occasional solos had, with one exception, a stock-arrangement quality. The exception was Oscar Neves, a pianist, guitarist, and the leader of a quartet, whose solos, delivered while Neves bounced up and down in Brazilian-rubber fashion, had wild, spacious single-note lines that were highly original.

The second, or American, half of the concert was opened by Stan Getz and a rhythm section. Getz, forgetting himself, played two non-*bossa-nova* ballads,

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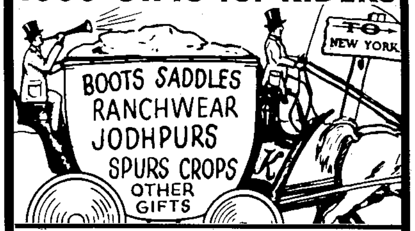

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and then "Desafinido," the *bossa-nova* anthem. After that, he was joined by Bob Brookmeyer and a first-rate big band, conducted by a young West Coast arranger named Gary MacFarland. This was, though too little (three numbers) and too late (around eleven-thirty), an absorbing event. MacFarland's arrangements (he is also a gifted composer) take up about where Benny Carter's stop. Avoiding the eiderdown quality of Gil Evans, MacFarland uses a big band merely to suggest the tunes it plays, leaving the soloists to spell them out. His arrangements, like the Modern Jazz Quartet's, are made up of already improvised melodic fragments written in tight, self-effacing harmonies. His section writing is airy and quick; phrases stop and start at the most unexpected points, and they invariably lead comfortably into or out of the solos. His background figures complement rather than compete with the soloists. *Bossa nova* in the hands of MacFarland and his men momentarily became music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

DEATH IN THE GARDEN

In a country garden, there is graciousness and beauty, color and charm and wistful scents from the rose bushes, and the lilac and all the other sweet flowers that we have come to regard as symbols of innocent delight.

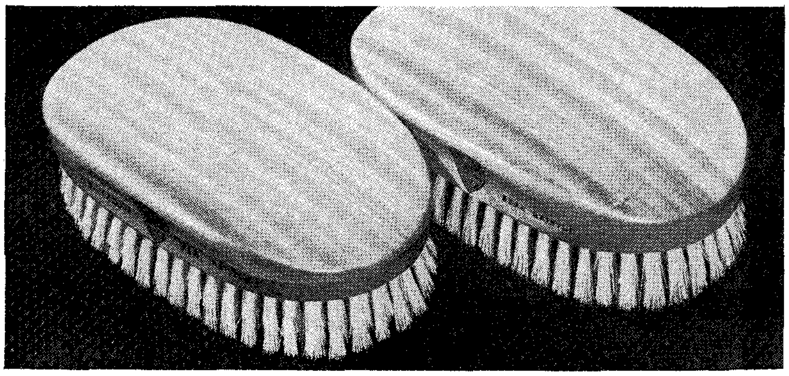
BUT take care that the beauty of flowers does not blind you to their danger. A journey down the garden path can reveal the lethal properties of some of the blossoms that delight our eyes. There are over 7,000 cases (fortunately, rarely fatal) of flower-poisoning each year in Britain alone.

The luscious laburnum with its "golden rain showers" of bloom is deadly. All parts of it are poisonous, and even municipal gardeners are planting it in our streets and roads. If the flowers are poison, and the bark of the shrub itself, what about its podded seeds? These are deadly. And if any of your children show undue interest in laburnum pods, warn them at once.

The lordly lilac is carried in masses into houses from the garden during the late spring. This is quite in order, providing you do not get too near the lilac blossom when inhaling its perfume. Sinus trouble, headaches and sickness can follow the excessive inhalation of lilac scent. Never bury your face in its blossom!

The modest lily-of-the-valley, famed for its delicate fragrance, contains the king of all poisons—prussic acid. Never, never put the stalks of the flowers near your lips. Young children often do so, and are punished by an almost immediate swelling of their mouth accompanied by extreme pain. It has been known to cause laryngitis, and even smelling of the delicate flowers by susceptible people has resulted in the loss of voice for an hour or two.

The graceful delphinium, pride of many



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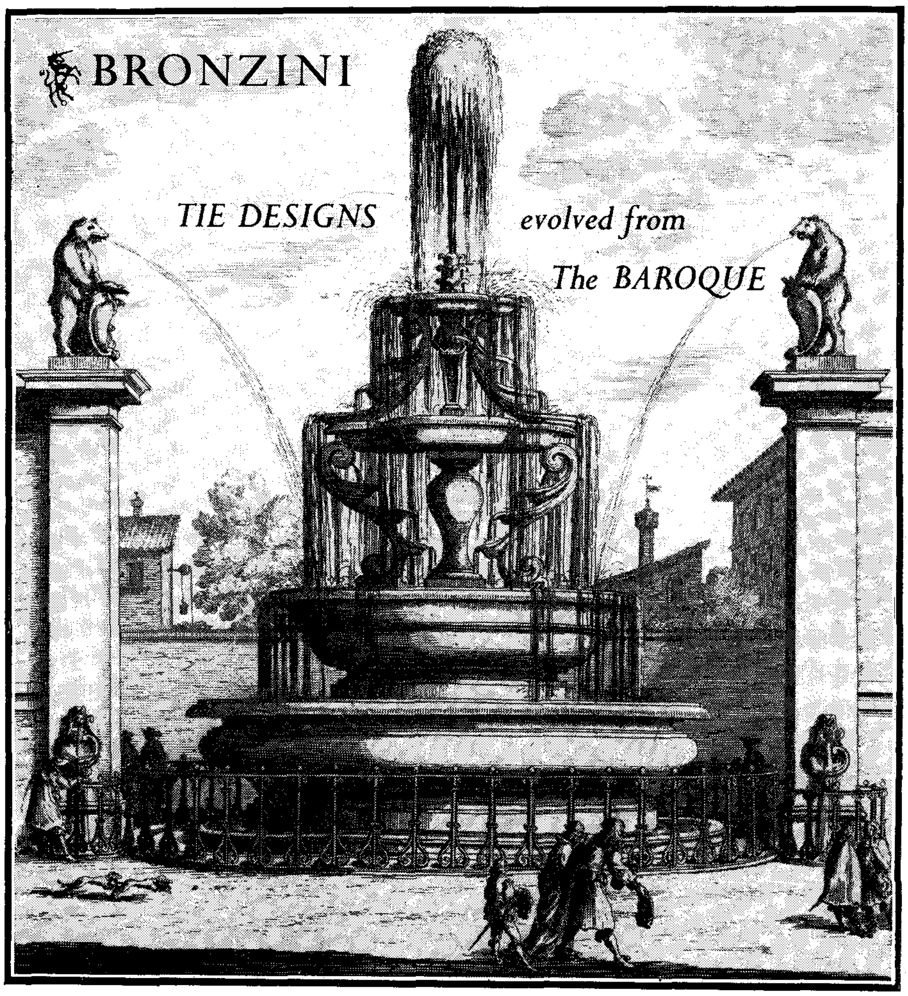

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a garden, must be made to keep its distance, or we must keep our distance from it. Delphiniums can be deadly, and so can foxgloves: these graceful trumpet flowers that grow so profusely both in garden and hedgerow can be lethal if eaten.

Even the rose, the Queen of the garden, should not be brought into close proximity to the nose. The scent of a rose can cause swelling of the vocal chords, followed by a soreness of the throat. Violets, white lilac, narcissus, white anemones, the buttercup, the lesser celandi aconito, and the wild hyacinth or harebell also carry menace. Keep your distance from them, even though you may continue to admire their beauty.

If you wander out of your garden into the fields and meadows, the poison danger widens.

Here you will come across the deadly nightshade, whose luscious black berries taste so sweet and deceive so many children each summer. Its purple flower, so dainty and intriguing, is a constant menace to all.

Then there is the monkshood, that fascinating flower which is rank poison. This acts so quickly when tasted, that there is often no time to administer first aid. Monkshood leaves have often been mistaken for parsley, and the root has been eaten, with tragic results, in mistake for horseradish.

Henbane, mistaken for parsnip, is another foul poisoner, and likewise is the tall hemlock to be found everywhere in country lanes and fields. For some reason, hemlock fascinates children. A boy who made a whistle out of the stem of a hemlock plant put it to his lips to blow and almost lost his life.

But apart from the deadly poisoners, most flowers can bring distress to us if we get in too-close proximity to them. Take, for instance, daffodils. The daffodil farmers in the Scilly Isles have often to seek medical advice because of rashes that appear on their hands and arms, and because of various sinus troubles that afflict them, especially when narcissi are being picked and packed. The narcissus perfume is a virulent cause of hay-fever and sinus troubles generally.

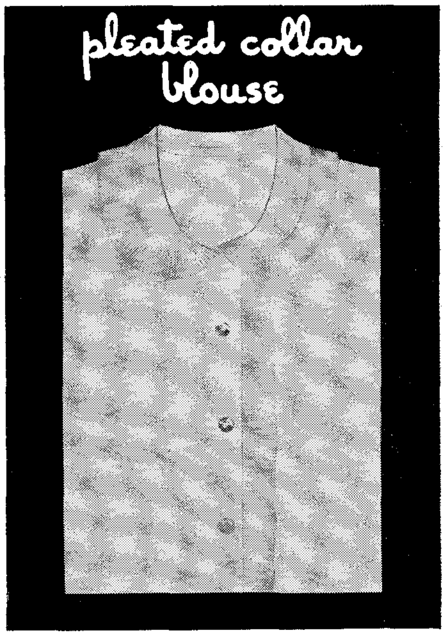
Daffodils, on the other hand, carry in their stems minute particles of lime crystal. This irritates the skin and can cause dermatitis.

Primroses are bad offenders. Examine the stalk of a primrose and you will find that it is covered with fine hairs. These hairs contain an irritant which can, in people with sensitive skins, cause an open sore. As for the primula, a favorite pot plant for the house, this must not be touched with any degree of safety. Wear gloves if you have to touch this plant!

Some flowers affect the eyes and throat, and usually these are sweet-smelling flowers. The hyacinth has a very bad reputation. The pollen in the tall bloom contains microscopic crystals of lime exalate. The hyacinth is not a killer, of course, but it can cause acute physical distress as can the smell from young grass.

Now let us look on the brighter side of the world of flowers.—*Athens* (*Greece*) *News.*

Wait till we stand off this delphinium!



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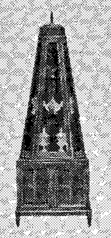

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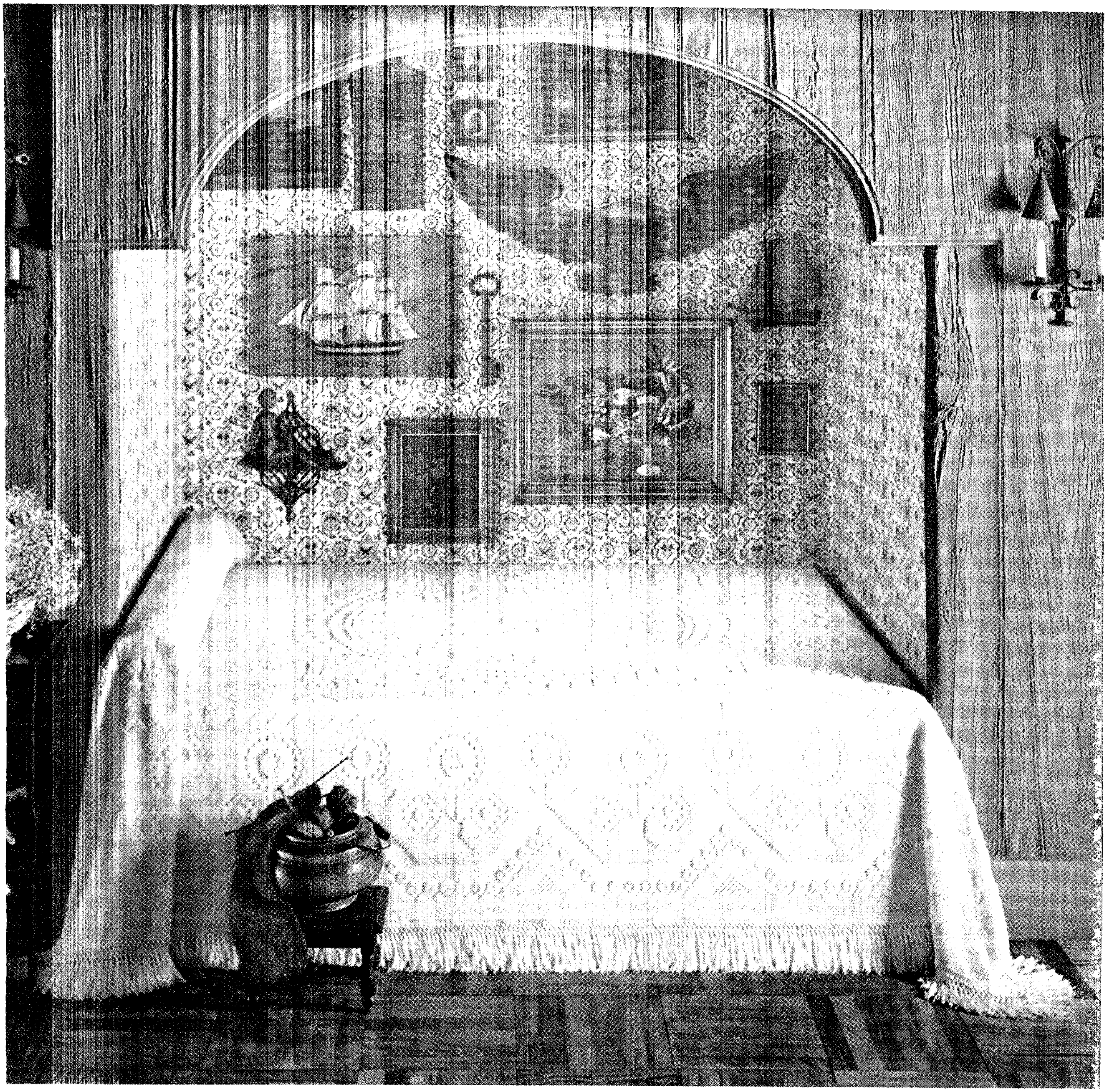

Minuet bedspread shown: eggshell

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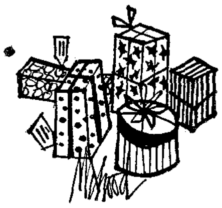
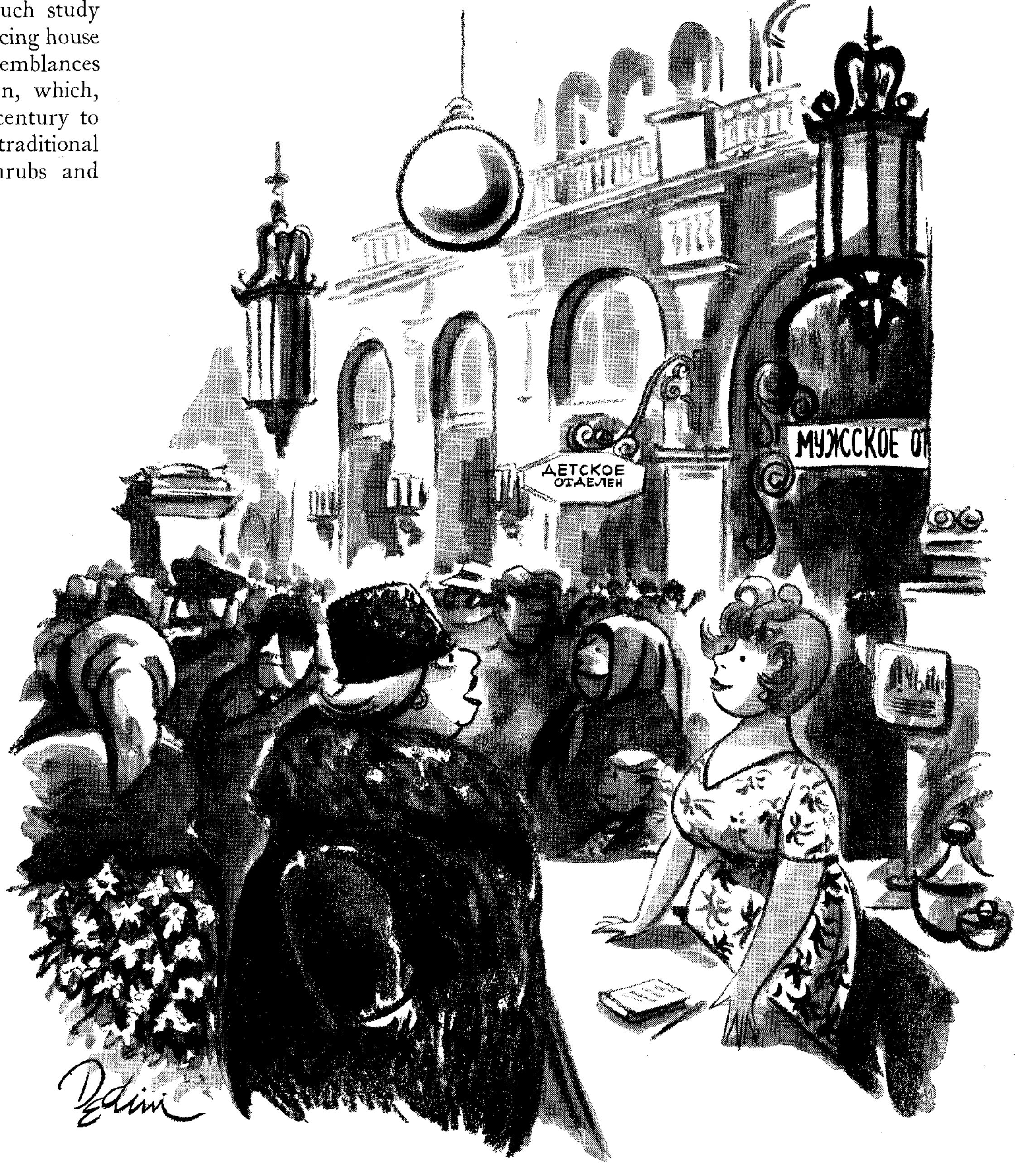
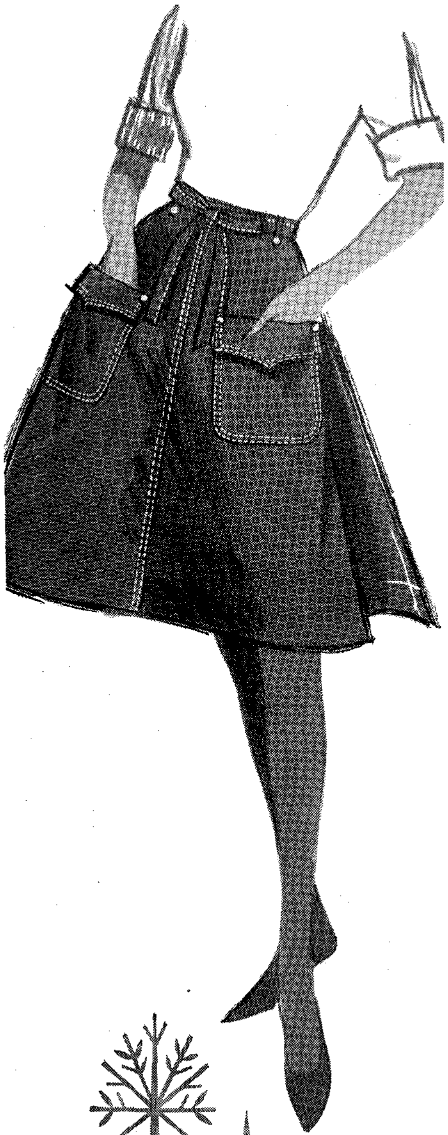


SO brilliant—well, anyway, so industriously compiled—have been our Christmas guides over the years (and there have been an awful lot of years) that we had about despaired of offering for your consideration this year anything in the way of a present for the house that hadn't been offered for your consideration before. To our delight, though—and, we hope, to yours—we learned at the very outset of our annual research into the matter of holiday giving that Hollis Mitchell, who cultivates tropical and semi-tropical plants, and presides over The Planters, 385 Bleecker Street (at Perry), has succeeded, after much study and experimentation, in producing house plants dwarfed into perfect semblances of the classic bonsai of Japan, which, we are told, may require a century to reach its full perfection. The traditional Oriental art of growing shrubs and trees in miniature has, as you undoubtedly know, become enormously popular among home decorators in this country, who find all sorts of aesthetic possibilities in the shape and balance of these miniature plants. Although the life expectancy of most of us hardly justifies our embarking on the cultivation of a Japanese dwarf tree, the examples of miniature gardening that Mr. Mitchell has produced—some of them in less than a year—already provide bits of original and interesting decoration. They also provide (and this may or may not be counted as an advantage) a full-time occupation. We had better warn you right off that bonsai—even The Planters' not-quite-authentic bonsai—are not Christmas gifts to pack off as casually as one would send a potted begonia or poinsettia. These are for the friend who dearly loves to putter. Every day, one thing or another (more often than not it's one thing *and* another) must be done if the plant is to preserve its size, its shape, and its perfect balance, and, with all that in mind, The Planters sends three pages of mimeographed instructions along with each tree. New leaves and young shoots must be pinched off, roots must be trimmed, and tiny branches must be bent with copper wire to give the gnarled and wind-swept effect of centuries of battling against the elements. For our own part, though—and this may seem the most arbitrary prejudice—we like to think that all the devotion once expended on the African violet will now be directed toward what we consider a vastly more rewarding operation. Among The Planters' especially successful miniatures are a six-inch-tall New Zealand corokia (left to itself, this plant grows some eight feet tall), which is shaped to a most effective symmetry and produces delicate yellow blossoms every spring; crêpe myrtles and azaleas dwarfed to a mere couple of inches; several beautiful examples of sweet scented olive, three or four inches tall, with fragrant white flowers and with gnarled trunks that look as if they had come from deep in some forest; gracefully shaped ten-inch calliandras; and the familiar pittosporum, trained and dwarfed down to elfin proportions.

Since the word "bonsai" means "tray arrangement," it's not surprising that the design of the container should be a matter of the utmost importance in the eyes of those who engage in miniature gardening. The Planters has given care-



"*Have you a suggestion? It's for a commissar who has everything.*"



Brevity is the soul of wit. May we present a brief and witty wrap skirt made of dungaree denim, something entirely charming as a gift? The stitching, the riveted pockets, are blue-jean-like, but the flare is female. The superior John Meyer tailoring is evident. Navy, Red, or Faded Blue. Sizes 6 to 16. About $9 at fine stores or write:

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ful consideration to this aspect of the Oriental art, and it presents its tiny trees and shrubs most becomingly, set in charming pots and shallow dishes. Many of the containers are from Japan and were designed specially for bonsai planting; some are made by a talented Greenwich Village potter; and all have the required drainage. In most instances, the plant is set in velvety moss or fine grass, with here and there an ancient-looking stone or a piece of decayed wood. Prices, including pots, run from $3.50 to $25, and we'd better mention that, owing to the necessity for daily watering, no out-of-town shipments can be made.

A SUBSCRIPTION to one of the Metropolitan Museum's lecture courses might well be an inspired gift for somebody who is interested in the subjects treated by the Metropolitan's distinguished lecturing staff. With this in mind, we recently went up to the Museum to attend one of a series of talks by Claude Marks on Renaissance perspective, and we found it so absorbing that we wish this particular course were to last until a Christmas subscription could be bestowed. Unfortunately, it will not. The Museum, however, *has* announced a ten-session course of lectures by Mr. Marks on "Tradition and Change in Classical and Modern Art," Monday evenings from January 21st through March 25th; a second series by the same authority, "Since 1900: Directions in the Art of Our Time," Thursday mornings from January 24th to March 28th; "Italian Masters of the Renaissance," a series of ten lectures by Thomas M. Folds, Wednesday evenings from January 23rd through March 27th; and "The Great Painters of Spain," a course of five lectures by Margaretta Salinger, Thursday evenings from January 24th to February 21st. The morning lectures begin at 11 o'clock and the evening lectures at 8:30, and they all last an hour and fifteen minutes; the fee is $15 per course for all except the last-mentioned one, which is $8 for five lectures.

TURNING our mind's eye to those who lag behind in cultural matters, or who may be so far ahead of the game as to feel no need of the Metropolitan's lectures, we now bring to your attention some modest household gadgets that should, we think, be just the ticket for the friend who rates a remembrance slightly more substantial than a Christmas card. First, there is a kitchen tool called a fondue fork—a three-pronged affair of stainless steel with a wooden

TERRY PARFAIT too pretty to eat but heavenly *to wear—our angelic little robe of floating* **terry.** In parfait tints with a delicious topping of white braid at the curved neckline and a sprinkle of white buttons down the front. Soft pleats give the skirt and sleeves a gentle sweep. Parfait Pink or Parfait Blue. Sm(8-10), Med (12-14), Lg(16-18). **$11.30 postpaid**

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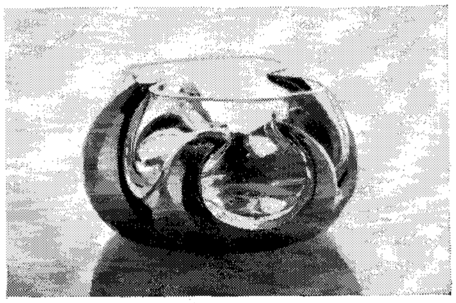

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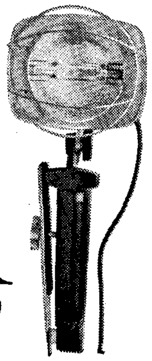

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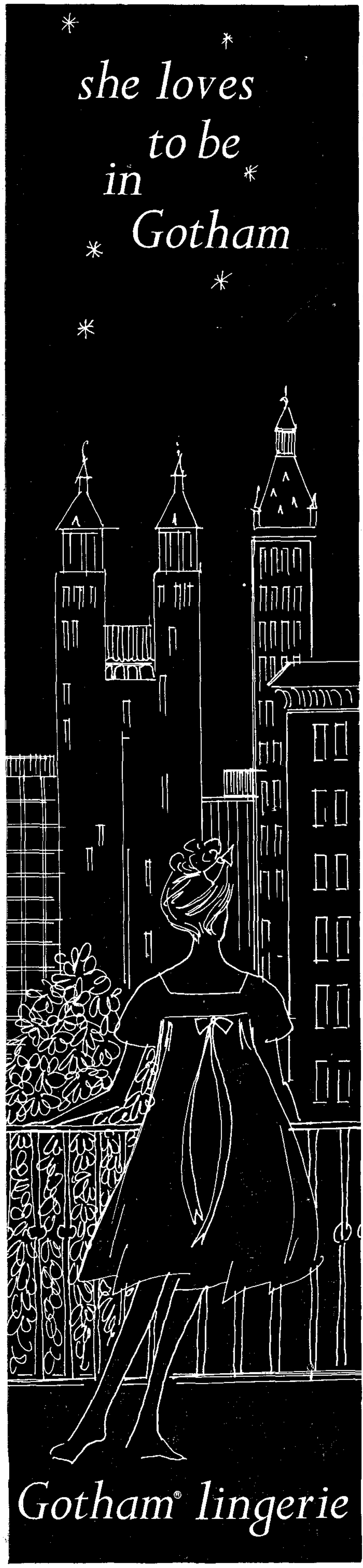
handle and measuring nine and a half inches long over all. Although we have never used it for the purpose it was supposedly made for, we find it so valuable in almost every cooking operation that we are inclined to rank it with that indispensable little serrated tomato knife which no cook could afford to be without. The fondue fork is to be had, for $1.50, at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd); Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (21st); the Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street; and Macy. Another serviceable kitchen aid, which a girl who wants to improve her sauce-making would be pleased to find in her stocking, is a metal whisk called the Mix-Stir ($1.98, at La Cuisinière, Macy, and Bloomingdale)—all but guaranteed, however inexperienced the *saucier*, to turn out a velvet-smooth béchamel or béarnaise. Our third offering is aimed not at the kitchen but at the ladies who hover lovingly over their bonsai or their less demanding potted plants. For these indoor horticulturists, Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (54th), has brought out an invaluable atomizer, which squirts the finest of mists; it costs $1.98. The Planters has a similar atomizer, but with an adjustable nozzle to regulate the density of the spray; it also costs $1.98.

WITH all the Hotrays—those heated serving trays put out by the Salton Company for almost every conceivable occasion—so blessedly improving the temperature of American meals, we should probably never have ventured to complain of what was until recently the only lacuna in the company's long list of valuable serving aids. Anyway, that one lacking appliance—a breakfast tray capable of keeping the coffee hot without warming up the grapefruit and reducing the butter to a liquid mess—has now put in its appearance. Except for a heating area six inches square at one end, the tray is of oil-finished, hand-rubbed walnut. It is twenty-five inches long and eleven inches wide, and it is to be had at Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman, and Macy, for $14.95.

WE have stated before in these columns that in our view there is no more acceptable present for a child than a good phonograph record, and in spite of a terrific output of trash aimed at young ears, this view remains so staunchly unshaken that here we are again with a listing in which sheep have been carefully and conscientiously herded from goats. In this operation, we



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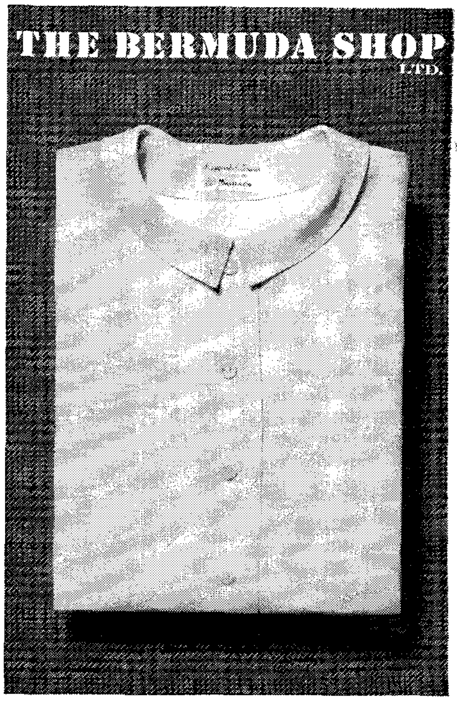

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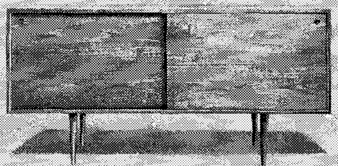
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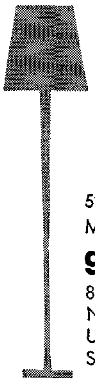
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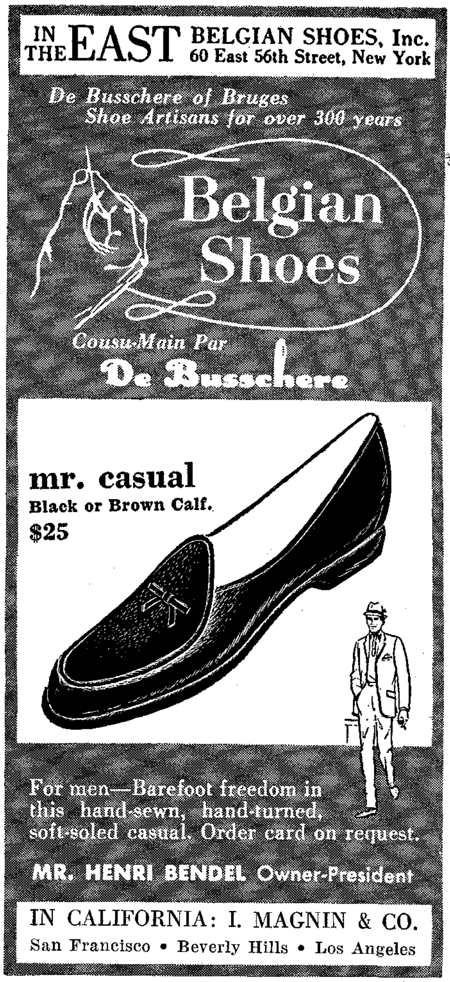
have had the critical assistance of some young listeners, and have given their decisions our respectful consideration. To prove how good a good record for children can be, Pathways of Sound has recorded three chapters from "Winnie the Pooh," recited by Maurice Evans, and if you think that this distinguished actor has wasted his time on the Milne whimsey, you are dead wrong. His extraordinarily skillful impersonation of the varied dramatis personae of this passionately loved nursery classic is a creation of comic artistry that leaves nothing to be desired by Christopher Robin's most devoted follower. . . . We can't be quite sure that *every* child will be entranced by Carl Sandburg's reading of his "Rootabaga Stories," on a record issued by Caedmon. Certainly it must seem pretty tame fare to somebody who has been overexposed to the witless horror of comics, but if a young listener you know is likely to fall under the spell of wonderful absurdity and pleasant humor recounted in the author's melodious voice, these are the very stories. . . . Folkways has brought out, under the auspices of the Scholastic Book Services, a really first-rate recording called "Frontiers." Without undue romanticizing, but dramatic enough to hold the attention of a ten-year-old, it describes the crossing of the plains by the early westward-bound settlers—the shooting of buffalo, the dustups with the Indians, the danger from floods and prairie fires, the brag talk of the cowboys, and a lot more, pointed up appropriately with tuneful songs of the Old West.

The increasing popularity of fairy-tale phonograph records brings up the interesting question of what has become of Mother's lap and the well-worn volume of nursery favorites. Has competition with distinguished actors recounting the daredevil exploits of Jack and the Beanstalk put these once-taken-for-granted nursery fixtures out of business? If so, and unless Mother is a born storyteller, and not just a reader, we are inclined to think that the change is for the better. Fairy stories are meant to be *told*, not read, and Caedmon has shown remarkable discrimination in selecting the right teller for the right story and in ignoring the current craze for embellishing fairy-tale recordings with operatic solos and choruses. Comfortably without benefit of music, Boris Karloff—and Caedmon—makes of "Three Little Pigs and Other Fairy Tales" a dramatic presentation calculated to hold the breathless attention of audiences in the kindergarten age brackets. In the



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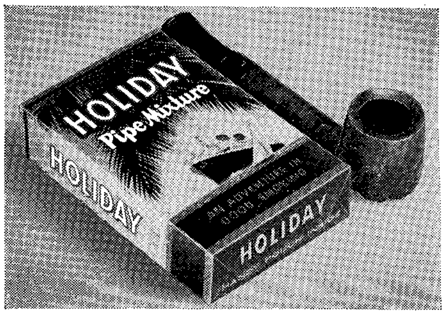

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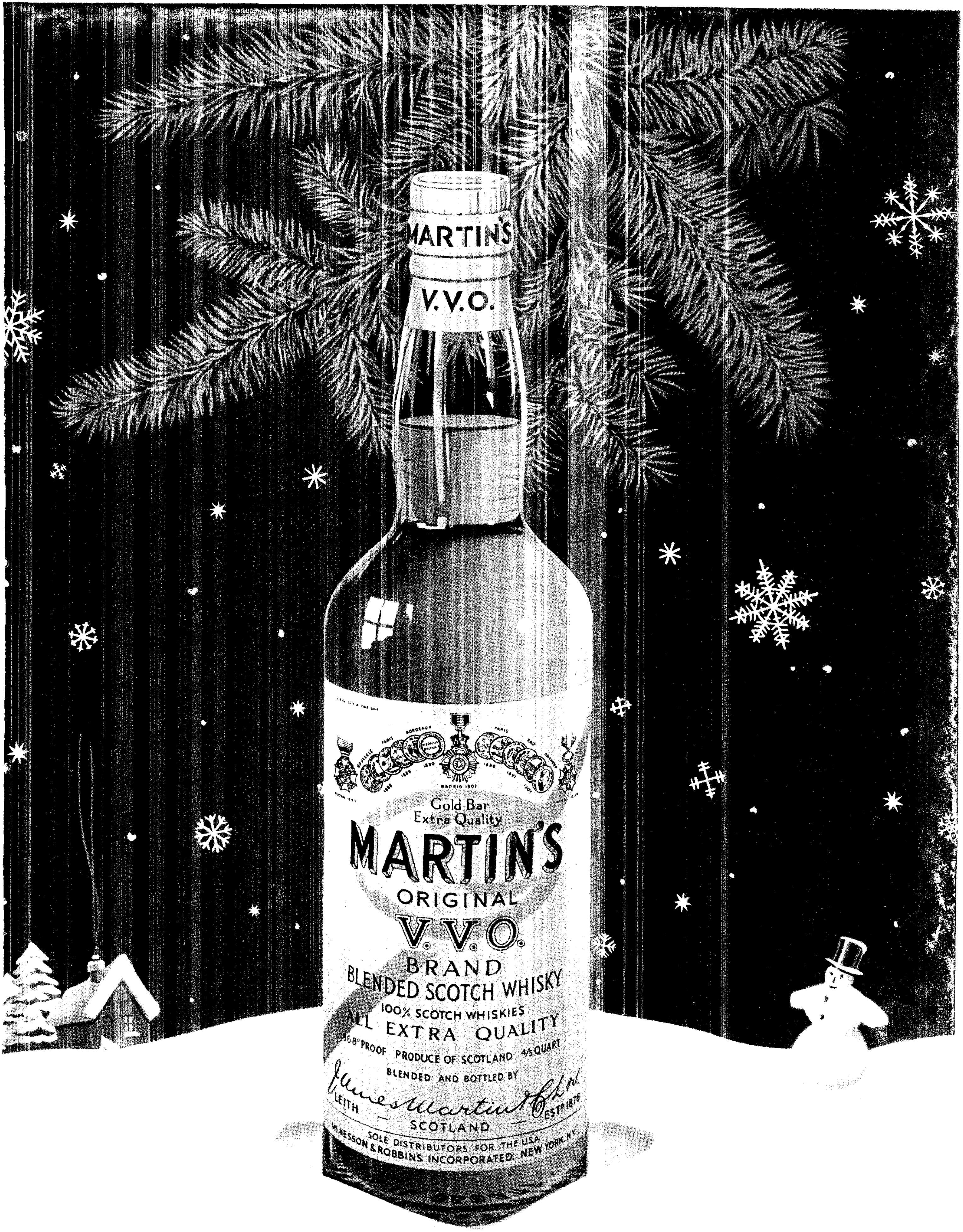
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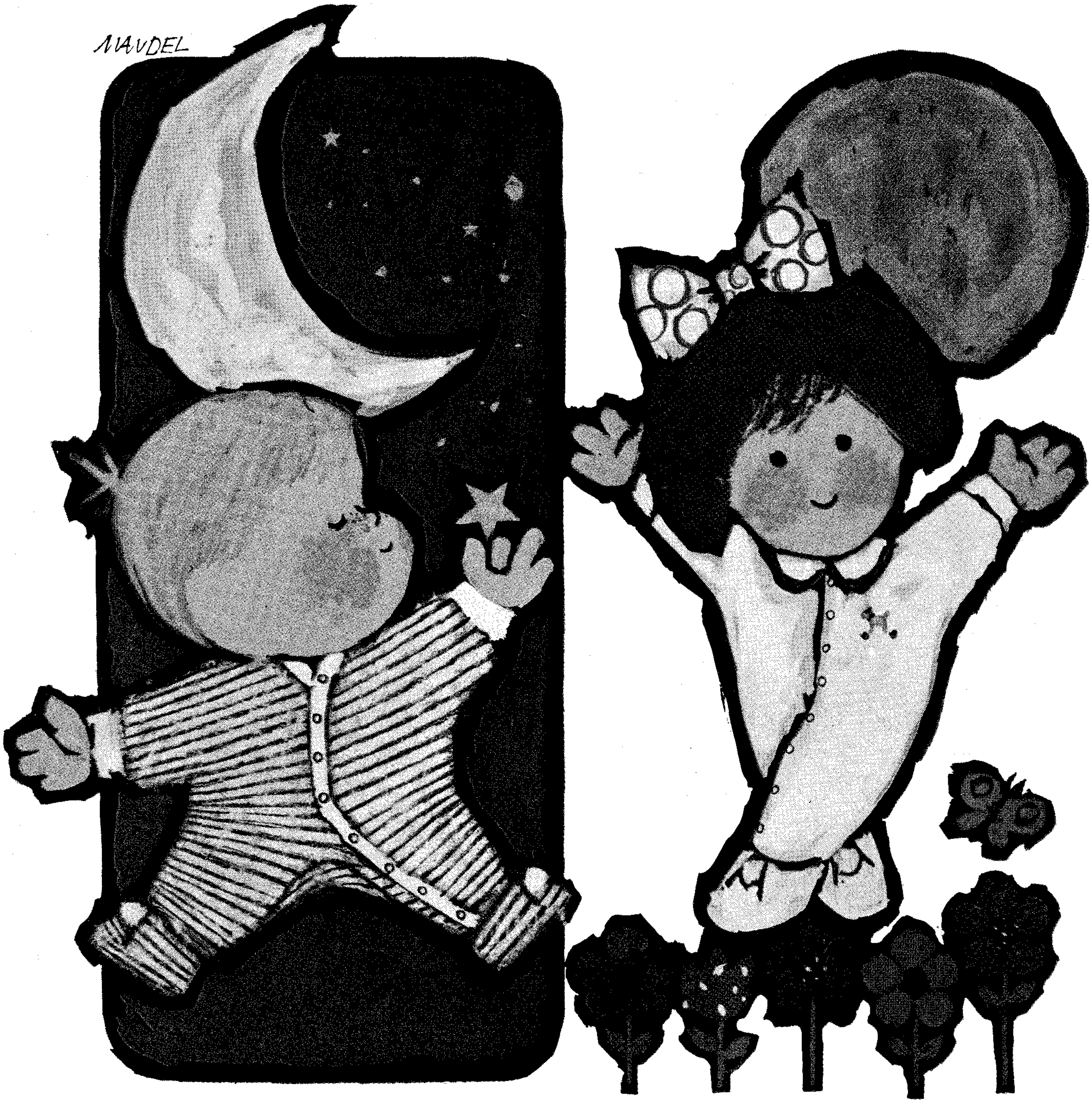

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story of "The Three Bears," on this same record, it is a wicked old woman, instead of an uppity little girl, who makes free with the bears' bed and board. Upon being queried about this startling recasting of characters, Caedmon assured us that it was indeed an old woman who figured in the oldest version of the tale, long before Goldilocks was heard of. Caedmon undoubtedly knows what it's talking about, but we can't help wondering where that leaves Goldilocks. . . . Wonderland has brought out another recording of the well-loved Beatrix Potter nursery stories—this one offering "The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck" on one side and "Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle" on the other, both endearingly told by Vivien Leigh. Recognizing that the original Potter stories couldn't possibly be improved upon, Wonderland has sensibly not monkeyed with a text that has enthralled at least three generations of very small listeners; some sprightly songs have been interpolated, though. . . . Still for the very young, the same company records Mother Goose verses sung and played most satisfactorily by Alec Templeton and presented, as an unexpected bonus, in an album with the incomparable illustrations of Kate Greenaway. . . . In "I Met a Man" (Pathways of Sound), the poet John Ciardi's aim is to encourage small children to get meaning into their reading of poems. By way of such encouragement, he reads simple verses of his own, gives excellent advice without being pompous, tells some amusing riddles, and manages to be cheerfully entertaining through it all. . . . Tom Glazer gives a second "Concert for and with Children" (Wonderland), in which an unrehearsed young recording-studio audience joins in singing such familiar favorites as "This Old Man" and "I Know an Old Lady," laughs at Tom Glazer's jokes, and makes up verses of its own, to the delight of all concerned. . . . In "Through Children's Eyes," R.C.A. Victor presents an utterly joyous collection of ballads and patriotic and nursery songs sung by that talented trio known as the Limeliters, with the assistance of a chorus of remarkably clear, pure voices—those of some seventy California schoolchildren. A wholly successful entertainment. . . . You will, of course, be exposed to an awful lot of carolling be-

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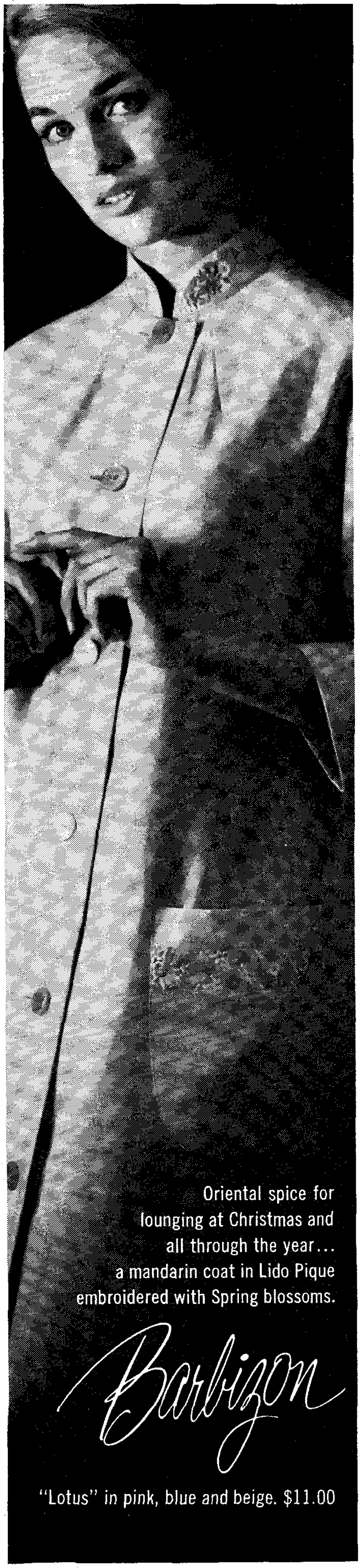

Oriental spice for
lounging at Christmas and
all through the year...
a mandarin coat in Lido Pique
embroidered with Spring blossoms.

Barbizon

"Lotus" in pink, blue and beige. $11.00

tween now and December 25th, but it seems pretty certain that you won't hear a more moving collection of Christmas songs than that which serves as a backdrop to Dame Edith Evans' recitation of the story of the Nativity (Wonderland). The record, besides being an aesthetic delight to everybody, should be useful to a child in untangling the chronology of the Christmas story and in bringing new meaning to the old hymns and carols. . . . Caedmon continues its series of "Just So Stories" with a fine recording of "The Cat That Walked by Herself" on one side of the disc and "The Butterfly That Stamped" and "How the First Letter Was Written" on the other—all dramatically read by Boris Karloff. (As you know, the cat who walked in the book was a he, and when we asked Caedmon about *this*, they said Mr. Karloff had decided that, no matter what Kipling thought, it was a she. . . . Through some tieup of that sterling patron of the great outdoors, Houghton Mifflin, with the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology, there has recently been brought out a series of recorded bird songs and also of the songs (if that's the word we are looking for) of frogs and toads to be heard in continental North America. One of the most recent of these recordings is "Bird Songs in Your Garden," an uncannily exact and very pleasurable reproduction of familiar calls, which will acquaint a child with the songs of birds commonly heard on the Eastern seaboard. Another item, called "Voices of the Night," gives the cries of some thirty-four species of frogs and toads, and is not, we fear, for us to pass on, but it was listened to with what seemed like emotion by a naturalist of ten. These are but two in a long list of impeccable recordings of the sounds of wildlife, which, although they are not intended primarily for children, a child with any sort of interest in such matters would find absorbing.

PLEASED with our success—or what we like to think is our success—in selecting phonograph records for the young, we are emboldened to suggest as gifts for your adult friends a few recordings of and/or by more or less contemporary authors. What we have come up with turns out to be a rather mixed bag, chosen less to suit the tastes of a variety of hypothetical listeners than because we ourselves for one reason or another found them captivating. Among Caedmon's distinguished spoken-word series, for instance, we don't see how there can be any disagreement about

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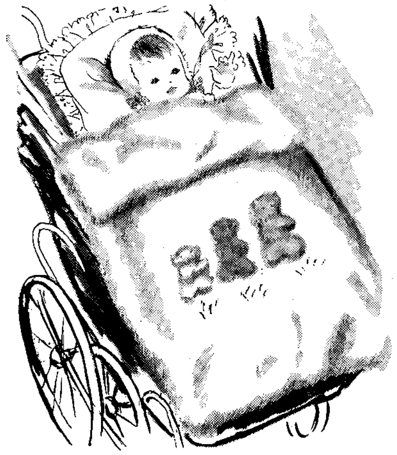

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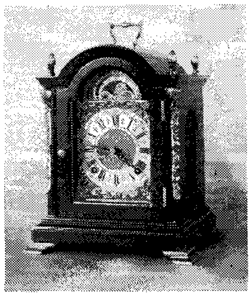

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Katherine Anne Porter's readings of three of her long short stories—"Pale Horse, Pale Rider" (on two records), "Noon Wine" (also on two records), and "The Downward Path to Wisdom" (one record)—all little masterpieces that, in spite of the fame the author's recent full-length work has brought her, make one wonder if the short story is not, after all, Miss Porter's happiest medium of expression. In the same series are Eudora Welty's reading of her "Why I Live at the P.O.," probably the funniest of all this author's gently humorous works ("A Worn Path" and "A Memory" are on the other side); "H. L. Mencken Speaking," an interesting interview (it was originally recorded by the Library of Congress in 1948) in which the caustic, wise, and inexhaustibly articulate Baltimorean speaks his mind on such subjects as the follies of higher education, the decadence of newspaper reporting, the untrustworthiness of experts, and the lack of free speech in the United States while reminiscing about his own early years; and "The Shaw-Terry Letters," a reading by Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Cyril Cusack from a witty, tender, glittering correspondence. This section of the famous letters covers the years from 1896 to 1902. To these entertainments, Riverside adds E. B. White's "Here Is New York," in which the wit and humorous wisdom and the author's infectious enjoyment of the city come through undamaged by Jack Lemmon's sentimental delivery. And Columbia offers a splendid recording of "A Thurber Carnival," with the full Broadway cast, and (as if that were not joy enough) tucked inside the record's jacket is a portfolio of wonderful Thurber drawings, along with the full text of "The Last Flower."

THE present of an embroidered seat cover for a valuable antique chair hasn't, we are assured, anything like the limited appeal that we had supposed. So if you have on your list a lady of impeccable taste who owns a chair worthy of such embellishment, you should by all means have a look at the beautiful embroidered chair seats that form part of the unique collection of needlework (crewelwork, and gros and petit point) at Arthur H. Lee, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd). The seats, most of which measure twenty-six inches square, are generally of fine wool worsted, with a center decoration of wool embroidery in varied designs that would adapt themselves to a great range of period furniture. The work is done, with incredible

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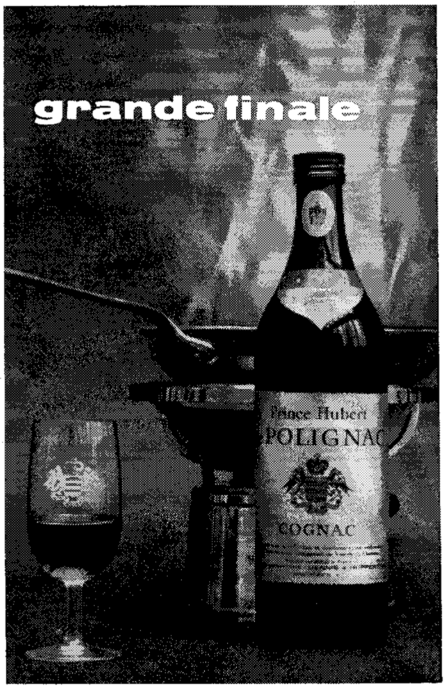
skill, by the firm's enormous staff of expert embroiderers, in Birkenhead, England, and these artists are also prepared to reproduce, on order, such special designs as somebody's family crest or the motif of a wallpaper or a set of china. However, such orders might take up to six months to fill, so perhaps you might send off your pattern on December 26th, with Christmas, 1963, in mind. To give an idea of prices of the seats actually on hand (and, by the way, Arthur H. Lee functions only through decorators), there are a light and airy design of pale-blue morning-glories in the center of a dark-blue worsted square, at $40; an oval wreath of colored flowers on an extremely heavy cotton twill that looks like silk, at $64; and the Federal eagle dashingly portrayed on blue wool, at $115.

MARVIN ALEXANDER is, as you probably know, a dealer in particularly valuable antique crystal chandeliers, mostly of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. What is not so well known is that in the course of tracking down these lighting fixtures from the great houses of England and Ireland and France he has gathered, and now offers for sale, an imposing collection of bibelots of the same period—Baccarat crystal, bits of Waterford and Bristol glass, porcelain candlesticks, charming objects in gilded bronze, tôle, and ormolu, and so on—the appearance of any one of which under the Christmas tree should make the fastidious connoisseur swoon with joy. Or that is the way these exquisite objects affected us when, recently, we climbed the two flights to Mr. Alexander's cluttered workshop to inspect them. In case you plan to follow our example, we'd better mention that there's no name visible at the street entrance; you will just have to take our word for it that 414 East 75th Street is the right address. Among the lesser objects of beauty to be seen here are two pairs of eighteenth-century boat-shaped Waterford glass saltcellars on pedestals ($52 and $60); a pair of round Bristol glass salts of the same period ($50); a pair of early-nineteenth-century candlesticks of English crystal deeply incised in the Waterford manner ($120); two Bristol perfume bottles with a narrow band of gilding at top and bottom ($60); and a Bristol sherry bottle with a very unusual engraved panel showing some exotic countryside ($40). There is one imposing pair of rare malachite oil lamps, nineteen and a half inches high, with gilded-bronze mountings and etched and frosted shades; $620. These



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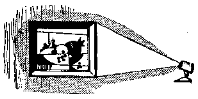

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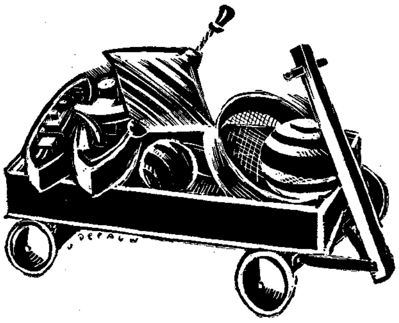
date from Victoria's time, but most of the fixtures that have been converted into lamps were originally candlesticks or candelabras in what must have been luxurious eighteenth-century drawing rooms. They include a pair of English Regency candlesticks in the form of gilded-bronze female figures on bronze pedestals of amazingly intricate workmanship ($320); a three-branch ormolu-and-crystal candelabra twenty-three inches high ($450); a pair of Rockingham porcelain candlesticks with a delicate design of flowers ($160); and many more ormolu-and-crystal candelabras—some with pendant prisms, some decorated with sprays of infinitely delicate gilded bronze, and all beautiful enough to take one's breath away.

IF the house you are shopping for contains anyone who delights in scrupulously hand-crafted woodwork, you should by all means head for The Barn at Ben Robyn (don't be put off by the fancy name), at 143 East 62nd Street. The shop's headquarters are on the island of Jamaica, where native wood carvers, under the supervision of expert English craftsmen, produce, in the finest Honduras mahogany, work of this sort that is as interesting as any we have seen hereabouts. Their specialty is the reproduction *en petit* of museum pieces of eighteenth-century English furniture, but in some instances the reproductions are in the original size. And several strikingly handsome chairs are presented both in standard measurements and in miniature, making, for example, what the shop calls a father-and-son set, consisting of a full-sized (thirty-seven inches tall) Queen Anne armchair and its scaled-down (twenty-nine inches) duplicate ($185 for father, $115 for son); similarly designed chairs (these without arms) are offered as a mother-and-daughter set (mother $165, daughter $110). Besides these cozy familial arrangements, there are numerous small chairs, without any special family ties, that are designed for a child but are built quite sturdily enough to accommodate any hefty adult who



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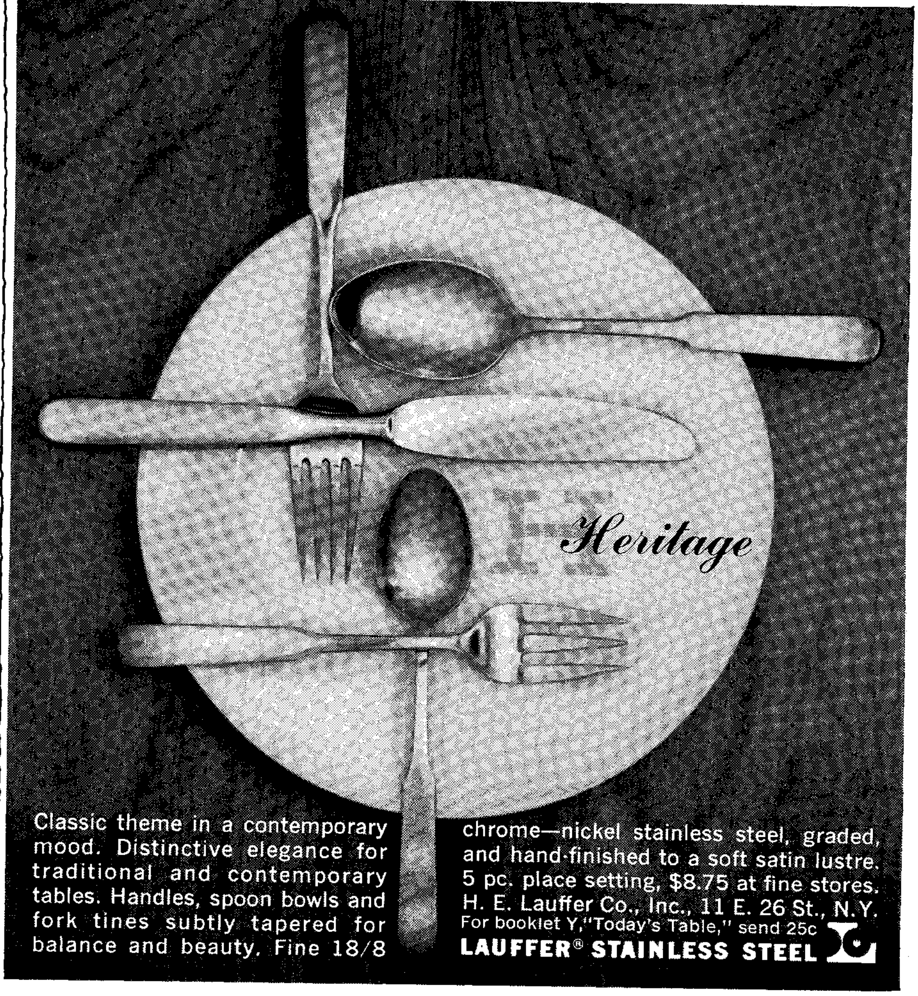

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likes a low seat. The prices of these begin at $85, for a charming Chinese Chippendale side chair, twenty-seven inches tall, with a rush bottom. Equally important pieces are several meticulously reproduced Queen Anne lowboys, which appear both as end tables ($240 each) and as eleven-inch-high bibelots for setting on a desk ($200); a double-door armoire twenty-three inches high ($195); a four-door spice chest eight inches high ($37.50); and any number of exquisite tea caddies, which would be hard to distinguish from their eighteenth-century models. Some of the tea caddies are inlaid with fruit wood, some have brass key plates, and all carry reasonable price tags, ranging from $15 to $45. Leaving the reproductions of antiques, you will find several quite beautiful mahogany wastepaper baskets, and if you have investigated the wastepaper-basket situation hereabouts, you must know that a basket worthy of a home with a formally decorated library or study is a rarity indeed. These objects cost $69 each, and, like everything Ben Robyn produces, they are entirely handmade and hand-rubbed, with hand dowelling and dovetailing.

Shoppers of any experience at all don't have to be reminded of the superb woodwork that America House, 44 West 53rd Street, encourages its craftsmen to produce. This season, the workmanship is of the same splendid quality, and the woods employed are more than usually varied and rare. Not that there is any shortage of specimens of the finest familiar woods. For example (and the happiest sort of example it is), a twenty-inch cubical stool with a braided-leather top—just the thing to convert an easy chair into a chaise longue—has a frame of hand-rubbed and oiled walnut, and legs that are joined with pegs of a contrasting, light-colored wood. It costs $78. There is also a walnut footstool, five and three-quarters inches high, eighteen inches long, and twelve inches wide, with a hand-woven rattan top, at $32. Among many small pieces of woodwork, America House has some superb boat-shaped African rosewood cheeseboards, seventeen and a half inches long and five inches wide, and scooped out at one end, for $30. And tempted though one is to linger among these fine wooden items, there are many more objects of interest to the Christmas shopper. It would be a great pity to overlook some quite magnificent ten-and-a-half-inch plates of brilliant enamel on copper—deep red, strong blue and purple, and brown—which the shop has had the inspiration to offer as service plates, at $24 each. A

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richly appointed dinner table would be sumptuous indeed set with these jewel-like objects. Another new offering is a whole flock of charming birds and butterflies made of laminated glass, lightly and colorfully enamelled, to be suspended from the ceiling on fine wire; the birds are six inches long and the butterflies have a seven-inch wingspread, the price is $15 apiece, and at least three will be needed to make a really effective decoration.

WHAT a perfectly lovely place a Scandinavian kitchen is! And if you don't already know this, a look at Georg Jensen's recent importations of kitchen furnishings from Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Norway (some of which are also to be found at Bonniers) will surely convince you. Here all is simple, good-looking, unpretentious, and, above all, serviceable. As a case in point, there comes from Finland that old reliable iron cocotte, or Dutch oven, whose looks have been greatly improved by a handsome red or black enamel finish, and whose usefulness remains unimpaired for the slow simmering of a *poulet en cocotte* or the braising of a pot roast. With an ingeniously contrived demountable teak handle, it costs $18.50. In this same ware, Jensen has a fish steamer, twenty inches long, that costs $20. The shop also offers innumerable small kitchen necessities—canisters of that fine old Finnish Arabia-wear faïence ($5), old-fashioned wall salt boxes from Sweden ($9.25), and black or red enamelled skillets with detachable teak handles ($8). Outside this collection of newly arrived kitchenware, there's a shallow ovenproof platter that we can't forgo mentioning. It's of stainless steel, exquisitely enamelled, and more like an objet d'art than a cooking utensil; while not new, it has established such a record in our kitchen for not chipping and for being unbelievably easy to wash, even after the stickiest of foods have been cooked and served on it, that it should, we think, be included in every really important Christmas list. The platter (more accurately, it's a *gratin* dish) comes in various sizes and various colors; among these, we have found a twelve-inch dish ($14) in a brilliant blue enamel particularly handsome and useful.

Bonniers this season is evidently expecting us all to give really big parties, and if we outfit our tables with what Bonniers has to offer, they will unquestionably be mighty grand entertainments. To begin with, there is a perfectly splendid ovenproof covered

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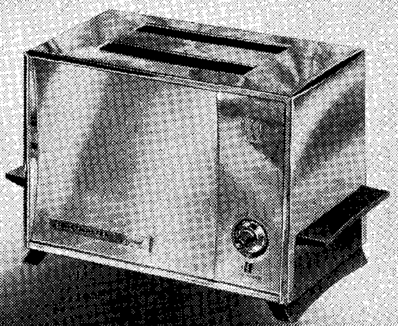

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Above: Tropical flowers bloom on Cannon's **"Song of the Islands"** print **Wraparong** in three vivid colorings—each combining five hues touched by leaf green—for an effect of bright pink, blue or gold. All bound with white terry. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18) **4.95**

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ceramic piece from Sweden that might be used with equal effect as a tureen and as a casserole. It is round, holds two gallons, has a rough brown surface with cream-colored trim, and is worthy of a magnificent oyster soup or chowder or an authentic cassoulet; the price is $75. Living up to its belief that the utilitarian can be as decorative as the wholly ornamental, Bonniers has imported from France some highly original clear-red earthenware kitchen pieces that are good-looking indeed. Chief among these is a pot that goes into the oven and then straightway to the table—preferably an informal, outdoor one. It holds three quarts and costs $19.50, and there is a larger (four-quart) size at $25. And for hostesses who entertain on a less prodigal scale Bonniers has an eight-inch earthenware baking dish, shaped like a skillet, of a lovely shade of deep sapphire, at $5.75.

FOR shoppers who face the prosaic facts of their friends' domestic arrangements, here are still more utensils that meet what seem to be this year's specifications for pots and pans and casseroles: that they shall go to the oven, withstand direct heat on top of the stove, and put in an elegant appearance at table, all in one labor-saving operation. Corning's new Broil-Bake tray—a shallow rectangular dish that measures sixteen inches by ten and costs $6.95—is one that fills the bill, and, moreover, it can be accompanied by a light metal frame ($3), with walnut handles and tiny cork feet, on which it can sit, sizzling hot, safely above your mahogany board. The dish is available, either with or without its cradle, at Bloomingdale, Altman, Macy, and Stern. The other stove-to-table utensils I have in mind are the extremely decorative skillets and casseroles that you may have seen and coveted at the Brasserie Restaurant, and that, unlike the Brasserie's pretty ashtrays, are not adapted to being carried off in the customers' pockets. This ware, which is now offered to the Christmas shopper for the first time, involves putting a porcelain finish on aluminum, but we'd better not get into technicalities. Anyway, when they are not in use, these utensils do much toward the embellishment of the kitchen—especially a skillet whose outside bottom is decorated with a very fetching Alsatian peasant design. Both the casseroles and the frying pans come in a soft gray blue with the same good-looking pattern in deep blue and turquoise or in rich ivory with brown and yellow. A generous three-quart covered skillet is $25, a smaller (eight

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Gancia IMPORTED ITALIAN VERMOUTHS
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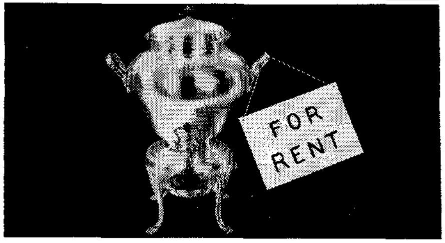

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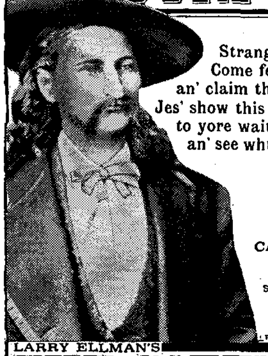

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an' see whut happens.

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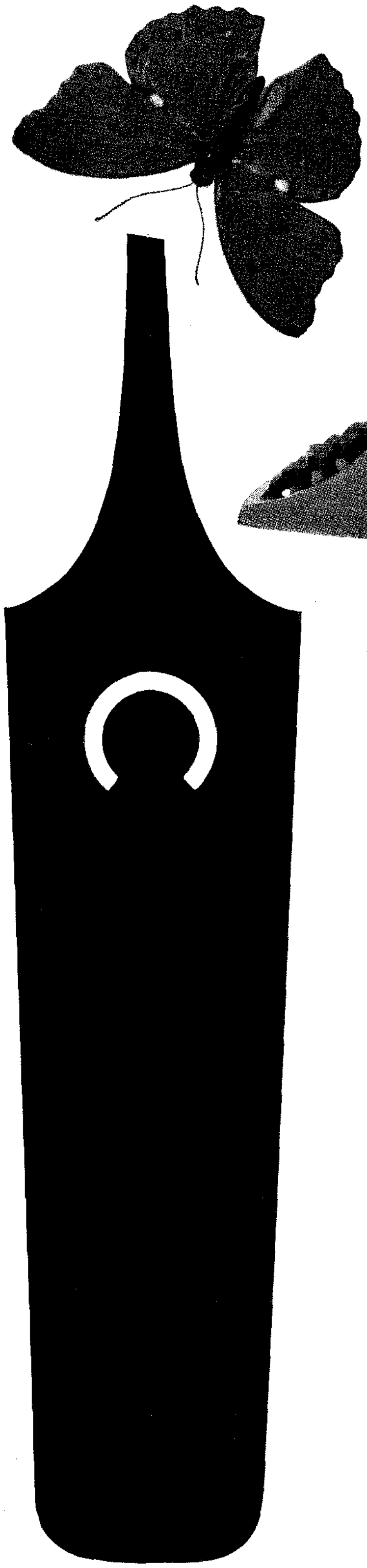
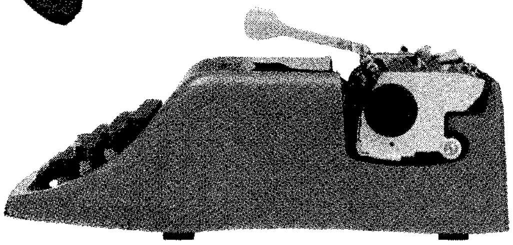


The Underwood-Olivetti Studio 44 combines all the advanced features and sturdy dependability of a full-size typewriter with the lightness, beauty and compactness of a portable.



That's why the Studio 44 is a favorite of students and professional men the world over...that's why it makes such an exciting gift, for anyone who writes at times and appreciates beauty and excellence. Few other gifts that cost so little provide so many years of usefulness... few others endure almost indefinitely as a happy reminder of the giver.

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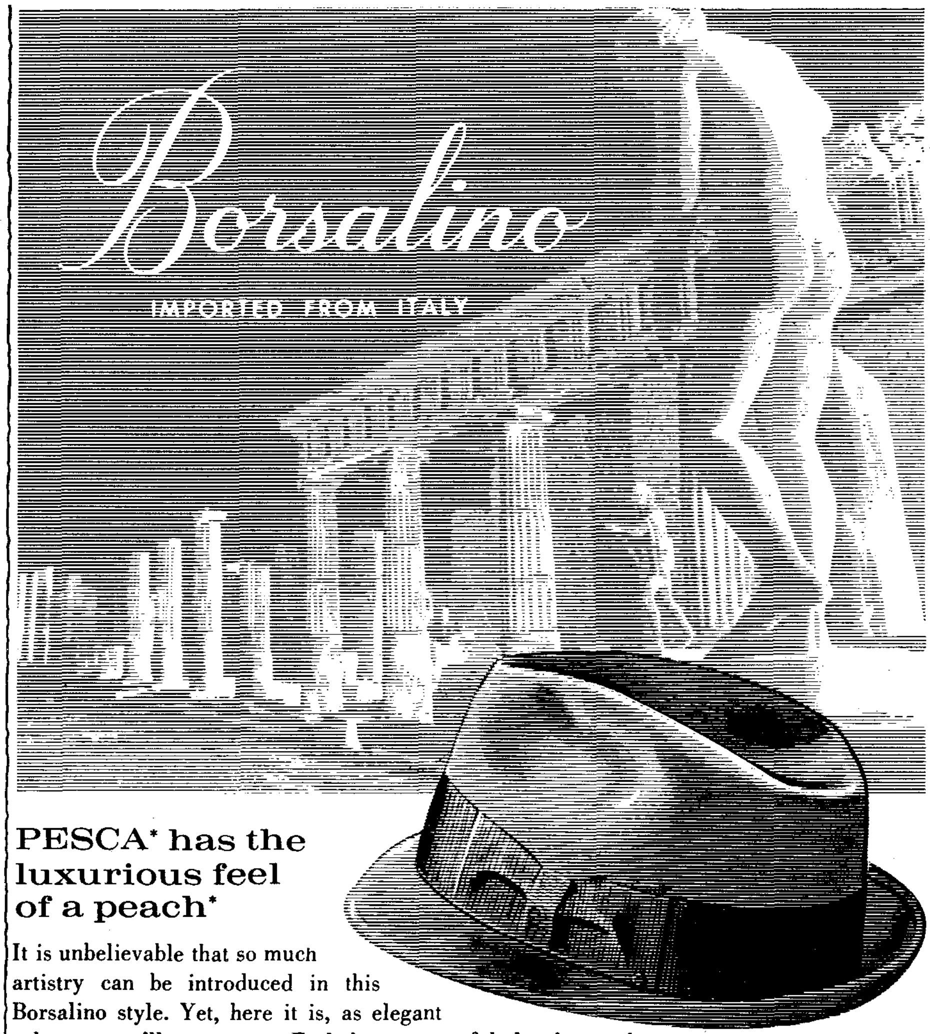
and a half inches in diameter), uncovered skillet is $10, and a large (three and a half quarts) covered casserole is $19. The special virtue of these new cooking vessels, aside from their good looks, is the fact that they are chip-resistant to a point just this side of being chip*proof*—or so the manufacturer claims, and the claim is borne out by the performance of the small-size skillet in our kitchen. Both the frying pans and the casseroles are to be had at Lord & Taylor; Seabon, 54 East 54th Street; and La Cuisinière.

WE have long suspected that people with a taste for Chinese cooking would produce their favorite dishes at home more frequently if Mott Street (stronghold of the right seasonings and the right utensils) were not so unconscionably out of the way. Well, we have solved *that* difficulty, at least, by searching out Cathay Products, 107 Mott Street, a mail-order house that provides not only the required ingredients for Chinese dishes but the traditional utensils for producing them. Certainly Chinese cooks can't be accused of subscribing to any foolishness about beautifying the kitchen, so you needn't expect to find anything decorative about the *wok*, a sort of stir-frying pan, which, as even the uninitiated probably know, is essential to the preparation of those Chinese dishes that require fast cooking at high heat. The *wok* sent out by Cathay Products is a big utensil, like an oversize polished-steel version of a salad bowl, with a curved bottom that makes it possible to stir and toss the food as it cooks, in the approved manner. A medium-sized *wok* (or what the Chinese call medium-sized; it seems pretty big to us, being a foot in diameter) is $6.50, and a large, or fourteen-inch, one is $7.25. To make the *wok's* performance completely authentic, you are urged to order a cover ($3.20 for the medium size, $3.45 for the large), and a metal stand (ninety cents) that will hold either of the bowls steady over a gas flame. (Postage is included in these prices.) As

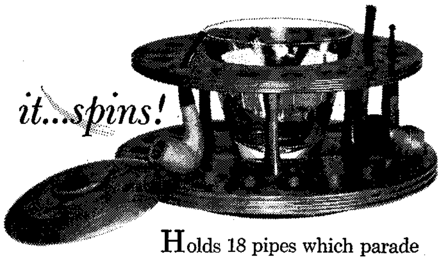


PESCA* has the luxurious feel of a peach*

It is unbelievable that so much artistry can be introduced in this Borsalino style. Yet, here it is, as elegant a hat as you'll ever wear. Feel the texture, fabulously peach-smooth and supple, wear it and you'll discover new, mellow-lightness. The Pesca, in a kaleidoscope of hues for America's most exacting gentleman. $30.

Borsalino Hats from $20 to $100 at the finest stores, or write Bill & Caldwell inc. Importers, 390 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

NEW PIPE RACK



Holds 18 pipes which parade in review by rotating the lazy susan base to select any one of his favorites. Of solid walnut in satin lacquer finish, its center is a decorated glass jar holding a pound of tobacco under a walnut cover with Aztec moistener to insure freshness. Just $16.50, including mailing. Catalog on request.

The pipes pictured are not included, but if he really rates, that Wilke BENT BILLIARD *natural briar root pipe at* $15.00 *ppd., would be a nice first... of eighteen steps in the right direction.*

Wilke pipe shop Established 1872

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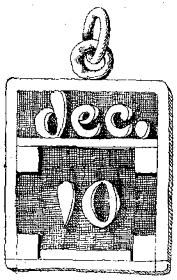

30.00

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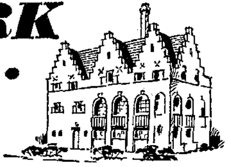

KNIFE & FORK INN...

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for the friend who means to go all the way in mastering Chinese cookery, you can't start her (or him) off with a better guide than the recently published "The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking," by Grace Zia Chu (Simon & Schuster), which, we are assured by qualified critics in the field, contains all one need know on the subject, and which to us, with our limited understanding of the matter, seems wonderfully enlightening. The book is illustrated with charming line drawings by Grambs Miller.

Although "French Provincial Cooking," by Elizabeth David (lately published by Harper & Row), is the work of an Englishwoman, it is a completely authoritative and absorbing guide to its subject. And since provincial cooking includes most of the culinary glories of France, we make bold to say that the attentive reader of this excellent work will learn more about the actual preparation of French food than can be gleaned from the many pompous words of M. Escoffier himself. The book will make an equally inspired gift for the girl who is just starting out in the kitchen, for the experienced cook whose creative culinary impulses need to be given a jog, and for the non-cooking reader—man or woman—who enjoys a well-turned phrase about a well-turned gigot.

A collection of recipes that won't be any help in cooking but should greatly amuse the armchair student of culinary history is "A Fifteenth Century Cookry Boke" (Scribners), compiled by John Anderson. Mr. Anderson's industrious research into kitchen curiosa has made a most entertaining little volume, yet the special delight of the book is the wit and charm of the water-color illustrations, by Adrienne Adams: ladies in wimples making a nuisance of themselves, no doubt, in the kitchen, tasting and directing the breadmaking; a lord and his lady at table, with dogs as ubiquitously underfoot as in any English home today; page-boys seining up silvery fish from the river; a spirited hunt; and so on. A trifling present but a most engaging one.

Just in time to solve the problem of what to give all those friends and relations who have an abiding affection for New England, Houghton Mifflin is distributing an album of perfectly magnificent New England landscapes (it's succinctly called "New England," and it costs $14.95), splendidly photographed in color by Arthur Griffin and edited by Robb Sagendorph. Each of these deeply moving pictures, which include some of the most picturesque of the Maine lighthouses, covered bridges in Vermont, winding roads beneath the

Gallery 63

This Christmas, to compliment a friend's good taste, consider giving a work of art. New Gallery 63 has a delightful selection of drawings and etchings by international artists. For as little as $50. you can select an original drawing, beautifully framed. Stop in anytime during December. Even if you only browse, that can be your Christmas gift to you. Gallery 63, Inc, 721 Madison Ave.

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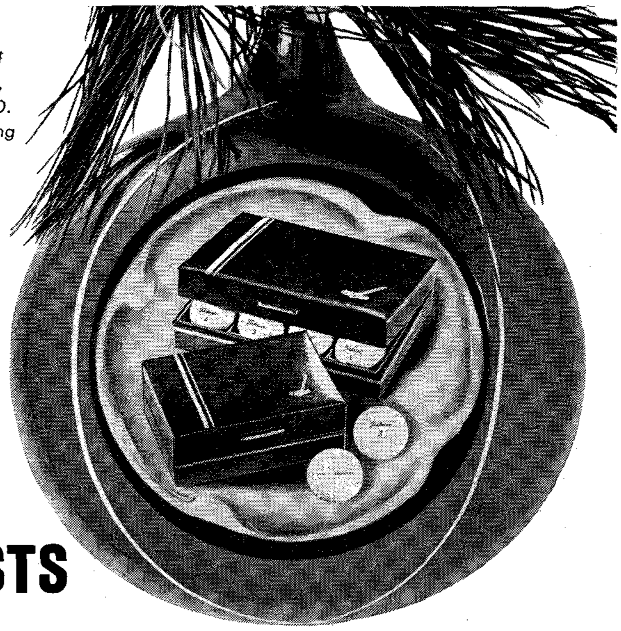
brilliance of autumn foliage, and pastoral scenes under showers of apple blossoms, is accompanied by a short essay by a dedicated New Englander, with Mary Ellen Chase, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Norman Rockwell, and Stewart Holbrook among the witnesses. A memorable collection.

DESIGNED FOR LIVING, 131 East 57th Street, brings us out of the kitchen to preside with considerable style over some handsome buffet servers that, as a change from this season's eternal preoccupation with keeping things hot, are equally concerned with keeping *either* hot foods hot or cold foods cold. These serviceable containers are made of green-tinted or clear Plexiglas, and have a domed cover and two, three, or four removable compartments nestled inside, resting above either ice cubes or hot water. It is in their role as coolers that we find the servers especially admirable, because, when the bottom of the container is filled with ice, they are pretty enough and appetizing enough to set the old salivary glands working even before one ascertains whether it's caviar or radishes beneath those beguiling domes. A two-compartment server costs $22 in clear Plexiglas; one with three sections is $34.50; one with four is $36; and a real bang-up party server, twenty-eight and a half inches long and twenty and a quarter inches wide, with three great big compartments, is $69. In the green-tinted Plexiglas, the containers are slightly higher priced.

EVERY year, regular as (we might say) clockwork, General Electric produces a new group of electric clocks. For the most part, these have been practically designed, businesslike items—smartly tailored travelling timepieces, serious-looking wall clocks, kitchen clocks, and so on. This year, though, just in time to give to somebody who desperately needs a handsome living-room (or what the decorators call boudoir) clock, resourceful old G.E. has come out with a timepiece of some elegance—an unadorned rectangle of solid onyx with an off-white dial and a not too obtrusive alarm. It stands a fraction over four inches high, is six inches wide, and costs $19.95 at Macy.

THE shop recently opened by the Metropolitan Museum on the second floor of its South Wing will unquestionably bring comfort to a lot of distracted people of discriminating taste who, at this point in their Christmas



De luxe case of 1 dozen $14.85, ½ dozen $7.60. No personalizing on half dozens.

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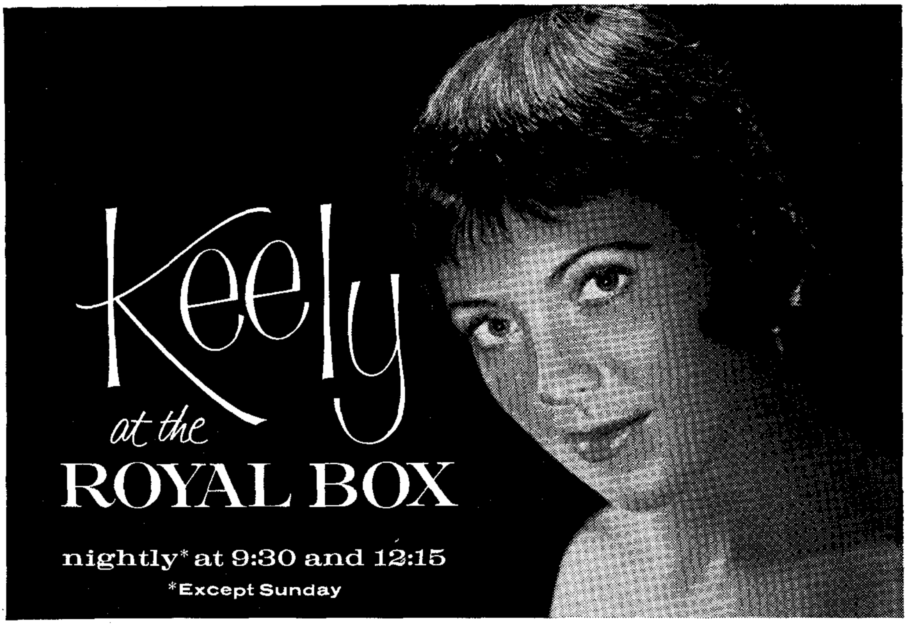
Please be sure to include your golf professional's name so we can credit him with the sale as Acushnet's policy is to sell through golf course pro shops only.

Dept. NY 3, Acushnet Process Sales Company, New Bedford, Mass.



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shopping, may have concluded that it will take their life's savings to buy even a passably suitable remembrance for their beloved. The shop offers several new, large-size prints of pictures in the Museum's permanent collection, and, thanks to a recently perfected collotype process, they not only are beautifully reproduced but, in a season of almost universal high prices, permit of a welcome easing up on the outflow of gold that presents such a pressing problem around this time of the year. Among the new prints are reproductions, on paper, of two Sung Dynasty (960-1280) silk scrolls—one a powerful painting of a man leading a stallion, the other a subtly charming study of children at play. Each measures twenty inches by twelve and is priced at $10, unmounted; framed in a strip molding of either ebony or light wood, the price is $28. A print of Gerard David's "The Nativity" that perfectly catches the wonderful blues and scarlets of the fifteenth-century Flemish original measures eighteen and an eighth inches by twenty-three and costs $5 unmounted and $25 in a gold molding adapted from a Flemish frame of its period. El Greco's "View of Toledo," nineteen and a half inches by twenty-two, costs $5 unframed and $25 framed in a copy of a period molding. The unframed prints are mailed postpaid; framed, they go by express, and you can make arrangements with the Museum about dealing with that problem.

For a friend with a taste for art that is more modern than anything provided by the Museum's new prints, you should have a look at a portfolio of interesting serigraphs got out by the Serigraph Institute of California and shown at Georg Jensen. Many of these are in color, but a group of charcoal studies that combine a geometric and an abstract technique appealed to us especially. The pictures measure around forty-eight inches by thirty-six and cost from $20 to 40, unframed. (It's not as well known as it should be, but Jensen will do framing of its own pictures.)

AND now here we come to the assistance of the big-time givers—husbands and things like that—who know only too well that a particular lady has set her little heart on a desk, or dining-room chairs, so all we have to do is point out the prettiest of these objects available. For the desk girl—if she is the modern type—we have the very thing all picked out: a lady's desk, by Madsen-Larsen, that is a perfect example of light and airy contemporary

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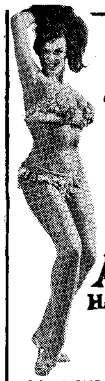

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AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
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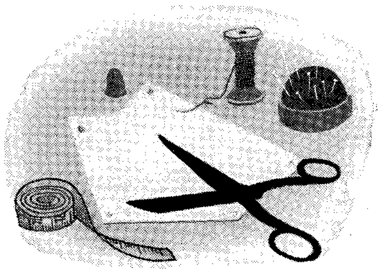
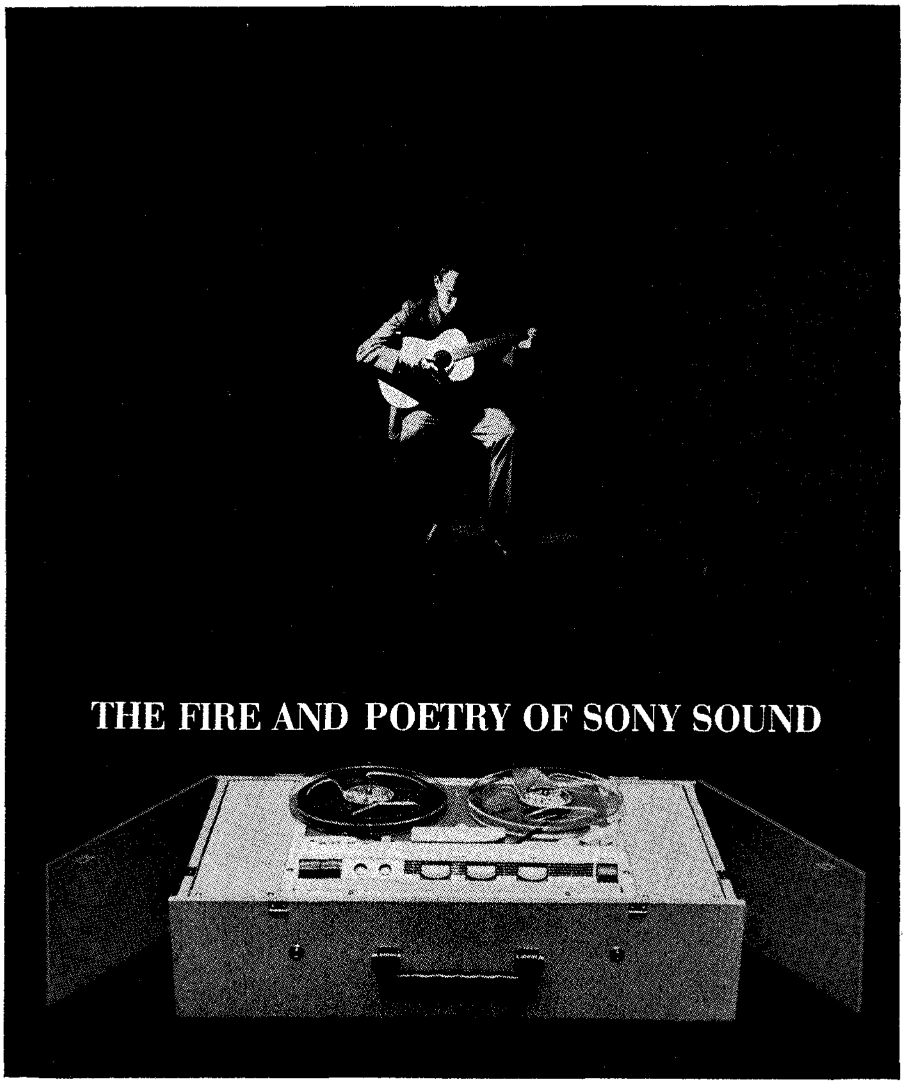
EUGENE O'NEILL Thea. 230 W. 49 St., N.Y.19

cabinetmaking. It is at Georg Jensen, and the price is $565. Closed, it is a good-looking rectangular teak table, and when it is opened, it proves to have, above a black oxhide-covered surface, all the requisites of a desk—pigeonholes, small compartments, and even an inviolable secret drawer. Another superb piece—again for a modern interior—is to be had at America House. This is a low circular table (forty-eight inches in diameter, twenty inches high), with a top of cream-colored travertine set in a three-inch-wide black walnut frame, the whole resting on a base made of an intricate pattern of inverted steel arches, oxidized and gold-leafed to give it an enormously handsome burnished finish. The price of this very unusual table is $670.

If it's a piece of authentic period furniture you are looking for, you probably don't need to be told that Lord & Taylor's admirable antiques department provides impeccable examples of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century French and English cabinetwork. Among them, we recently admired a surprising number of exceptionally beautiful desk chairs. A really good-looking desk chair with arms and legs that don't get in the way of the desk is such a rare and desirable object that any one of these lovely old seats can hardly fail to delight a householder who is at present making do with just any old occasional chair. Particularly fine pieces filling all the requirements of the perfect desk chair are a French walnut treasure of around 1820, at $299; one in cherry, of the same period, and with the original rush seat, at $149; and a couple of the same type (they are known as horseshoe chairs, because of the curved back)—one in cherry and the other in walnut—that were splendidly reproduced about a hundred years ago from eighteenth-century originals, at $149 and $169, respectively. A magnificent Louis XVI desk, to which any of these chairs might be proudly drawn up, has a twenty-five-by-fifty-three-inch top decorated in a marquetry pattern of light woods and delicately carved with a rococo bowknot at either end; it costs $1,000. An 1820 English desk is of





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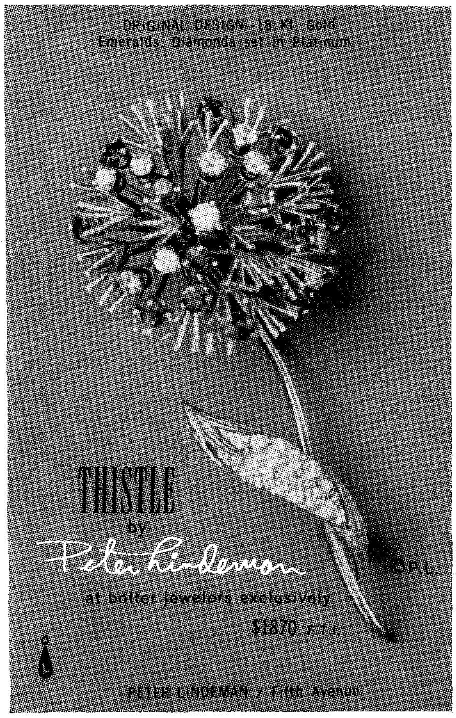

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the type known as "partners," and is big enough (thirty-five inches by fifty-four) for two partners to install themselves, one on each side—a dangerous arrangement, we should think. (Or was it a cautious one?) The top is covered with gold-tooled leather, and the price is $849. Perhaps the rarest desk in the group is a mahogany bureau-type piece of 1770 Chippendale workmanship; it comes in two sections, with the tall upper portion of three shelves and four small drawers set on a drop-front desk that opens up to reveal pigeonholes and small drawers of marvellous workmanship. It is priced at $1,149. Among other high points of the collection are a remarkably fine Regency mahogany breakfast table, with a thirty-four-by-forty-six-inch top set on a tripod base, at $349; an unusual and extremely beautiful English circular table (forty-eight inches in diameter) of around 1810, with the original black leather covering the top, at $419; and some lovely mahogany dining chairs that were copied about a hundred years ago from eighteenth-century originals. These chairs have wonderfully carved backs in a graceful design, and wide, comfortable seats; although they make a set of five, they are available separately, at $199 each.

SOMEBODY—presumably Macy—has had the happy idea of distracting the skilled cabinetmakers of northern Italy from their obsession with carving picture frames for the tourist trade (when they are not turning out reproductions of ponderous Renaissance refectory tables and high-backed chairs with an ecclesiastical flavor) by directing their considerable talents to the copying of light and airy eighteenth-century furniture. Anyway, it's at Macy's Corner Shop that these interesting reproductions have come to roost, and anyone willing to settle for remarkably faithful copies of period chairs and tables and such will find a most creditable collection there. Among the most successful pieces are a love seat in cherry, forty-four inches long, with an open back, at $98.95; a walnut horseshoe armchair with a rush seat, at $69.95; a thirty-four-inch cherry window seat with a cane bottom, at $98.95 (one of these charming seats, originally made for the deep embrasures of eighteenth-century windows, would beautifully replace an old-fashioned piano stool); a graceful small cherry settee, fifty-six inches long, at $129.95; and a longer (seventy-two inches) walnut settee, with curved arms and a three-lyre back, at $179. And if

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you haven't yet found the particular reproduction on your list, you should have a look at Altman's complete collection of furniture copied from English and Colonial originals at Williamsburg.

WE might considerably shorten this report if we came right out and stated our firm belief that everybody (or nearly everybody) should give everybody else (or nearly everybody else) really first-rate ashtrays. Far too long, in our opinion, has the clamshell school prevailed in otherwise tastefully furnished living rooms, and we are glad to observe that a number of shops share our concern over the banality of the ash receptacles in use hereabouts. Just in time to improve the situation, the Royal Copenhagen porcelain factory has sent over some quite beautiful ashtrays, which are on hand at Georg Jensen; they include a number of dishes, six and three-quarters inches square, that we greatly admire, at $10.50. Bonniers has some stunning glass ashtrays from the Murano factories, near Venice, of deep blue with a brilliant green border; they are seven inches in diameter and two inches deep, they weigh a ton, more or less (no upsets with these), and they cost $17.50. And America House can furnish ashtrays of every conceivable size in various resplendent enamels on copper, at prices ranging from $6, for a four-inch tray, to $18.85, for one that is seven inches in diameter.

IN a life dedicated to telling everybody what to give everybody else, we haven't often come on a gift that possesses as many of the qualities of the perfect Christmas present—beauty, distinction, gaiety, *grand luxe*—as a remarkable collection of crystal champagne glasses at Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street. Assuming that we have the attention of the solidly solvent shopper who is as susceptible as we are to splendid crystal, and who has a really worthy recipient in mind, we shall endeavor to give some idea of the variety of these dazzling objects. To begin with what we think any shopper must agree is the grandest, there is a *coupe*, the original of which was made by Baccarat for King Charles X of France, who suggested the design himself. Its striking resemblance to English Regency decoration is perhaps explained by the King's admiration for English design, to which, as the Comte d'Artois, he had been exposed during his long English exile. The glass is extremely heavy, with deeply cut sides, a hollow stem, and a band of superb engraving around the middle. It

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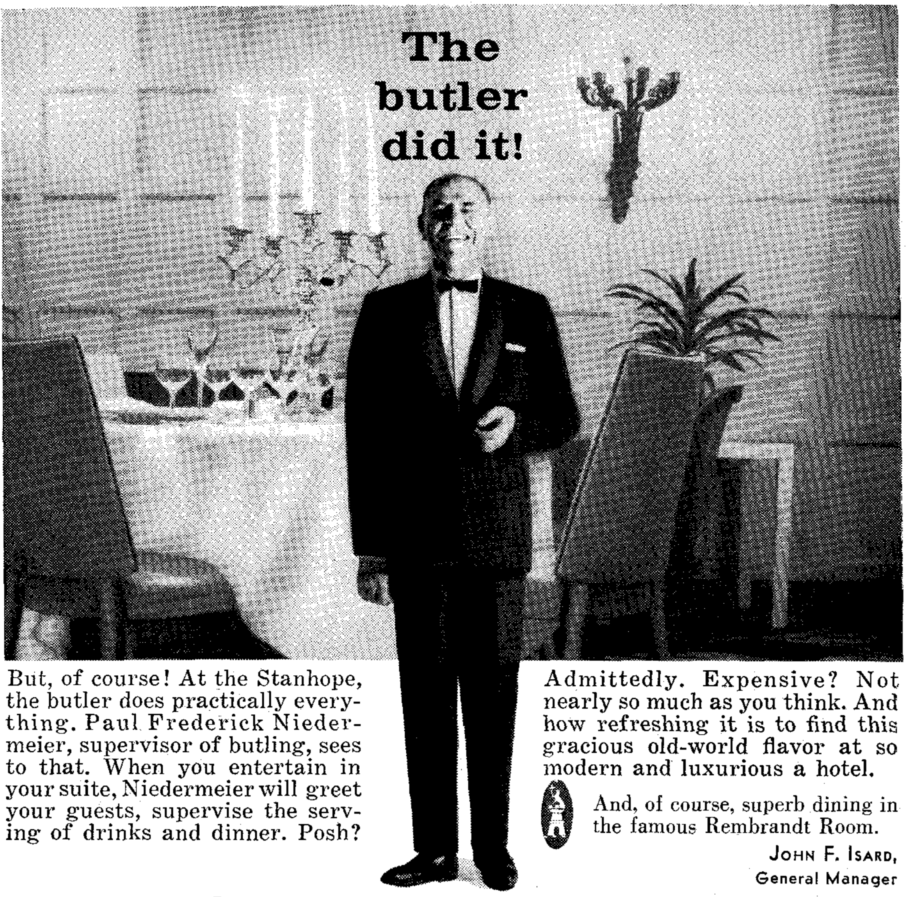
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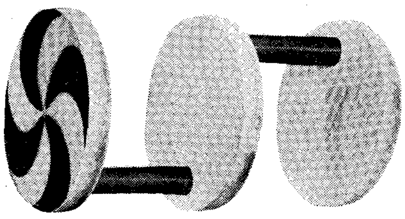

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is almost a museum piece—a fact implicit in the price, which is $30 a glass. Another very beautiful glass of the *coupe* design has most unusual cutting around the hollow stem, which gives it a lovely *rosace* effect ($162 a dozen), and still another *coupe*—an oversize one this time—is perfectly unadorned, with an exquisitely fragile solid stem and a clear, bell-like ring as pure as a note of music ($93 a dozen). Baccarat also has several of the conventional tulip-shaped glasses, one of which—and a particularly handsome example—was first made by the firm to commemorate the Paris Exposition Internationale of 1878 and has been in continuous production ever since; $78 a dozen. Actually, the champagne cognoscenti of France are apt to use a standard Burgundy glass for this wine; we are told, for instance, that the Polignacs, makers of Pommery, always serve their famous *marque* in such a glass—the pretty colored ads showing Brand X bubbling in a tulip glass notwithstanding. For such purists, Baccarat offers an especially lovely Burgundy glass, at $57 a dozen. And, finally, for party drinkers who don't take their champagne too seriously, there is what Baccarat calls a stirrup cup—a long *flute* terminating in a hollow circlet of crystal, which, when the glass is emptied, can be slipped over the finger like a ring, letting the glass dangle upside down until somebody notices and comes to refill it. Although in our stuffy opinion this is no way to drink champagne, the stirrup cup is certainly an engaging frivolity, and one that should make for easy conversation. The price is $15 a glass.

•

BESTIARY

If the transmigration of a soul takes place into a rational being, it simply becomes the soul of that body. But if the soul migrates into a brute beast, it follows the body outside, as a guardian spirit follows a man. —*Sallustius.*

Each bird is chased by another bird,
  Each worm by a shadow worm,
Much as each thing has a word
  Guarding its spirit and form.

These are the rational souls;
  Unable to enter, they float
Behind the brutes, the fishes and fowls,
  Like a dory dragged by a boat.

This accounts for the animal world—
  Its qualms and skittering fears—
For each squirrel feels a rational squirrel
  Pressing on its ears.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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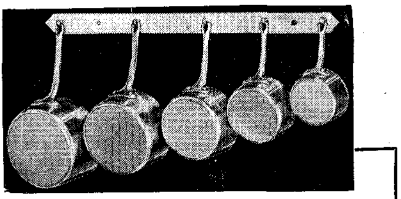

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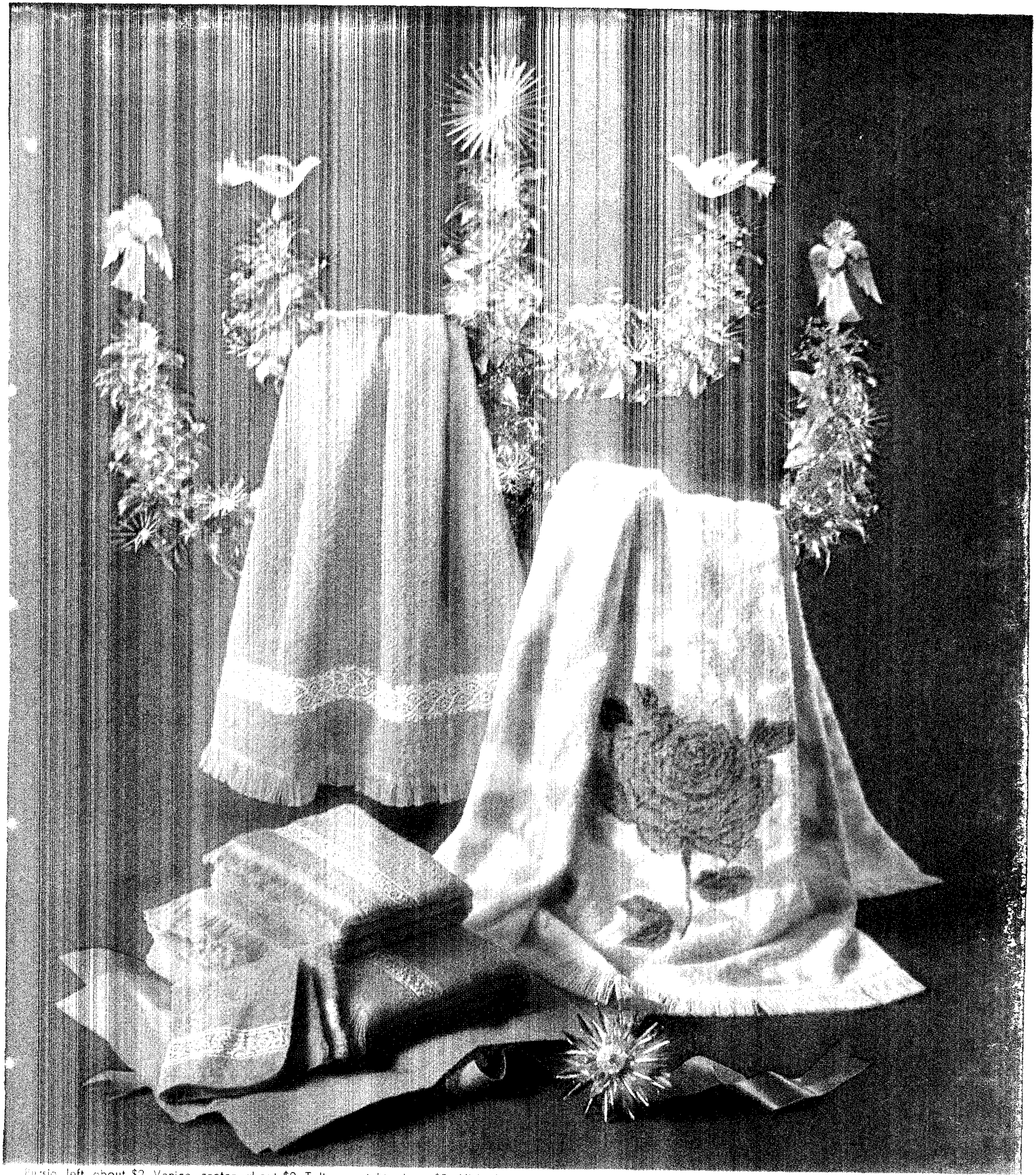

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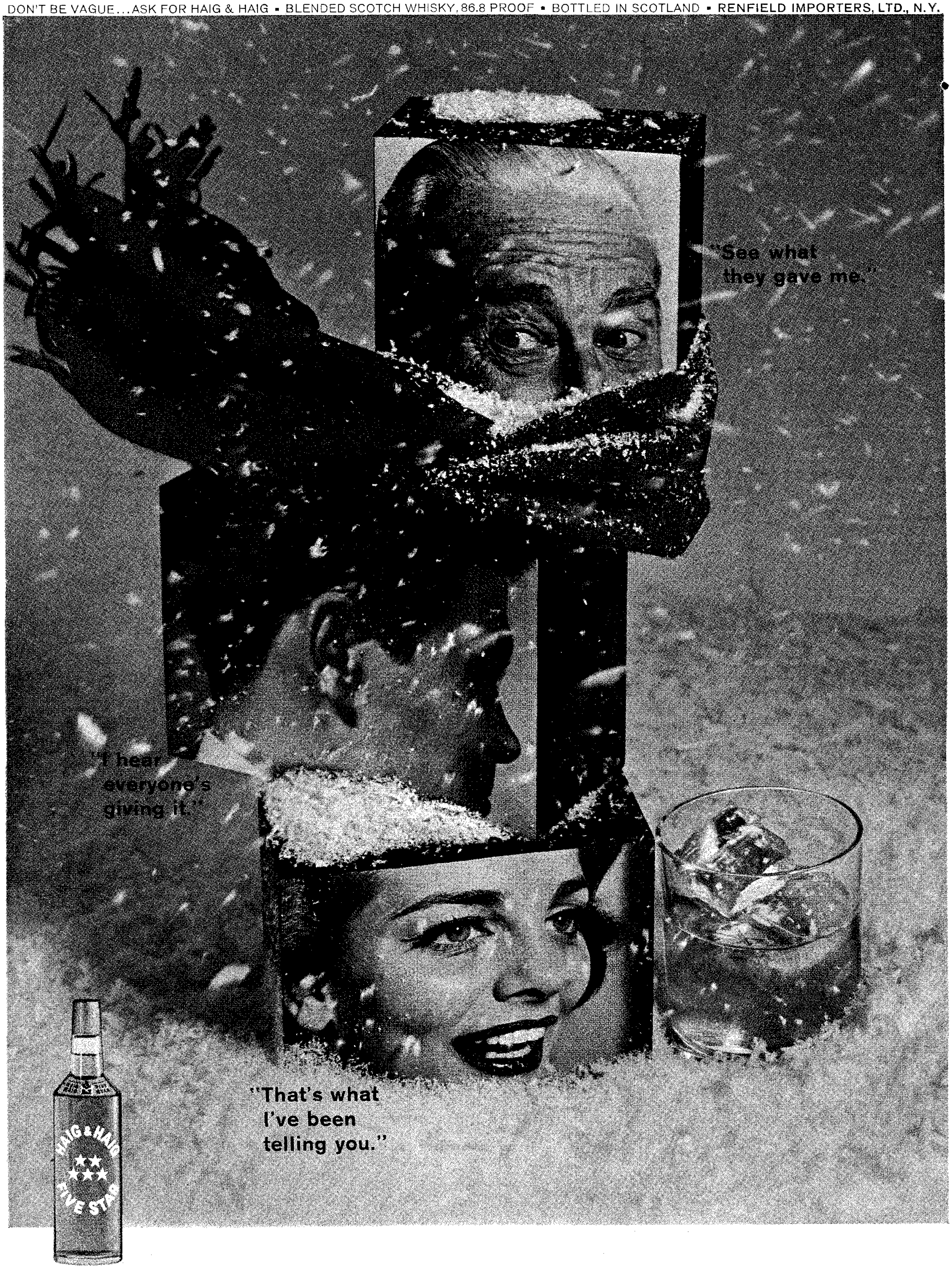
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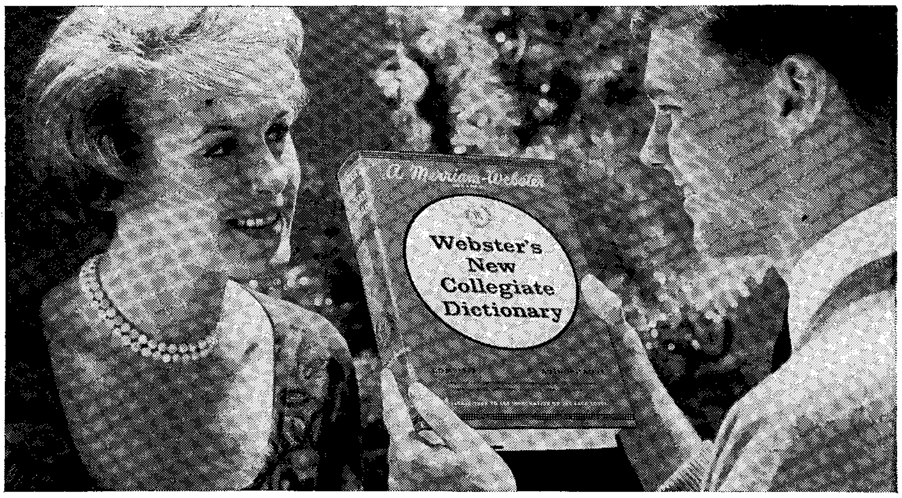
FOOTBALL

Pair of Aces

SELDOM has so much been accomplished by so few, to reconstruct a celebrated encomium in praise of Bill King and Tom Spangenberg, who—just about singlehanded and singlefooted—carried the rest of the Dartmouth team along to its first completely victorious season in close upon forty years. Even when, late in the year, adversity—three Cornell touchdowns one Saturday afternoon, four Princeton touchdowns the next—at last raised its little old head, Spangenberg kept plowing through the line and King kept throwing passes and scampering around the ends for enough touchdowns to outweigh the enemy (just as, weekend after weekend, the Dartmouth linemen outweighed the enemy linemen). Built of a secret alloy of fierce tensile strength and elasticity, they needed only brief respites on the sidelines to renew expended energy. During these respites, other Dartmouth men toyed with the ball, largely to no avail, until King and Spangenberg were ready to resume their cat-and-mouse game with the foe. It was almost a certainty that one of them would be running the ball, and it was the inability of the opposition to (a) decide which one or (b) decide in time that always allowed Dartmouth to finish ahead. Usually, King went one way and Spangenberg another; sometimes King kept the ball, sometimes he handed it or lobbed it to Spangenberg, and sometimes (when both started running the same way) King would turn and throw it over one shoulder to Spangenberg, after which they would go their separate paths. Bob Blackman, the astute coach of the Dartmouth team, had life easy this fall; all he had to do was plot the proper protection for just two ballcarriers, and the record shows how well he did it.

The plotting of proper protection for a dozen excelling ballcarriers—the problem that Princeton, for one, faced—last Saturday was once again shown to be more difficult (Dartmouth 38, Princeton 27), and so was the problem of providing protection for *one* excelling ballcarrier, Roberts of Columbia (Rutgers 22, Columbia 6). And the problem of determining the future by the application of past statistics was again shown to



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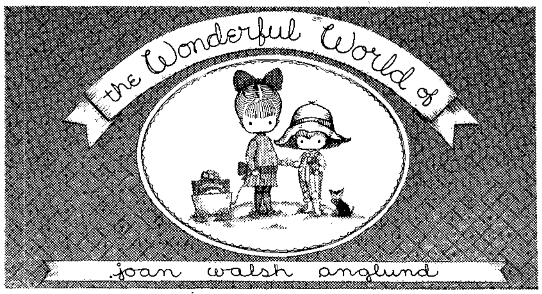

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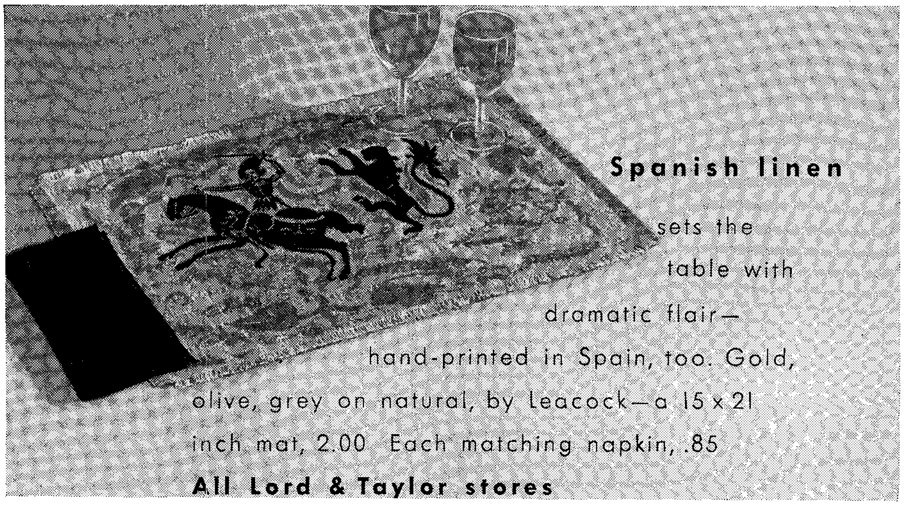

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be insoluble (Harvard 14, Yale 6, in a match that any fool could have told you would end up Harvard 69, Yale 2). For that matter, what about Colorado, which had lost eight games this year (its coach and a fair amount of its football-carrying student body had been retired for a fair number of reasons), beating up-and-coming Air Force, 34–10?

King, too, is to be retired (but by graduation), and so will be seen no more, but Spangenberg and Roberts will be around next year, and so will Wood of Cornell, whose running and passing broke a couple of Ivy League records on Saturday, to say nothing of Pennsylvania's heart (Cornell 29, Penn 22). So will Cirie, Yale's little showoff, who is never heard of except at the most inopportune moments. It was this small soldier of fortune who one afternoon lifted the ball out of the hands of Merlini, who was well on his way to a Princeton touchdown, and ran it sixty-two yards in the other direction; it was Cirie who stole a pass and so laid the foundation of Yale's one touchdown against Princeton; it was Cirie who took a punt and, though beset by practically the entire Harvard team, ran it back fifty-nine yards for a touchdown. Among those missing will be what was, by Ivy League and a few other standards, a tremendous (if occasionally bemused) backfield—Merlini, Henrich, Terpak, and Riley, who operated for Princeton. Whether Riley, if he'd been in the best of shape on Saturday, would have been enough to overtake Dartmouth can be the topic of many a winter's tale; myself, I doubt it. As it was, he came onfield thirty-nine seconds before the end of the final game of his career and trotted through a brace of plays, purely as part of a supporting cast, before he disappeared forever.

—J. W. L.

•

AROUND THE NIGHT CLUBS

Doc Jorne, at The Paddock, plays a weird and wonderful instrument he calls the Orgarama. You have to see it to believe it, because Doc built it himself. It weighs nearly one and a half tons and fills a special trailer. According to the musical inventor, it took him a year to construct, and he's still "not finished."

What he does with the Orgarama is fantastic, and it's the one show in town that children will really enjoy. Basically the instrument is an organ, and Doc is a talented musician able to play almost every type of music. That's where Orgarama fits into the picture. When he plays I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles, real bubbles come out of the machine.—*Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press.*

O.K., let's have "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

BOOKS

A World We Never Made

THE secret of reading the fiction of Allen Drury with pleasure and a sense of benefit is one that has been completely revealed, perhaps, only to the Pulitzer Prize Committee. The ordinary reader, who has not undertaken to uphold the standards of literature by a responsible distribution of prizes, may be puzzled to discover precisely wherein Mr. Drury's especial merit may be supposed to lie. "A Shade of Difference" (Doubleday), the fat successor to his prize-winning "Advise and Consent," is not likely to resolve the perplexity. The reader will see at once that it is not the best novel of the year, but beyond that judgment he will find it difficult to proceed with assurance. One cannot speak of bad writing when there is no writing to speak of.

The chief form that non-writing takes with Mr. Drury is simple compilation. For the customary devices of narrative art, he substitutes what appear to be bills of lading. By way of evoking an atmosphere of high international glamour at the White House, he inscribes:

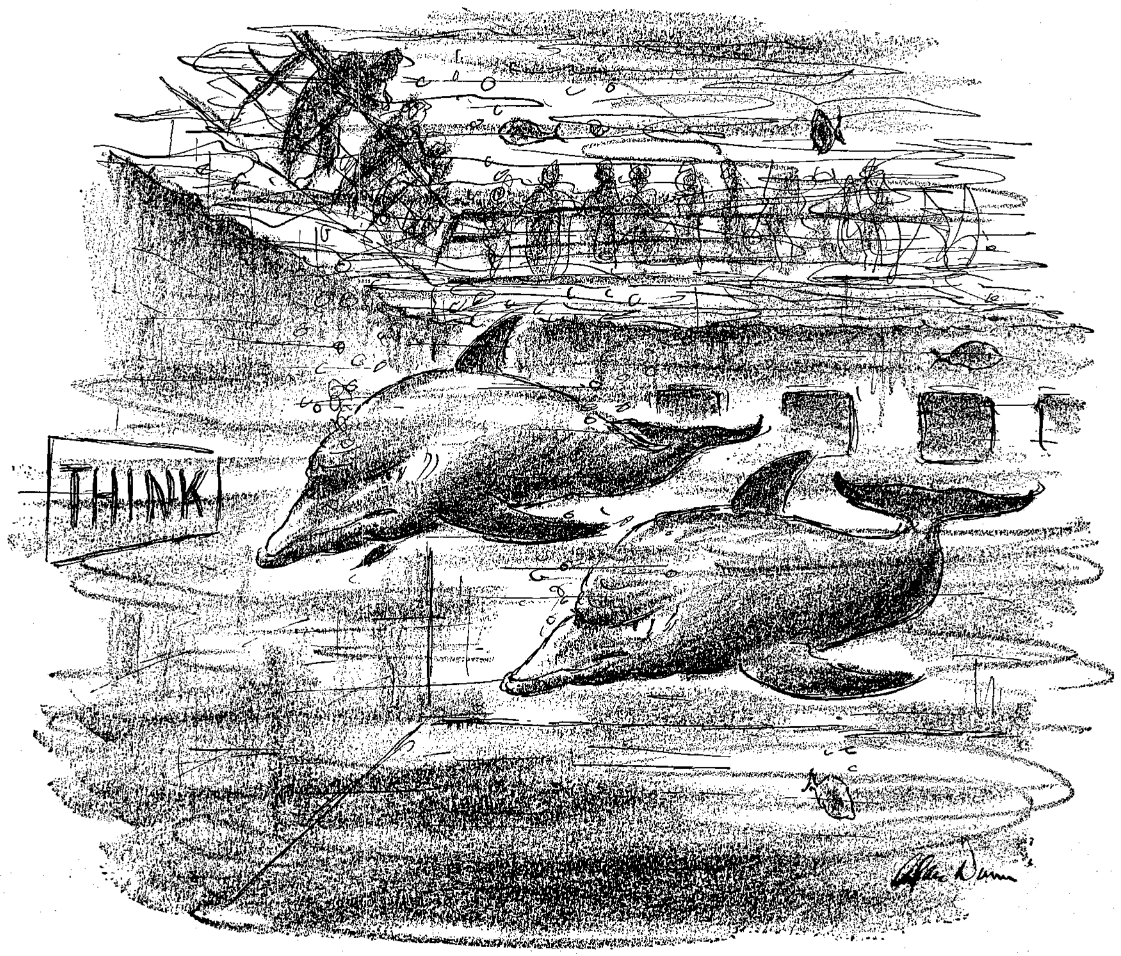
> The Hamiltons were among the first arrivals; Bob and Dolly Munson followed soon after with the Secretary of State and Mrs. Knox; other Cabinet members and their wives came after; the French Ambassador and Celestine Barre and other members of the diplomatic corps, with a heavy emphasis on Africa and Asia: Krishna Khaleel, the Pakistani Ambassador and his wife, the Ambassadors and Ambassadresses of Guinea, Ghana, Sudan, Libya, Congo Brazzaville . . . Kenya, Nigeria, Mali, Uganda, Liberia, Ethiopia, many in their colorful native costumes. Justice Davis of the Supreme Court arrived with the editorial director of the Washington *Post;* Senator Cooley, looking grumpy and as though it were much against his better judgment, in the company of his South Carolina colleague, Chairman J. B. Swarthman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; other members of the Foreign Relations and Foreign Affairs committees. The Chief Justice and three other members of the Supreme Court, and their wives, came next; the editor of the Washington *Daily News;* several owners of the Washington *Evening Star;* assorted society editors; columnists and correspondents; several of television's most noted commentators.

The same method is employed to illuminate the manifold responsibilities of the President. An official has asked the Chief Executive to send along some information on "the report of the Eleven-Nation Nuclear Powers Commission," and Mr. Drury's President replies:

> "I shall. And what I recommend on the situation in Iran, and whether we should make any formal protest to India about the Prime Minister's statement, and whether it's worth trying to work things out with Indonesia, and if we should take further action on this new thing in Cuba. Also what to do about Guiana's latest, and whether or not to reply to the Soviet Union's newest charges. To say nothing of the things I have to decide today on the new expedition to the moon, extension of the draft, the construction of fifteen new Polaris submarines, whether to have the Secretary of Labor talk to Clete O'Donnell about his union's strike-threat at Cape Canaveral, the establishment of a new Titan launching base in Alaska, and the size of the standing army. Plus some odds and ends on unemployment, the medical bill, the possibility of an auto strike in Detroit, the possibility of a breakdown in steel negotiations, the problem of finding two new directors to fill vacancies on the Federal Power Commission, a proposal to extend federal assistance to the program to clean up pollution in the Potomac River, and whether to authorize the Civil Service Commission to give government employees an extra day on Thanksgiving weekend."

Since the official to whom these remarks are addressed is the Secretary of State, who would have no use whatever for information on such matters as the pollution of the Potomac, we must conclude that the author is engaged in listing for listing's sake, a sort of bookkeeperly extension of the older doctrine of *l'art pour l'art.*

It might be thought that Mr. Drury would be obliged to abandon enumeration whenever his fictional inventory mounted, by however slow degrees, to the very edge of a potentially dramatic moment, but even here, we generally find, he's got a little list. Many such moments turn upon the outcome of



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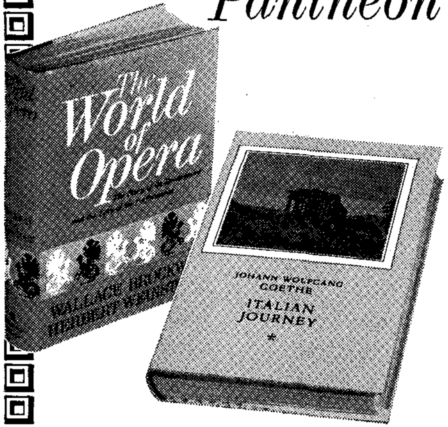

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votes taken at the United Nations, and the author is able smoothly to continue checking off his items, thus:

> "Morocco."
> "Oui."
> "Nepal."
> "Yes."
> "Netherlands."
> "No."
> "New Zealand."
> "No."
> "Nicaragua."
> "*Abstención.*"
> "Niger."
> "Oui."
> "Nigeria."
> "Yes."
> "Norway."
> "No."
> "Pakistan."
> "Yes."
> "Panama."
> "Yes," said Felix coldly.

The climax, represented by the coldness of Felix's "yes," is followed, in the fine, high, classical manner, by a few votes of lesser emphasis, which allow the reader to catch his breath and recover from his emotion:

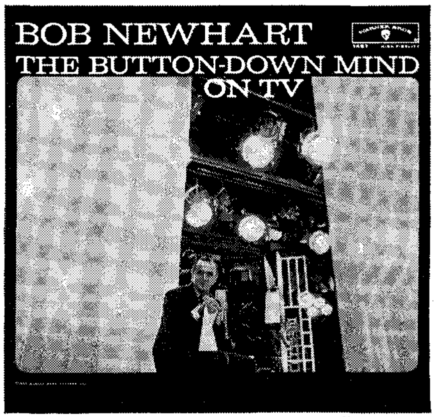
> "Paraguay."
> "Sí."
> "Peru."
> "Sí."

The author's strong grasp of the principles of listing does not extend, unfortunately, to those literary modes that require some sense of style. From time to time in the course of the novel, Mr. Drury is mysteriously moved to try his hand at parody and burlesque, with regrettable consequences. On one such occasion, he aims a satirical kick at that easiest of all targets, the vast backside of advertising—and misses:

> Is your digestive tract interfering with those homely little pleasures of life that everyone should be free to enjoy? Does that "certain feeling" mean that *you* are missing out on easy regularity? Try Instant H.B.—*H-Bomb.* With Instant H.B. all those pains will be forgotten. Your worries about regularity will be ended once and for all—quickly—painlessly—so fast you won't know it. Try Instant H.B. *It will take you out of this world.*

One can only stare in cold astonishment at a parody of advertising that is more repulsive in conception and more witless in execution than any advertisement it conceivably might seek to mock. On the whole, it is with a feeling of relief that one returns from such excursions to the main stream of the catalogue:

> Technical assistance—the United Nations Children's Fund—the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees—the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency—the United Nations High Commission for Refugees—the United Nations Emergency Force—the



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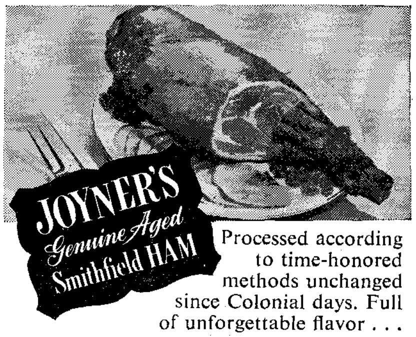

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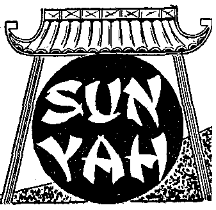

United Nations Special Fund—the Economic and Social Council—the Trusteeship Council—the Economic Commissions for Europe, Asia, and the Far East, Latin America and Africa—the United Nations Advisory Commission on the Congo—the United Nations Refugee Assistance for South Africa—the United Nations this, the United Nations that . . .

As this partial list of the author's lists may indicate, it actually is possible to *compile* the bulk of a novel, but the method is not without its shortcomings. One drawback is that a story which might be told in a hundred and fifty pages or thereabouts is distended to six hundred and three. Another is that the reader, during much of the time, is mightily bored. But the most serious objection to the enumerative approach to fiction is that Mr. Drury's ideas are obscured by a superfluity of inactive words, and this is the greater pity in that his ideas appear to be highly original and even peculiar.

The most striking of these notions is that politics is almost exclusively an art of gesture and that its goals are largely those of public relations. Early in the novel, we find the President of the United States preventing a war and balking the Russians with nothing more than his commanding and winsome presence at the conference table. Next, we encounter a most reprehensible African statesman named Terence Ajkaje, whose gesticulations at the United Nations are intended to stimulate that body to urge immediate independence for his native Gorotoland, which is a British colony. Since the British have promised Gorotoland independence within a year in any case, the very goal of the wily tribesman amounts to little more than a gesture in itself. In order to insure the support of the Afro-Asian bloc, which is shown to be excitable and childlike, Ajkaje thrusts himself dramatically into the center of a desegregation crisis in South Carolina and is helpfully pelted with eggs by the local rednecks. His cynical maneuver works wonders with the Afro-Asians at the U.N., who respond with "wild shouts" of "Death to the Americans!" And this uproar in turn permits an implacable foe of the United States, the delegate from Panama, to introduce a resolution condemning the racial practices of this country. The remainder of the book turns upon the question of whether a gesticular resolution of apology can be got through the Congress in time to prevent the passage of a gesticular resolution of condemnation by the United Nations.

Since Mr. Drury and the great majority of his characters of all persuasions

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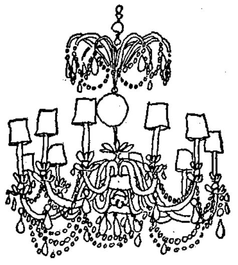

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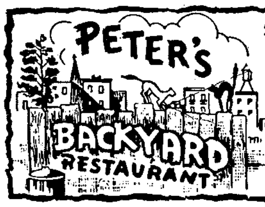

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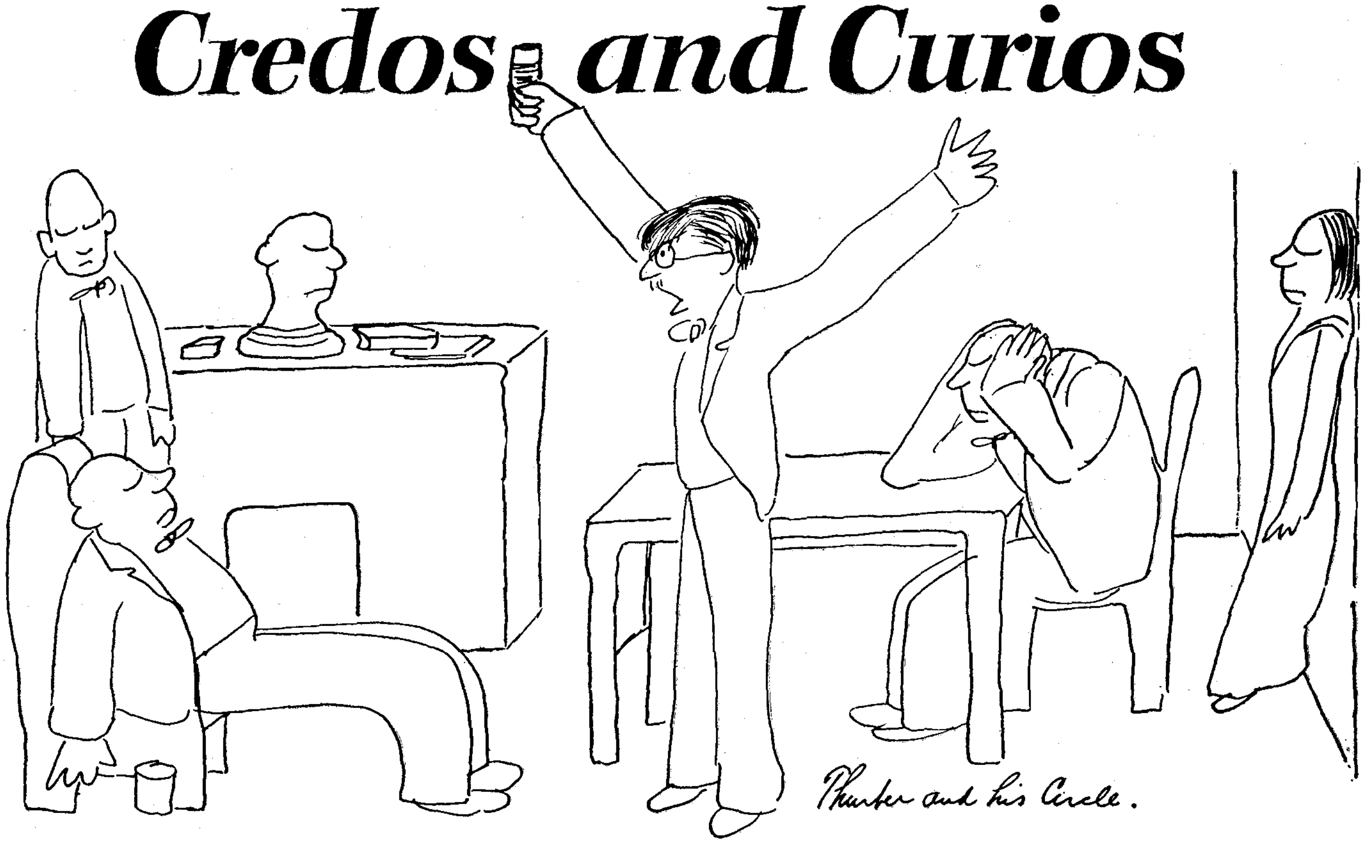
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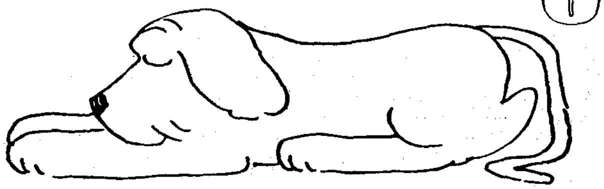

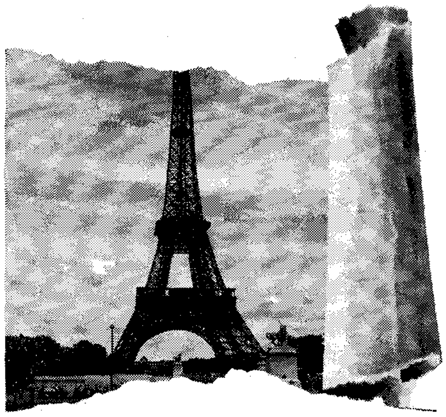

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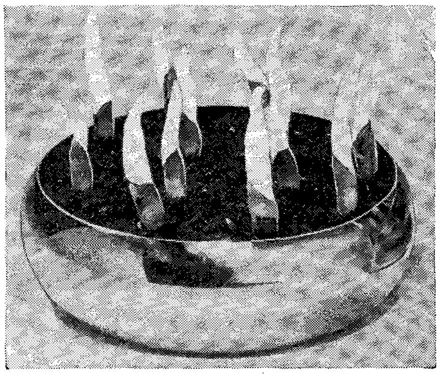

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appear to believe that the end of colonialism is a good thing, on the whole, and that racial segregation is a bad thing, the political developments of the novel take place in a kind of intellectual limbo of agreement. Those who agree at all heartily, however—and this is the great curiosity of the novel—are portrayed as scoundrels and fools. The head of a Negro civil-rights organization who also serves on the United States delegation to the U.N. is shown to be working consciously against the interests of his own country, even to the point of hiring thugs to assault a congressman whose legislative activities displease him. The Supreme Court is represented by a Justice who calls other men "my dear boy" with emphasis and regularity and who delights in stirring up mischief on behalf of liberal causes. A crony of the Justice's, the executive director of the Washington *Post*, admits to himself that his mindless liberal editorials have helped bring his country to a desperate position in the world but concludes that a change of policy "would demand a courage and a character that were really too much to ask in times like these," and settles down to yet another destructive day's work with a "gradual, warming surcease of doubt, the reassuring, womb-like return of certainty, as his practiced fingers began to fly over the keys." Indeed, the larger part of the nation's press and television, too, are shown to be entirely despicable. During his dramatic encounter with the Russians, the President finds that the "major communications media had turned into one gigantic yawp of bellowing agony at the thought of the possible consequences of maintaining national integrity in the face of the Soviet threat." They entertain "the automatic assumption that their own country must per se be wrong and stubborn and pigheaded and without justification, and that the enemy by the same token must have reason and justice on his side." One thinks of recent crises, and of others, not so recent, and one wonders what Mr. Drury imagines he is talking about. To be sure, it might be argued that since the novel is set in a vague near future the author intends to speak not of things as they are but of things as they might become, supposing a general disappearance of honor and sense. Yet because he mentions so many contemporary organizations by name, and pseudonymously hints at others, one wishes he had found a way to say what he means. In the absence of clarity, the reader can only surmise that Mr. Drury is possessed of a peculiar faith in a pervasive national malignity and baseness, a faith

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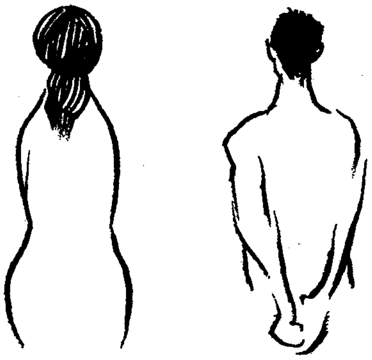

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Illustrated by **ROBERT OSBORN**

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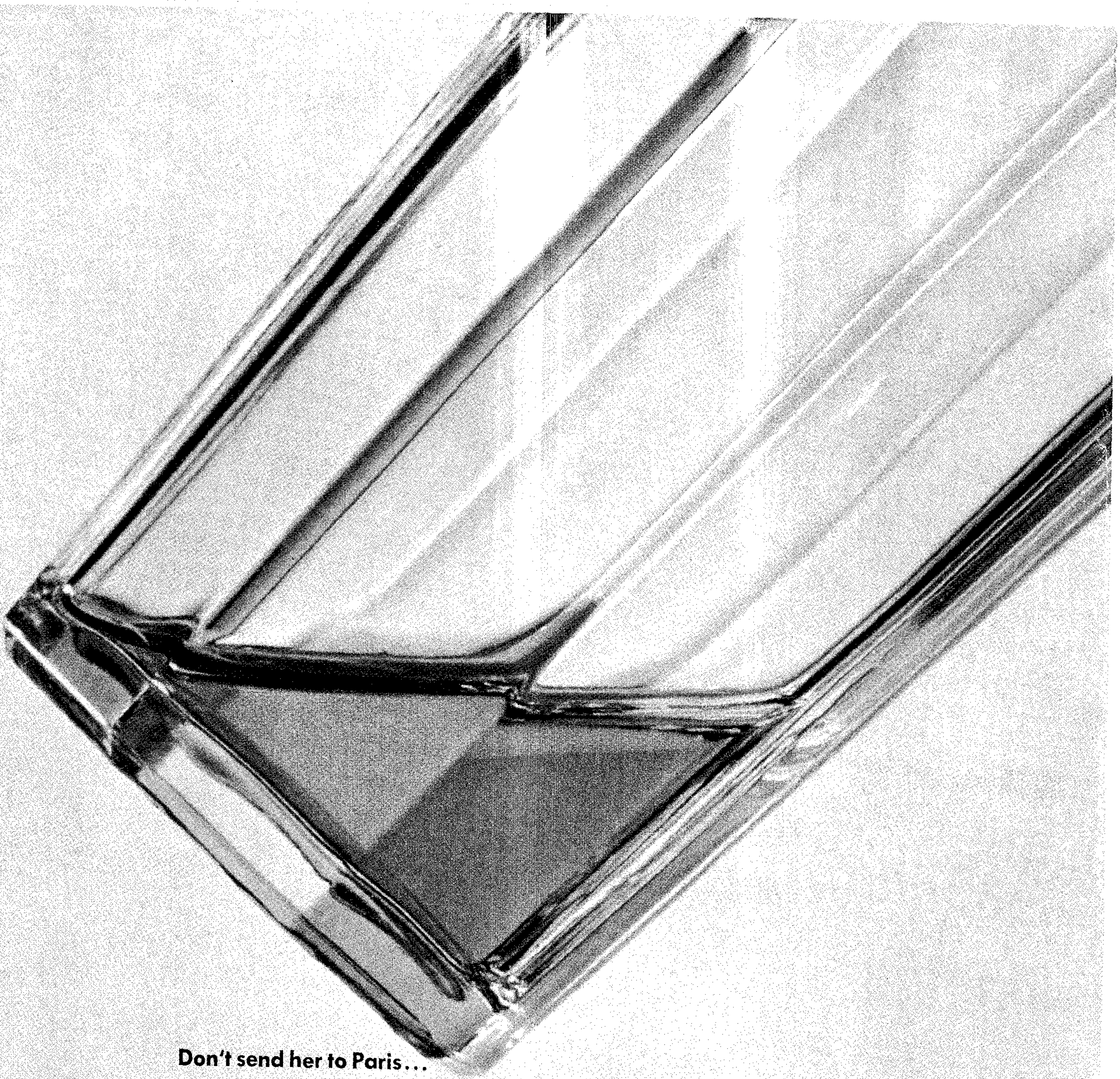

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—Donald Malcolm

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Spoilt City, by Olivia Manning (Doubleday). This slow, tense account of Rumania during the last days of King Carol's reign is given from the perspective of Harriet Pringle, a nice young Englishwoman whose husband is a lecturer in English at the University of Bucharest. The story starts in June, 1940, as frivolity and gaiety are quickly being replaced by apprehension and downright fear in the city's social and diplomatic set, and ends in September of the same year, with the German ascendancy an accepted fact and Bucharest in chaos. Miss Manning's writing is nothing out of the ordinary, but she tells her story effectively and with exactly the right amount of restraint.

Wide Is the Horizon, by Cecil Roberts (Coward-McCann). Mr. Roberts presents us with a long-drawn-out romance about a twenty-three-year-old Glasgow typist who wangles a job in the Argentine in the hope of bettering herself. The girl, Amelia Macreary, is beautiful, ambitious, clever, and alert, and naturally inclined to allow her head to rule her heart. She has very little trouble attaining the glittering life she craves, but in her lack of humor she is colorless, and in spite of Mr. Roberts' decorative, facile prose, she remains a meagre character, not nearly exciting enough to support a novel as long as this one. The story begins in 1933 and ends in 1942.

The Seven Sisters, by Frederic Prokosch (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This long, wandering novel is loosely divided into sections in order to accommodate the separate histories of the seven Nightingale sisters of Bishop's Neck, Maryland. The girls, daughters of a minor ex-diplomat, all have bizarre adventures, which read more like adolescent fantasies than like events of real life, and these adventures, or fantasies, take them to many parts of the world and into strange and sometimes eerie company. The writing is vague but very energetic.

A Distant Summer, by Renzo Rosso, translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun (Houghton Mifflin). Three sorrowful short novels that deal with a young boy's awakening

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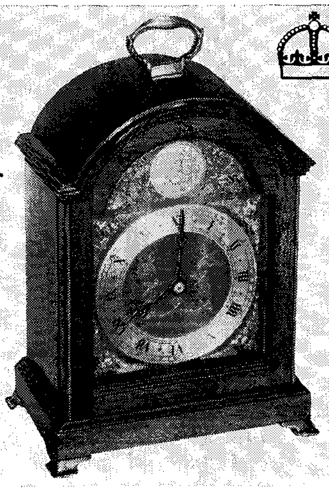

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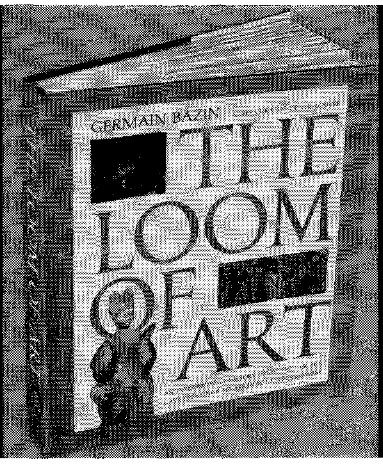
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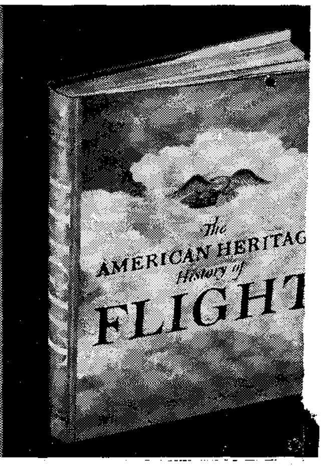
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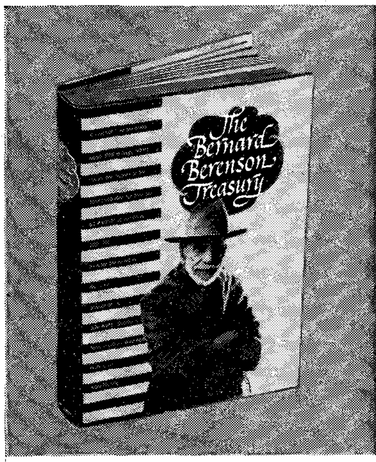
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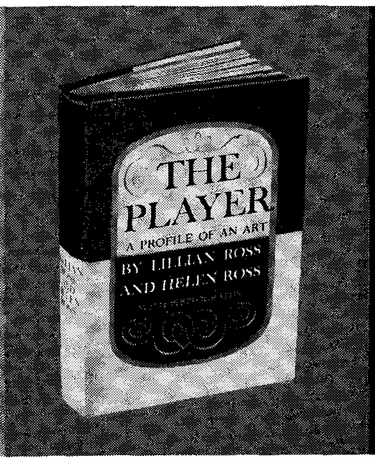
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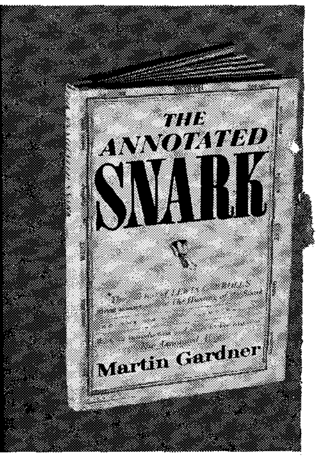
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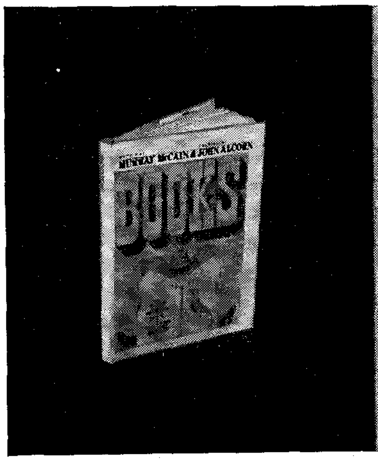
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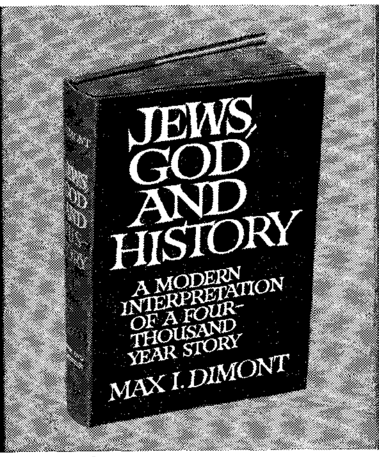
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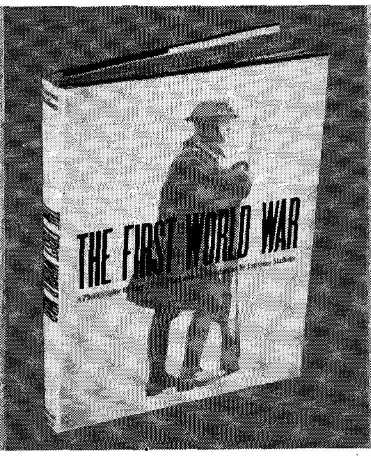
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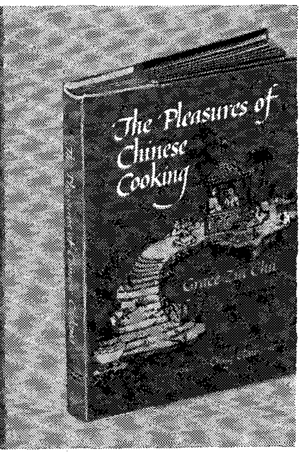
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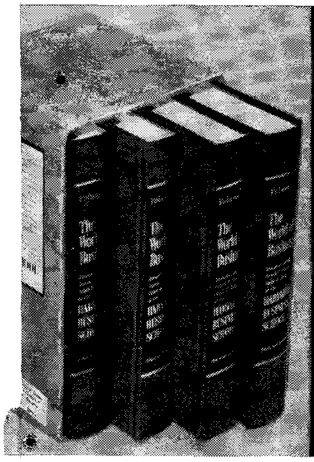

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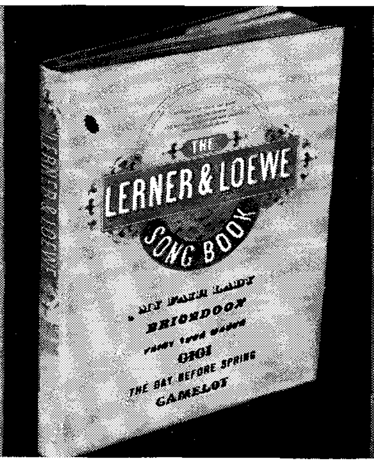
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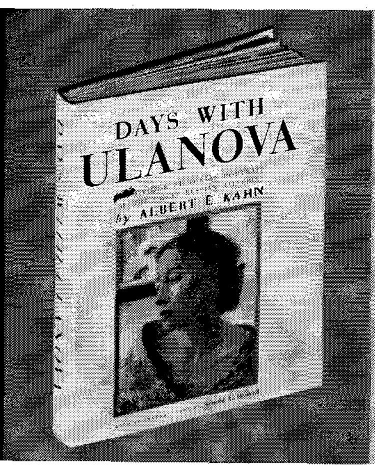
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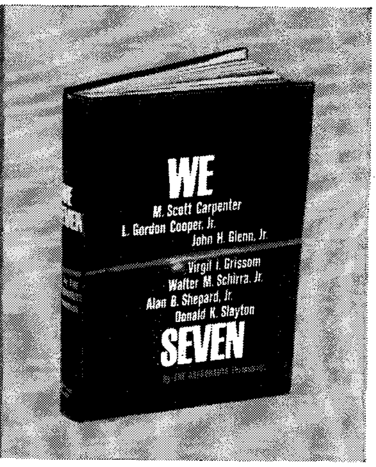
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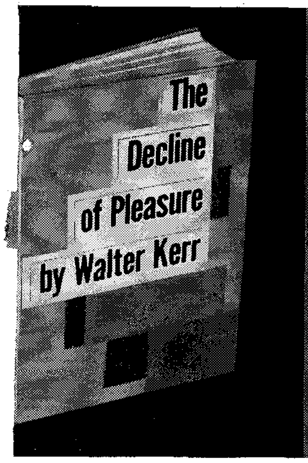
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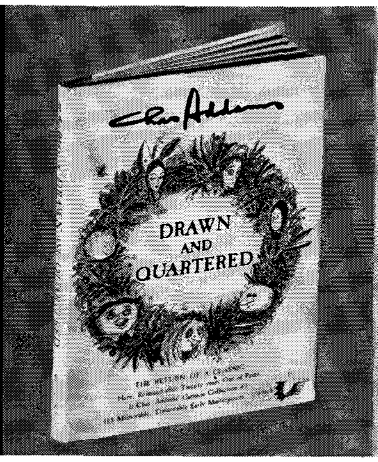
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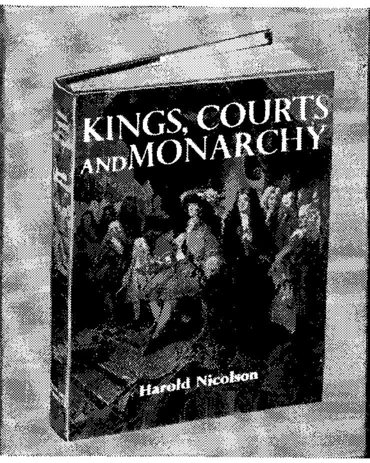
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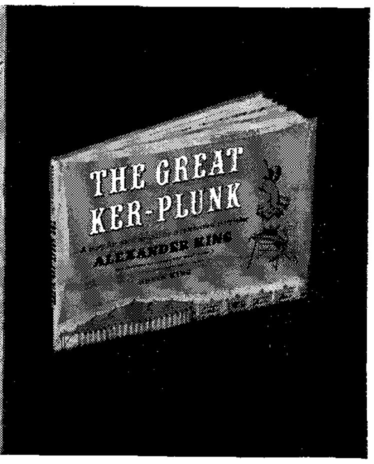
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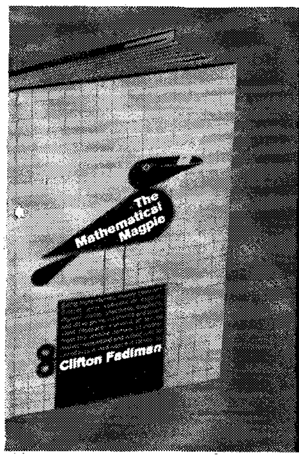
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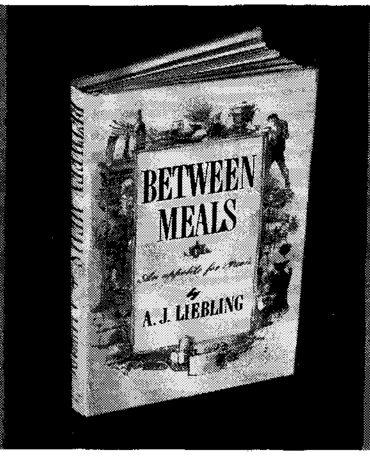
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NOTE: "The Cape Cod Lighter," which has been published by Random House, is a collection of twenty-three short stories by John O'Hara. Eight of them originally appeared in this magazine.

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THE MEMOIRS OF ANTHONY EDEN, EARL OF AVON: FACING THE DICTATORS, 1923-38 (Houghton Mifflin). A wonderful book about a bad time—the painful years when France was uncertain, England sluggish, and the United States aloof as Italy, Japan, and Germany challenged and destroyed the League of Nations, broke old treaties, and dishonored new settlements. Lord Avon, starting as Anthony Eden, M.P., became Great Britain's Foreign Secretary and worked to bring the dictatorships to order. He was forced to resign by Neville Chamberlain, who differed with him and wanted to manage his own disastrous foreign policy. The Earl is, by common consent, a brilliant diplomat, and he writes like one; he uses words nicely and avoids language that might color or stir. His marvellous meticulousness enables the reader to concentrate on men and events at the microscopic level the author knew—to almost become an actor in those spectacular tragedies. The author does not bother with hindsight or recriminations, and why should he? He is one of the few statesmen of the time who have been justified by history. He doesn't mean to be didactic, but his ideas about conducting diplomatic relations with hostile, tricky powers are a lesson for today.

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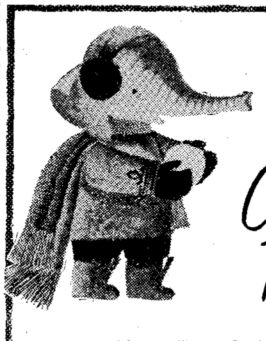

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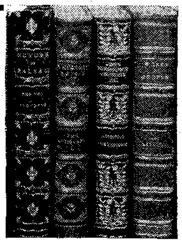

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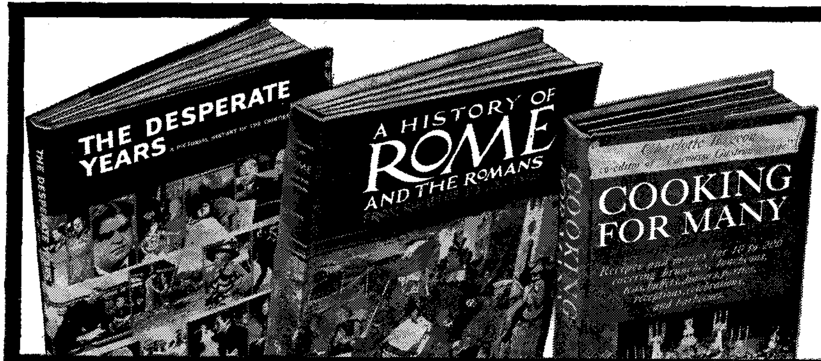
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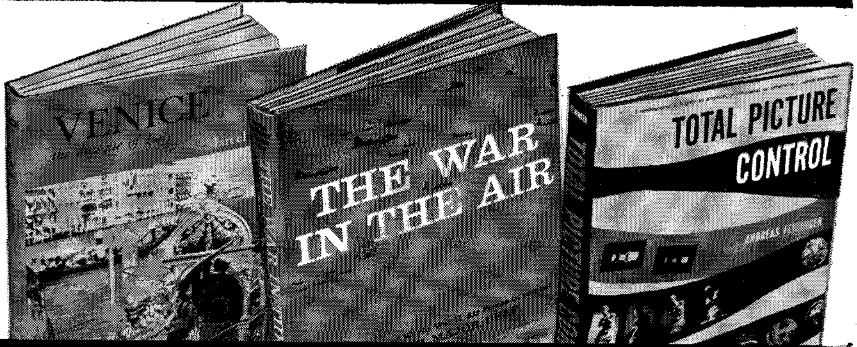
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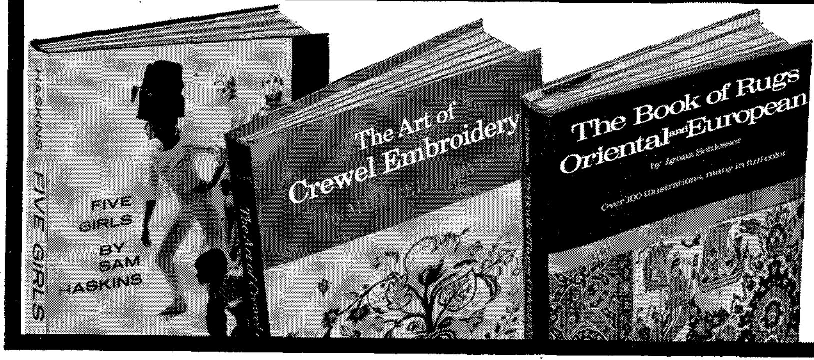
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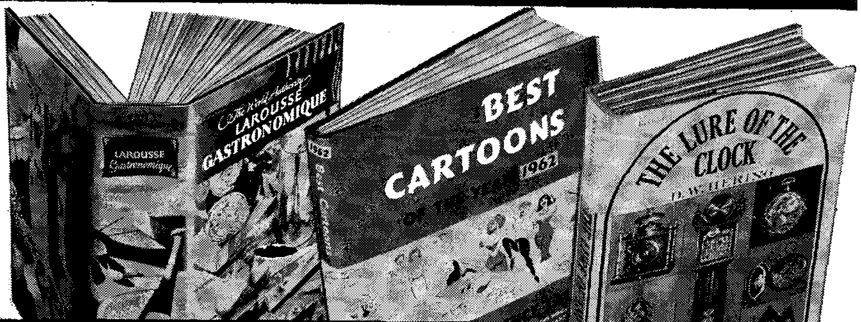
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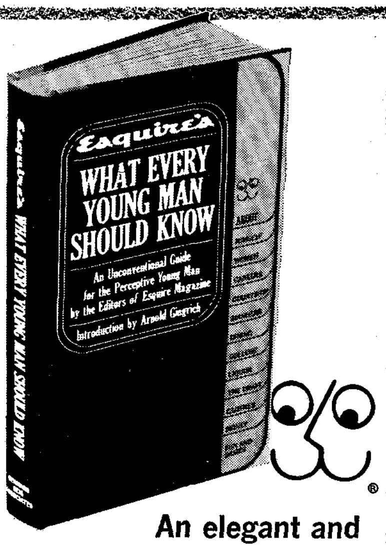
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lowed the First World War. He remembers the ugly, hopeful town he calls Whitemud, where he went to school and learned almost nothing relevant to Saskatchewan's daily life, past or present. As an adult, he realized that although the history of the Canadian plains was too recent for the history books, there was plenty of it. Less than forty years after Sitting Bull defeated Custer and fled to Saskatchewan, Stegner played on the land where the Chief and his followers camped; the Canadian plains were open range long after our West was won and parcelled out, and wheat farming had started only a few years before the Stegners arrived. The author has mixed history, invention, and reminiscence in a profound tour de force that is enchantingly lively and filled with bright side glances at geography, men—and small boys.

WHAT TIME'S THE NEXT SWAN?, by Walter Slezak (Doubleday). These entertaining memoirs of a well-known actor tell as much—or more—about his father (the great tenor Leo Slezak), his charming mother, his cranky grandmother, Austrian food, the Metropolitan Opera in 1909, and so on as they do about the author himself. Although the anecdotes are welcome and funny, they keep us at a distance from Slezak *fils*. A confession is hardly wanted here, but Mr. Slezak is a delightful fellow, and he needn't have shied away from talking about himself.

ROOSEVELT AND HOWE, by Alfred B. Rollins, Jr. (Knopf). A biography of a friendship. Louis McHenry Howe was known to the public as Franklin D. Roosevelt's gray eminence, but just how eminent and just how gray, Mr. Rollins says, it is now almost impossible to explain, for their intimacy cannot be documented properly. The author has used all the pertinent records, though, and has added much first-hand recollection besides. The two men joined forces when Howe, an upstate New York journalist and political publicist, was approaching middle age and Roosevelt was just starting his career. Howe had the equipment to guide a politician to victory, and in F.D.R. he found his winner. The closeness that developed from their practical alliance is touching, but Rollins writes with an absence of sentiment that might have pleased the acerb Howe himself.

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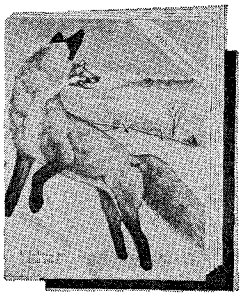

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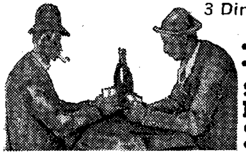

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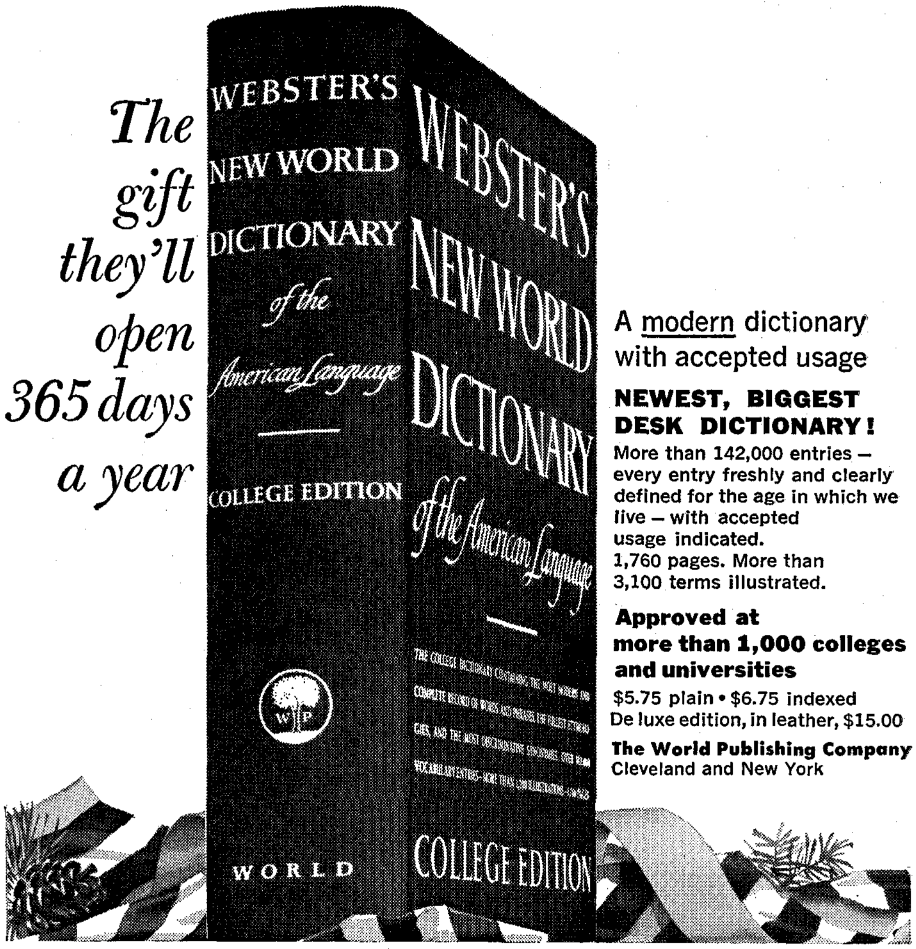
And, by the way, the book has a lot of now-it-can-be-told history about smoke-filled-room decisions—especially about anti-Tammany movements in the state Democratic Party—that could hardly be more interesting at the moment.

CENTURIES OF CHILDHOOD: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF FAMILY LIFE, by Philippe Ariès, translated from the French by Robert Baldick (Knopf). A French historian studies the development of ideas about children and child care between the Middle Ages and the early nineteenth century. Medieval Europe (most of M. Ariès' examples, though not all, are French) had no concept of the child as anything but a dependent; indeed, the same words were used to mean servants, babies, children, and apprentices. The idea of education apart from apprenticeship evolved as successive centuries reformed their schools from hodgepodge, Latin-teaching bodies to graded institutions responsible for the discipline, manners, and health of their pupils. Possibly the strongest impulse for change was a gradual decline in infant mortality, which allowed people to risk loving their children. M. Ariès is too subtle, though, to insist on only one cause for any social movement. He presents his story with an abundance—sometimes a superabundance—of detail, and with a rather piquant, personal point of view; he thinks that today's close-knit family of father, mother, and a few treasured, mandatorily schooled children is a bore. He prefers the medieval child's life, because, though more hazardous, it was so much richer in variety and freedom.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, edited by William Barrett and Henry D. Aiken (Random House). Unlike Will Durant's efforts to popularize philosophy, this four-volume work permits philosophers to speak for themselves. Introductions by the editors provide some sort of continuity between selections from the writings of twenty-seven modern philosophers, and the anthology furnishes impressive evidence that the queen of sciences is not dead (although she seems to have been slumbering since Wittgenstein). There are inexcusable omissions: Ortega y Gasset, Ernst Cassirer, Rudolf Carnap. There are questionable inclusions: if Albert Camus appears, why not Sigmund Freud? The balance is askew: there are only two



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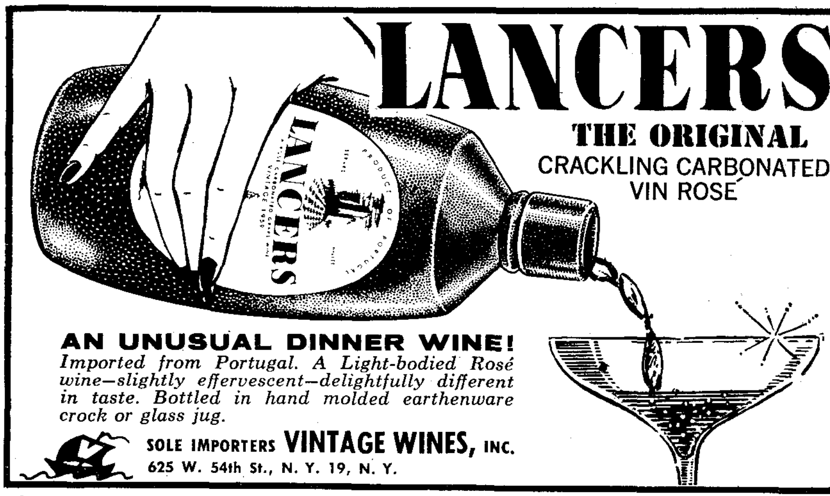

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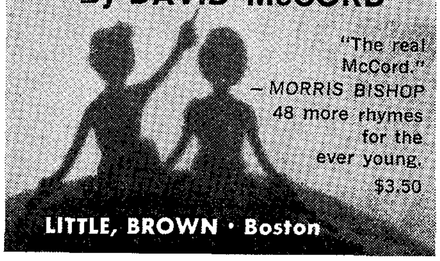

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papers on aesthetics, neither of them by I. A. Richards. Some selections misrepresent the concerns of their authors: "The Blue Book" is hardly representative of Wittgenstein, and Croce was far more interested in art than in epistemology. There is no index, and only erratic indications of when the papers were published. Nonetheless, these volumes provide an interesting sampler of contemporary philosophy and a strong incentive to read the books from which the selections were taken. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

BRITISH ART SINCE 1900, by Sir John Rothenstein (Phaidon). This book's brief text is perhaps a bit too prosily factual in its outline of developments, and what bias exists is, as the author freely admits, in favor of artists "whom I myself particularly admire." Otherwise, it is just about invulnerable, for Rothenstein, from his long-time post as curator of the Tate Gallery, is in a commanding position to know and describe the period surveyed. The hundred and fifty-five reproductions—ten in color, the rest in halftone, and mostly full-page—are, if anything, even more comprehensive in coverage, ranging from now half-forgotten oldsters like Sickert and Steer to such moderns as Peter Lanyon, Henry Moore, Armitage, and Sutherland. Thirteen dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: "The Edinburgh Caper," St. Clair McKelway's reminiscence (first published in this magazine) of an outlandish vacation in Scotland, has been issued in book form by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. . . . Random House has published "Against the American Grain," a collection of critical essays by Dwight Macdonald, of which a number originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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But the plans of Kenichi Horie, 23, of Osaka, are somewhat clouded by the fact that he arrived without passport, visa, immunization record, proof of financial stability or a sponsor. Horie is staying at the home of a consulate employe in a sort of jv bgd6c16sh7s0c7—*Seattle Times.*

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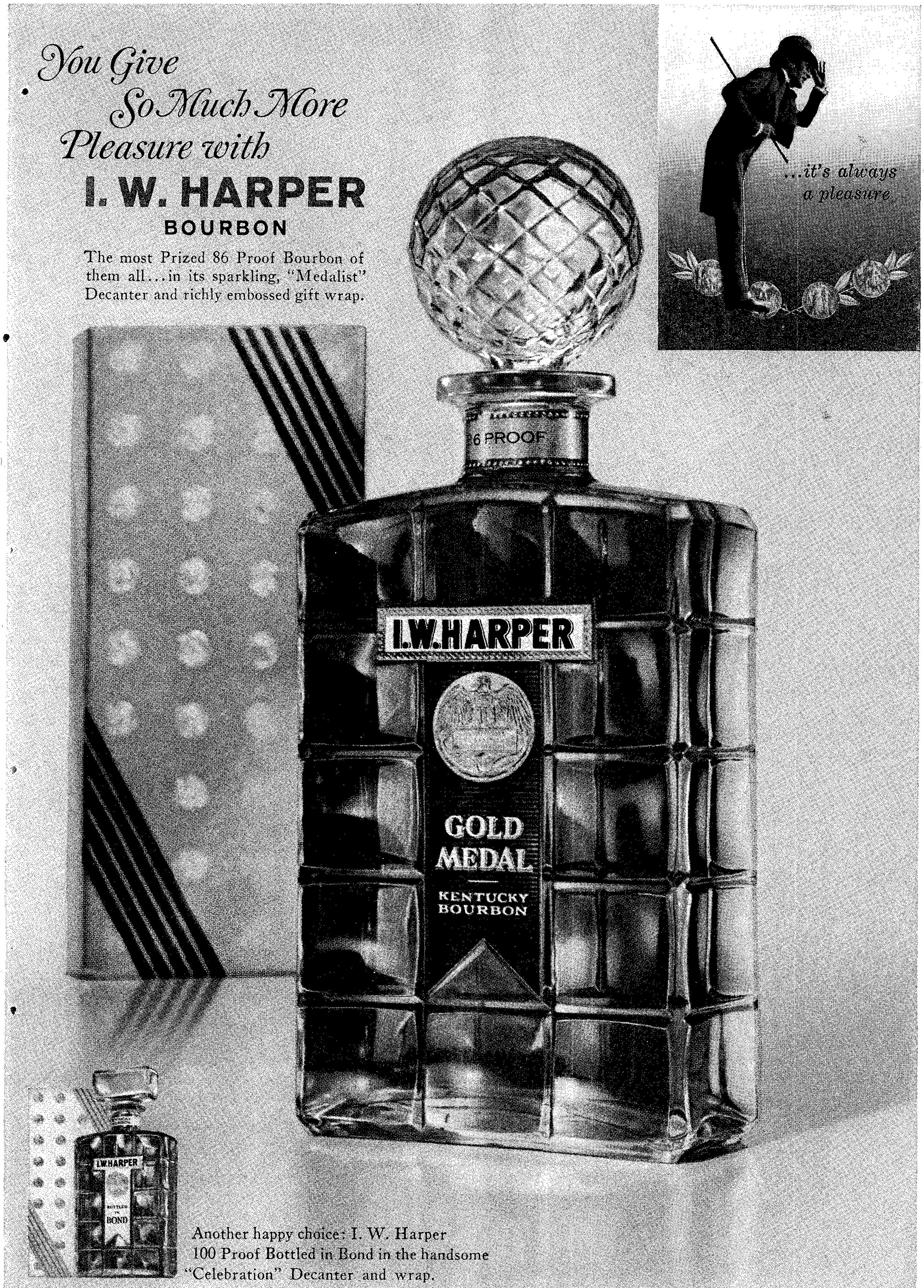

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